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Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

Christmas Number

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The Côte d'Or. By H. M. Tomlinson, on page 462

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1928 — NUMBER 20

Inhibited Idealism

THE chapters in the new volumes of "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" which cover the momentous years of 1918 and 1919 are particularly moving and dramatic. The crisis of the War was followed by a crisis of the Peace, one of those rare moments which occur only in centuries, when the fortunes of the world seem to be in the hands of a few men. It was a moment when anything might happen and when anything that happened was significant. We watched the drama with hope and apprehension, seeing only what we were allowed to see, and far less (as appears from these chapters) than we supposed. In them is the drama from behind the scenes, where the actors appear even more powerful than was guessed, but very human and as subject as ourselves to circumstance. An interruption or a headache may affect the course of policy; and yet an idealist had good grounds for supposing that by fortunate strategy he could begin the remaking of the world.

Europe was defeated in the Treaty: that seems to be the conclusion of Colonel House. Nationalist aspirations, plus a rising determination to be paid for all of the War, and the desire of the vindictive, here and abroad, for a peace of revenge, made the melancholy Europe of the 1920s and prepared for the new crises of increasing armaments and ready suspicion now threatening us. The Colonel, of course, does not feel it to be simple as all that, but the drama in Professor Seymour's book is emphatically a drama of conflicting wills. High events strike those that make them, and it is the leaders and makers, who both failed and succeeded, lived on or tragically died of the struggle, that stir the imagination of the reader.

* * *

But one thing is clear in this drama. The Western World reached a peak of moral effect in that moment of reconstruction, and specifically in the last months of 1918. The idea of an ordered world built upon the model of that private experience of justice and equality of opportunity which even in imperfect realization has been one of the triumphs of Western civilization, was for a while held with confidence, even though the protagonists differed as to how it should be secured. The world for a few months had leaders, and the best and the strongest among them wanted order, fairness, peace.

Much that has happened to the psychology of the West since can be explained by our recession from these ideals regarded as of immediate application. It is possible that we shall never have such confidence again in the power of a program based upon the hypothesis (not yet disproved) that men in general want to be just and fair. Government by formula has gone out of the hands of the liberals into experiments in dictatorship which proceed upon a different theory. In Italy, its success arouses as many doubts as hopes; in Russia more distrust than confidence. Mankind can be remade, but only by discipline and repression! The millions that were ready to follow Wilson turn away from that spectacle, questioning whether the order so obtained is worth the cost.

* * *

Americans, at least, have taken a new road. We were for a while overfed with idealism, and are supposed to have emerged cynical, selfish, and skeptical of all ideas. It would be nearer the truth to say that liberalism is conserving its energies until a new crisis arises. We do not let ourselves go as they did in the nineteenth century. It is we, not they, who have been repressed. In play, in sex, in *self*-expression, they may have been inhibited, but in ideas, in aspirations, in confident hopes we are confused, inarticulate, and inactive by comparison with the past age. Preachers, philosophers, poets—economists, sociologists, politicians, and journalists, are all going slow in idealism. They are skeptical; it is not necessarily true that they are cynical. Many a hard-boiled egg has a soft center.

A too casual observer of the United States might say that the dominance of the stock market and the craze for prosperity means a decadence of the nobler emotions. This is by no means the only possible rendering. They are quite as likely to be factors of a new individualism. While we wait for the next flight, we are busy feathering our nests. We make money as a kind of play, until it becomes

(*Continued on Page* 452)

To a Black Dog, Bereaved

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

UNLESS that kitty shines again in heaven
She is forever lost.
It is in vain you dart around each corner—
You seek a ghost.
Oh, you may stand, eyes shining, one paw lifted,
Tense to the ultimate hair.
Your expectation is but effort wasted:
She is not there.
A shadow you may move, your tail just wagging,
Scenting each breeze,
But she is less than shadow, and her spirit
Haunts not our trees.
Never again shall I, I fear, behold her
In mimic flight
Gold as the sun, with you pursuing after,
As Day flees Night.

This Week

"The Letters of Mme. de Sévigné."
Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD.

"Recent Gains in American Civilization," and "Freedom in the Modern World."
Reviewed by RICHARD G. KNOTT.

"The Hogarth Essays."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

Leonard Bacon's Poems.
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"The House with the Echo."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"Old Pybus."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

"The Empress of Hearts."
Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH.

"The Silver Thorn."
Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE.

Next Week, or Later

The Whole Truth.
By T. SWANN HARDING.

Soviet Russia

By P. B. MACDONALD
Foreign Policy Association

IT is more than eleven years since the Bolsheviks seized power, since Lenin ruthlessly and almost contemptuously pushed aside the rhetorician, Kerensky.

The five books here reviewed offer a basis for an appraisal of the origin, the achievements, and the failures of the communist régime—the most radical social, political, and economical experiment on a large scale in the history of the world.

Lenin was unquestionably one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, leader of modern times. Marcu's life enables English readers better than ever before to comprehend this extraordinary character. The genesis of the man, the forces that gave him his strength to overcome appalling odds, the qualities of common sense and of statesmanship which made him unique among revolutionaries, all of these are sketched with bold and unforgettable strokes. I know of no other biography of Lenin or of any of his contemporaries which so stirs the imagination and so convinces the judgment.

* * *

Marcu writes with enthusiasm and sympathy, but he is not a blind hero worshipper. He never hesitates to underline Lenin's mistakes even when these result in disaster. Though evidently deeply studied in socialist and communist ideology, Marcu leaves one at the end uncertain of his own political and social creed. This is no mean accomplishment.

No summary of this life of Lenin would give an adequate idea of the book's scope and quality. Throughout the reader watches the dramatic unfolding of a truly epoch-making career. The opening paragraph of the first chapter is typical. In six short lines the author plunges the reader headlong into the tragic atmosphere which shapes Lenin's childhood:

> Scarcely a month had passed since Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov (Lenin) left school at Simbirsk, furnished with all the certificates needed for admittance to a university, when his brother Alexander was sentenced by the courts of the "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Czar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., etc.," to death by hanging.

* * *

Unlike many writers with capacity to dramatize their narrative, Marcu never yields to the temptation to sacrifice truth for startling effects. Lenin's career is always the central theme. Like a searchlight it illuminates the profound tendencies and decisive crises of three decades through which finally the authority of the Czars and Czarist aristocrats was transferred to Lenin and the communist aristocrats.

Criticizing the corruptions of the old régime and observing the growing industrialism of the cities, Lenin, from his exile in Siberia, Vienna, Berlin,

---

* LENIN—THIRTY YEARS OF RUSSIA. By VALERIU MARCU. Translated by E. W. DICKES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $5.

THE REAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA. By LEON TROTSKY. Translated by MAX EASTMAN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $2.

THE NEW RUSSIA. By DOROTHY THOMPSON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1928. $3.

LENIN AND GANDHI. By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. Translated from the German by F. S. FLINT and D. F. TAIT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927.

THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM. By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. Translated from the German by F. S. TAIT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $6.

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Paris, London, and Geneva, built up through more than twenty years the forces of the revolution. But so dogmatic was he, so positive of the absolute truth of his personal versions of communist doctrines, that he constantly alienated his associates, breaking with them in order to maintain inviolate the purity of true faith.

Yet it is this doctrinaire, this verbalist who at the age of forty-seven, emerged from hiding, seized supreme power, and, what is much more difficult, maintained it. Conscious of the masses' utter war weariness, he dared to make the humiliating peace of Brest Litovsk; knowing the peasants' passionate, almost religious longing for the soil, he dared to violate a cardinal communist dogma and give the peasants what was in effect private ownership of the land.

* * *

The Social Revolutionaries were shocked by these concessions to the foreign enemy and the peasants. They were outraged by the despotic discipline Lenin then imposed as essential to reconstruction. He answered: ". . . the Revolution has . . . broken . . . the oldest, strongest, and heaviest chains. That was yesterday. To-day, however, this same Revolution demands . . . the disciplined subordination of the masses to the united will of the leaders of the economic campaign." Marcu correctly adds: "A whole universe divided the Social Revolutionaries from this conception."

The Soviets were now made to feel their master's whip.

> The Soviets had been tireless in drawing strength from the depths, had spread countless fables and slogans, and had covered the country with a ghostly fear. Their dictatorship, Lenin's victory, was also the end of their efflorescence. The Autocrat made an end of bourgeois "freedom" because it refused to revolve around his truth, because it was incomplete. He also made an end of proleterian, peasant, and petty bourgeois "freedom"; he made an end of every sort of freedom; freedom was now dead and could make no more mistakes.

Then was not the time for the luxury of free discussion.

> As on a winter night the snow piles itself up into white mountains, so in a few weeks, north and south, east and west, there sprang up out of small roving bands the fronts of enemy armies. Britain began a blockade, and all the people of the earth tried their luck against the Kremlin: Frenchmen, Austrians, Germans, Poles, Finns, Czechoslovaks, Americans, Japanese, Esthonians, Lithuanians, Serbs.

At that critical moment came the nearly successful attempt at assassination of Lenin. "In the dismal gloom there arose pæans of joy. The blessed magic of the news spread like pollen in the air, and all the enemies of the régime spoke out. 'My lands, my dividends, my diocese,' cried the Russians; 'Our loans, our rights, our spheres of influence,' cried the foreigners."

Only now "did the Terror, of which Lenin had been talking since November 7, 1917, begin to display all the dire consequences of civil war."

* * *

But the Terror alone would have been insufficient to save the revolution; communist fanatical leaders directed by Lenin's genius would not have been enough. The stupidity, the brutality, the selfishness, the unashamed reactionary proposals of the counter-revolutionary leaders, none of whom were willing to coöperate effectively with the others, so infuriated the Russian masses that they rallied to the Bolshevist support with such energy and in such numbers that on all fronts Lenin emerged victorious.

Almost at once three new crises demanded his utmost energy and resourcefulness. His order for the march on Warsaw after Trotsky had defeated the Polish army in Russia was a gambler's plunge playing for the huge stake of revolution through Europe. Lenin lost. Then came the Kronstadt rebellion. Though crushed, it disclosed to him how dangerously his authority was being undermined by the failure of communism to satisfy the most crying needs of people for manufactured goods. His remedy, "The New Economic Policy," the last of his great contributions, was the final proof of his daring brilliancy and his unique moral and intellectual authority over his followers.

But already his authority over his own body and mind had begun to relax. By 1922 his strength was ebbing fast. One morning in March 1923 when he tried to get out of bed he was unable to move. Henceforth he lay helpless.

> On January 21, 1924, in the evening, the wind of death blew which for three years had been circling round him, destroying one nerve after another. Muscular paroxysms passed over him; his breath came in quick, labored gasps; he was choking. For an hour he was in delirium, hearing, seeing, feeling nothing more. Then the last breath left Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov.

* * *

Immediately Lenin was dead, indeed already during the months that he lay incapacitated, there began bitter struggles within the communist party as to his successor. Trotsky, the organizer of the Red Army, whose name had been bracketed with that of Lenin from the beginning of the revolution, was said by his friends to be Lenin's choice. Certainly he had been intimately associated with Lenin since 1917. He unquestionably possesses brilliant abilities. But Trotsky's talents did not include capacity for intrigue or political manipulations. This lack, according to Max Eastman, who has edited and translated "The Real Situation in Russia," explains why not Trotsky but Stalin succeeded Lenin. This mysterious Georgian, even before Lenin's death, had so perfected his political machine that he effectively dominated the Communist Party. Trotsky, despite his great popularity with the rank and file of the party, never had a chance for official leadership.

During the years 1923-27 sharp differences as to policy developed between Trotsky and his associates on the one hand and the regular party organization on the other. Stalin dubbed his opponents the Opposition and charged them with disloyalty to Leninism and to the party, and demanded that they discontinue their "fractionalism." Trotsky retorted that he, not Stalin, was representing the orthodox interpretation of Lenin's teachings. Because of this refusal to submit to party discipline he was successfully expelled from the Comintern, that is, the executive committee of the Third International, from the central committee of the communist party, and finally from the communist party itself. A few months ago he was sent into exile near the Chinese frontier. The Opposition's case against Stalin and the party organization is put forcibly by Max Eastman in his preface to Trotsky's book.

Trotsky's book is not for the layman. Only those especially interested in Bolshevik Russia or in socialist or communist doctrines either wish or are able to sift the residue of fact from the mass of special reading in Trotsky's indictments.

* * *

Quite different is Dorothy Thompson's "The New Russia." "Though the greater part of this book appeared originally as a series of articles in the New York *Evening Post*" it has unity and freshness. Written in a pungent, forceful style, it is the best brief popular discussion in English of the Russia of to-day. Miss Thompson, though sympathetic, is discriminating. Two short quotations must suffice to illustrate. Concluding an interesting section on the difficulties and the successes of the private manufacturers and private traders who are Bolsheviks, she writes: "The position of the Nepman is curiously similar to that of the rich Jew in the Middle Ages, in the days of the Ghetto. He, too, could acquire a fortune, but was under the same compulsion not to show it, lest he be robbed and even killed."

The soundness of her judgment is shown in such conclusions as this:

> Communism, originally an arid theory of history and economics, very far—in my opinion—from the dynamics of life—has become a national Faith, made living and powerful by all the emotional force which masses of people put into a Faith; and it must eventually be judged as such, for only thus can it be properly evaluated.

* * *

René Fülöp-Miller's two books here reviewed have both been admirably translated. But they are of very unequal value. The book "Lenin and Gandhi" is evidently a pot-boiler. There is little that is new in his interpretation of Lenin, and his analysis of Gandhi is sketchy. Fortunately he has appended a few interesting letters of both Lenin and Gandhi. One from Lenin is undated, but evidently written while he was still in exile in Western Europe:

> . . . The news that you are allowing yourself to be treated on new lines by "a Bolshevik," even if it is only an ex-Bolshevik, makes me profoundly uneasy. Heaven protect us from "comrades" in general as doctors, but Bolshevik doctors! Truly in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, comrades are perfect "asses" as doctors, as a good medical man once said to me. I am sure, trifling apart, that we should always have ourselves treated by authorities of the first rank. To let a Bolshevik try experiments on you is appalling. The only other thing is supervision by Naples professors . . . if these professors are really capable . . . One thing I urge on you. If you travel in winter, then at least make a trip to the distinguished doctors of Switzerland and Vienna. It would be unpardonable to neglect to do so. How are you now?
>
> Yours,
> N. LENIN.

* * *

"The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," an examination of cultural life in socialist Russia, is an extraordinary achievement. Though less complete than the German edition, which appeared under the more accurate title, "Geist und Gesicht des Bolshewismus," the English edition is the more suggestive non-communist interpretation of the spirit of Bolshevism.

The purpose of the author is clearly set forth in the introduction:

> While this book . . . does not presume to give a final verdict on events in Russia, it does, by the manner of its treatment, claim to save Bolshevism from a narrow, utilitarian, political criticism, and to show it in its true light as a momentous problem of civilization as a whole.

Bolshevism, envisaged as religious movement and philosophy of life, is shown to be an amazing blend of mysticism and materialism. Based on a materialistic conception of human existence and on unlimited faith in the processes of mechanization, it possesses, at the same time, the spiritual exaltation of fanaticism. It is in this latter aspect, according to Fülöp-Miller, that, notwithstanding its Western origin, it is closely akin to Russian thought.

Dostoievsky, in "The Brothers Karamazoff," had foreseen it in a prophetic vision:

> "Oh, we shall convince them that they cannot be free till they renounce their freedom in our favor and submit to us . . . . Too well, all too well, will they know the value of submission once and for all! Men will be unhappy till they grasp this. . . However, the flock will collect again and submit once more, and then it will be for ever, for ever. We will give them a quiet modest happiness, the happiness of feeble creatures such as they were created. Oh, we shall convince them at last that they have no right to be proud. . . Yes, we will force them to work, but in their free time we will make their life like a game with songs, choruses, and innocent dances. Oh, we will even permit them to sin—for they are weak and feeble—and they will love us like children because we allow them to sin. We shall permit or forbid them to live with wives or lovers, to have or not to have children—according to whether they have been obedient or disobedient, and they will submit to us gladly and joyfully. . . And they will all be happy, all the millions, except the hundred thousand who rule over them. For we alone, we who guard the mystery, we alone shall be unhappy. There will be thousands of millions of happy children and only a hundred thousand martyrs, who have taken on themselves the curse of the knowledge of good and evil."

The opinion may be ventured that the spiritual revolution effected by Bolshevism will appear more far-reaching in the future than the political and economic transformations it has brought in its wake.

Inhibited Idealism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

clearer where we can work. We cultivate our garden as Voltaire advised in a time of equal skepticism. Mr. Hoover was right in praising the economic development of America as a solid good not to be despised by idealists because it is only one (and a shaky) prop of a happy and worthy civilization.

The kind of book that the civilized West seems to prefer in these later times has also been taken as an evidence of cynicism. Belittling biographies, cold re-estimates have been popular. The explanation may be that the commonalty which took its ideas second-hand is shaken and doubtful. We read more critically, and hence get critical books written for us.

It is a moment when the eternal balance between play and work tips toward a kind of play. We throw ourselves into efforts which are self-regarding and are sure to end in personal winning or losing. We are for the moment like that London society which Hardy left, saying that when he saw their *means* of working he was humbled, but triumphant when he looked upon their *ends*. We are a mob in the lobby between the acts of a drama, talking business and swapping criticisms, until the play begins again.

Professor H. W. Garrod, Professor of Poetry at Oxford University since 1923, has been chosen to occupy the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard University in 1929-30.

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Something Terrible

MURDER. By Evelyn Johnson and Gretta Palmer. New York: Covici, Friede. 1928.

BAFFLE BOOK OF CRIMES TO SOLVE. By Lassiter Wren and Randall McKay. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $1.90.

HOUSE OF THE TWO GREEN EYES. By Stephen Chalmers. The same.

MYSTERY OF THE BLUE TRAIN. By Agatha Christie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928.

CORPSE ON THE BRIDGE. By Charles Barry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by William Bolitho
Author of "Murder for Profit"

THE strange history of the detective story reaches a trunk-junction this season with the first two books on my list. The authors of "Murder" explain in their preface: "The problems that constitute this book are really nothing more nor less than thirty-two complete detective stories, reduced to the essential facts. There is no padding, and the insipid and irritating love interest that is an integral part of the conventional detective story has in all cases been omitted. Short of having the stories read like excerpts from a dry-goods catalogue, we have presented our cases as tersely as posible." That is, quite plainly, one line of the evolution of this peculiar literary form has ended in the Puzzle; somewhat the fate of the acrostic in poetry. The authors of "Murder," and the "Baffle Book," are not to blame; they have honestly recognized a situation which has long existed in fact. From an esthetic point of view, it is a pity; for we have gained a not particularly interesting form of indoor game, doomed probably to develop more and more as these naked essays in it show, on the lines of arithmetic rather than psychology. The time of the crime, the rôle of distance in the alibi; these are the only elements in the clue system which do not tend to become exhausted by repetition, and the inevitable abuse of these leads straight to the dreary problems at the chapter ends of text-books of arithmetic and elementary algebra. Could the suspect have made it in time? How long would it take to fill tank C, given the flow of taps A and B?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is worth a short journey back to the source of the stream which has taken so disappointing a plunge to find if there is not some alternate, which would save for literature (none too rich in *genres*) a form which had such intrinsic interest, and tempting possibilities. The essential invention of the Detective Story belongs to Poe, out of a hint by Voltaire. In embryo it consists of a deep and poetic conceit very characteristic of his genius: the material survival of the past in the minute alterations and degradations every action causes on its surroundings. The theory of the clue is in fact sacramental: life signs itself in its passage in the species of cigarette ends, chipped plaster, the wear and tear on carpets. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*

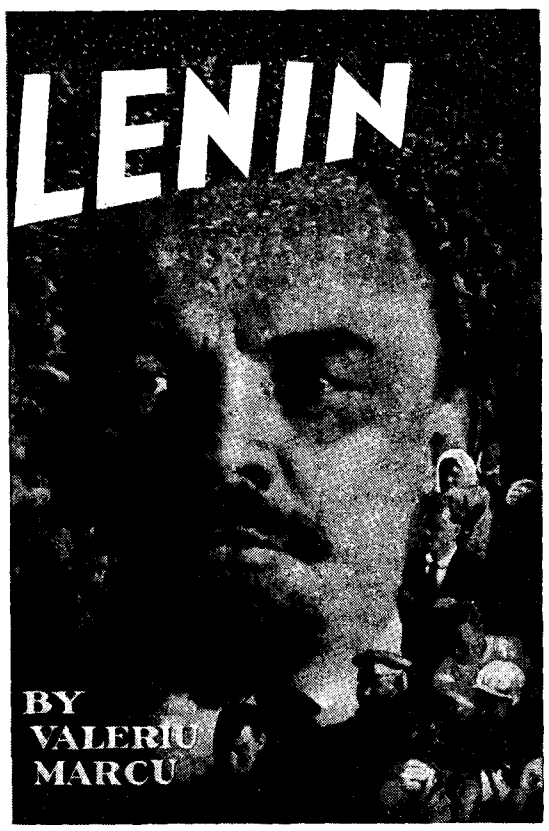
The detective himself, who also has been taken over without essential modification, with all the twists Poe characteristically gave him, the solitariness—few detective stories have ever allowed him to fall in love—his Byronic idiosyncrasies in out of the way learning, his possession of a bizarre accomplishment or vice, his matter-of-fact foil companion—is merely the embodiment of a melancholy and ironic idea. Who alone is interested in retracing the past along its almost imperceptible tracks? The police. What passage of life alone is it urgent to resuscitate? A crime. The formula for every detective story is complete. No one has ever dared to depart from its queer and specific mould.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

But while all have slavishly imitated Poe's anatomy, all to an increasing degree have forgotten even to attempt the inseparable shape. The theory of the clue, the pessimism of the subject, the ornamentation of the personage—these are nothing but the bones. The essential flesh is the style; full of overtones of terror and imagination, mannered, decadent, artificial, precious. It is an irony that the detective story should have been the exercise ground of hack-writers, amateurs, puzzle composers. It called, as it was invented, for the enthusiastic artistry of an almost ultra refined talent. It cries for atmosphere. It offers a scope for those who feel and can labor after rendering queer personal tastes and perfumes of life; foggy days in great cities, lonely gardens, strange glimpses of cellars and roofs, and strange deeds and strange people. It is a formula to replace that other artifice which also, after an astonishing history, died from abuse by brutal philistine treatment, the fairy-tale of the French eighteenth century; an alternative to the fiction of three dimensional life. It is a natural alternative to naturalism, and also to romance.

In the beginning of its history, with Sherlock Holmes, this aspect unsuited as it was to the natural talent of Doyle, was not forgotten; and it is the shabby, savory London of Baker Street and Marylebone the foggy mornings, the smell of coal smoke from the open grate of the famous lodgings that still gives the series a value. Doyle imitated Stevenson; the detective story was made for the author of Jekyll and Hyde and the Suicide Club. It is one of the minor tragedies of literature that, having walked so near, Stevenson did not wholeheartedly essay it.

In short, the detective story should be rescued from the inept hands of the merely ingenious (and often not too ingenious) band who have monopolized it, and degraded it to a pencil game, with the answers over the page, and restored to the fantastic and the stylist. There is a lot of this in the world, talents and lesser genius now wasted in playing with impossible experiments in poetry-prose and prose-poetry, in the honest but futile manufacture of silk out of thistles. What twisted, ornamented, masterpieces of individual vision, full of corners and echoes, half a dozen of the brilliant young authors



JACKET DESIGN FOR "LENIN," by Valeriu Marcu (Macmillan).

of unreadable verse to-day could make simply out of Poe's formula of the past materially inherent in the present, search for the queer places of the soul in the queer places of the city? The detective story must be peopled with dummies: let us have the interesting puppets of a refined art, and not the stupidities of the department store Punch and Judy show. There must be a crime in the detective story; let us have a murder that makes us shiver, not the perfunctory bumping off of a paper financier. There must be mystery; let it be the mysteries of the soul, and the devil, not of the railway time table. The form is artificial; let it be imaginative, the artifice of civilization, jewel work, not public school arithmetic. Over it must hang melancholy and irony; vapors always bred by dead passion, which in the company of a detective worthy to play the game invented by the illustrious eccentric who solved the "Mystery of Marie Roget," or the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," we will go to disenter. I suggest in the meantime that Stephen Chalmers, Agatha Christie, Charles Barry, and all the rest, and their second-rate colleagues, follow the example of the "Baffle Book" and compose conundrums, with the answers at the end.

Northwestern University in its Law Department has offered a prize of $1,000 and a bronze medal with two prizes of $100 each as second prizes for the best essays or monographs received by March 1st, 1929, on "Scientific Property."

Indian Summer

BACK-TRAILERS FROM THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. Illustrations by Constance Garland. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

WHEN Hamlin Garland wrote the fine autobiographical record of his childhood, education, and literary apprenticeship in "A Son of the Middle Border," which began with 1865 and came down to 1900, he did not intend to go further. Yet he has now added three more titles to the series. The story was extended backward in "Trail-Makers of the Middle Border" to cover the pioneer life of his father and mother. It was brought forward to 1917 in "A Daughter of the Middle Border." In this newest volume the chronicle is carried down from the World War to the present day. The "back trail" is the road to the East, where Mr. Garland found a new home in New York and the Catskills, and to England, where he and his family spent two active summers. His forbears, led by one Peter Garland, had been emigrants from England, making their first homes in the East; he was revisiting ancestral scenes and renewing ancestral contacts. But like the first volume, this last book is essentially an intellectual and spiritual autobiography. If not as exciting as the record of the crusading years, it has a mellow fulness, for it treats the period in which he reaped, in distinguished contacts and public recognition, the reward of his long devotion to high literary aims.

The intimacy of this record, occasionally breaking into naiveté, is always appealing and sometimes touching. Mr. Garland's chief ties with the West had been severed by the death of his father; he found Chicago, with its dirt, noise, and comparative cultural barrenness, an uncongenial home; and New York had become an indispensable economic base. He went there to sell books, scenarios, and stories, and Howells and Bacheller urged him to stay. Even Roosevelt, saying that he identified Garland with the prairies, admitted that he might now work better in the East. The Woodlawn home was given up at the same time that "They of the High Trails" was published, and the Garland household was soon alternating between a 92d Street flat and a summer cabin at Onteora. Mr. Garland makes no concealment of the part that financial necessity, at a time when royalties "barely sufficed to buy the family groceries," played in the transfer. But despite his profound attachment for the Western soil, he welcomed the fuller intercourse with the writing and artistic worlds now possible. The wrench was lessened by his sense that the West itself had changed:

> My fifty-sixth birthday was spent in shelving books and hanging pictures, and as I unwrapped certain portraits and hung them on the wall, I experienced a painful sense of disloyalty. Mother, smiling upon me from her frame, Zulime as she was when I married her, Mary Isabel as the sweetly solemn cherub, Constance dancing like a fairy, all appeared to reproach me for wresting them from their proper places and fixing them here in a row of bare hot little rooms whose windows overlooked a wilderness of scorching ugly roofs. To such a pass had fear of the war and the failure of my picture plays brought me. Wide as the separation was in a physical way, it was even wider when considered as a part of western history. The world to which my father and his generation belonged was gone. Their places had been taken by German and Scandinavian peasants. The Middle Border of my youth had vanished.

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The best part of this volume are the glimpses of a zestful domestic comradeship, which we are glad that Mr. Garland makes so numerous; the next best part is furnished by the strokes sketching the contemporary elders of Mr. Garland's literary world. The charm of the former is something which not all readers will feel equally and which it is impossible to convey briefly. In a record which is frankly one in large part of ill-health, pain, financial anxiety, and struggle, the pages are made sunny by family happiness; not a placid happiness, but that of family adventure. After all, in such a volume the subjective element, not the objective, counts most. But Mr. Garland manages to mingle the two. The East Side school for his daughters, the removals from apartment to apartment, the search under John Burroughs's inspiration for a Catskill home, the thousand-dollar check "found in the grass" (a Pulitzer prize), the flats almost miraculously acquired and occupied in London, are so many episodes in a tale of exploration. Mr. Garland is doubly justified in his title. He did take the back trail to

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his ancestral haunts, which his profound sense of tradition made him reverence; but he was also a Westerner pioneering, in the larger sense of the word, on Eastern soil.

A literary veteran himself, Mr. Garland's principal contacts in New York were with other veterans, who to-day are for the most part gone. The glimpses of Roosevelt, Burroughs, and Howells are in general rather pathetic. When Mr. Garland reached the East, Howells was leading a "strange, wandering, essentially homeless life," looking unwell, betraying failures of memory, and talking with wistful resignation of his heart, which "goes along very well for a time, then skips a beat, and so'—here he smiled—'being reminded that I am mortal, I cannot sleep.'" He wondered what was the use of writing about invented characters when millions of soldiers were fighting in France. Burroughs was able, once, to jump in the air and crack his heels together, but for the most part he was crippled by rheumatism. "I get sick of my own cooking," he remarked. Mr. Garland saw him buried beside the big rock at Riverby, and read a few lines of poetry at the grave. Roosevelt, who remarked that he had almost made a permanent stay in the Brazilian wilderness, had been visibly weakened by his fever. He said that he needed money and had to work, but when a continuance of his autobiography was suggested, he remarked with quiet sadness, "I'm of no use, Garland; I can't do it." Mr. Garland has set down some of the dinner table stories he heard in these last meetings with Roosevelt:

> One of these anecdotes concerned a certain western Senator and his wife who were guests at a White House dinner. "When the time came to enter the dining room, I led the way with the wife of the senior Senator, expecting that the others would pair off in accordance with their cards and follow me. What was my amazement when I reached the door of the dining room to find my partner and myself alone. For some unaccountable reason the others were still in the reception room. After waiting what seemed like a long time, the guests came in like a flock of disorderly sheep, Mrs. Roosevelt at the back, shooing them in. Later, when I could reach Mrs. Roosevelt, the reason for the delay was made plain. It appeared that when she asked Senator B. to take in Mrs. J., he had truculently announced that he and his wife had heard of the goings-on in Washington, and they had decided to go together, or not at all. Whereupon Mrs. Roosevelt had said with ready tact, "I understand your feeling, Senator. Let us all go in without ceremony."

The English experiences of Mr. Garland are related with a gusto which carries the reader forward on a tide of enthusiasm; quite as much as his children, the author felt an unjaded appreciation of new scenes and famous men. He made himself a resident of London, not a visitor there, and it was as neighbor and fellow-resident that he was received by Kipling, Conrad, Barrie, Conan Doyle, Shaw, and others. Some will think that in this enthusiasm the book now and then strikes a provincial note; that Mr. Garland, pausing on some famous doorstep, reminds himself a bit too frequently that he began life as a Western farm-boy. But these chapters would lose half their color had their author adopted a more sophisticated and worldly air. He was quite frankly a newcomer exploring a very old culture; for a time he thought that it had numerous and manifest points of superiority to that which he himself represented; but in the end, though not till he had enjoyed England to the full, he changed his mind.

The real significance of these pages is not in the anecdotal material they convey about Conrad, who talked in perfect diction but with a Cockney accent; about Barrie, who had the Garland family down to a castle which he had hired for the season, and confessed his awe of the servants who went with the place; of Shaw, who said he wrote shorthand "because it does not betray senile decay, which I fear my longhand does"; of Hardy, who told them at Max Gate that his novels were "income producers," depreciating them in comparison with his poetry; and of Kipling, who swapped reminiscences of Roosevelt and told them to be sure to give a day to Knole. To be sure, these brief impressions of leading English men of letters are entertaining and in a slight way illuminating. But it is more interesting to note the effect of his English sojourn upon the writer. Mr. Garland was at first enchanted. When he came back to America after the initial summer, he felt disillusioned about the West. Travelling to give lectures, he found the towns unkempt and garbage-circled, Chicago malodorous, the rivers "slimy and poisonous," and even the Alleghenies seared and unsightly. Much of the United States, he concluded, was just emerging from the tin-can and barbed-wire stage of civilization. But after another summer abroad his mood changed. He found that England had its ugly and unhappy side, he felt that the weight of age and tradition bowed it down, and when he visited ancient churches "I smelled the mold of the generations beneath the floor." When he finally returned to America he exulted in its promise. They came down from Montreal:

> The patriotism of my daughters became an overwhelming emotion when our train came opposite the Catskills looming in cloudy splendor above the Hudson whose smoothly flowing current shone like a golden mirror. A dark blue mist hid the lower peaks, but over this wall, against a gorgeous sunset sky, the Twin Peaks grandly lowered. "It is more beautiful than anything we saw in France or England," said Zulime, and as I turned to make sure that my daughters had recognized these landmarks I discovered them both in tears. . . . With rapture they reëntered the station, exulting in its grandeur, its cleanliness, its comfort, and when from the windows of our dusty flat they looked out over the city, they were undismayed by iron cornices, tarred roofs, and water tanks. "This is our city, our capital, our country," they repeated with an intonation of pride and satisfaction. In this loyalty I recognized something justifiable as well as self-protective.

And this is not an unfitting note for the author to choose in ending the record of that sterling pioneer family, the Garlands.

In the Days of Louis XIV

THE LETTERS OF MME. DE SÉVIGNÉ. Carnavalet Edition. With an Introduction by A. EDWARD NEWTON. Philadelphia: J. P. HORN & Co. 1927. 7 vols. $52.50.

LETTERS OF MME. DE SÉVIGNÉ. Selected with an Introductory Essay by RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: Brentano's. 2 vols. 1927. $8.50.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

TWO new editions of the letters of Mme. de Sévigné are presented to the American public; one the first complete collection in the English language; the other a careful selection for those who have not the leisure for such extensive perusal as required by the seven volumes of the Carnavalet Edition. Mme. de Sévigné, as everyone knows, was one of the cleverest, most intelligent, and most esteemed Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century. Although she lost her husband in the Wars of the Fronde shortly after marriage, and although she had among her friends such Lotharios as the gallant Fouquet, well known to readers of Dumas, her own reputation was unblemished in an era when blots on 'scutcheons were frequent and not especially important. She was, furthermore, the mother of the "prettiest girl in France." This spoiled, haughty, beauty she married to the Comte de Grignan, neither young nor handsome and twice already a widower —a match which, contrary to what one might have expected, turned out surprisingly well.

When the Comte took his young bride to far-off Languedoc, of which province he was made Lieutenant-General, Mme. de Sévigné, to allay her daughter's inevitable nostalgia, retold for her the gossip of the salons and the court, furbished the latest scandals, reviewed the newest books. Everything is described so vividly that, even at this distant date, and among a people which has not always been able to appreciate perfection in its Gallic form, the culture and the manners of the society of Louis Quatorze become intelligible.

These letters are undoubtedly more enjoyable if one is somewhat familiar with the general characteristics of the age, but such knowledge is not at all essential. Mme. de Sévigné is as readable as Cicero, Voltaire, or even Horace Walpole, with whose reputations as correspondents she has had to contend. Although she lived when the "Précieuses" were excessively "ridicules," and although she frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet, she is untouched by any trace of false elegance. Almost alone of those of her time she professed and felt an admiration for nature. Her letters were read and appreciated in manuscript form by her contemporaries; four volumes of them were published a year after her death.

The present Carnavalet Edition is limited to 1550 sets. A. Edward Newton, the famous authority on Dr. Johnson, has written a brief introduction for it, while the editor has added one equally concise. The biographical sketch is translated from that of M. Grouvelle, appearing in his complete French version. The letters themselves have been carefully edited. The many errors in previous works have been corrected; omissions and suppressions have been inserted; almost all the starred and hidden names have been supplied. Over 300 letters never before translated into English have been included. Typographically, the edition is of commendable excellence. Each volume, furthermore, is illustrated. While some readers may feel the lack of an index, the majority peruse for pleasure and will not miss it. Sufficient notes are supplied to render allusions in the text understandable.

The Aldington edition, in two volumes, contains as many letters as the average American will care to read. As Mr. Aldington wisely points out, these letters are obligatory reading for a Frenchman, but, for an Englishman or an American, they belong in the category of books read merely with pleasure or profit. His selection of letters is well made. Particularly to be appreciated is the inclusion of those written to her clever cousin, the Comte de Bussy, as well as those to M. de Pomponne and to M. de Coulanges. Her letters to gentlemen have a polish and sparkle which maternal solicitude and even doting affection for her daughter often fail to supply. In an appendix to the second volume are extended notes on the various letters. An index is also supplied.

It is generally agreed that some knowledge of these letters is requisite for a liberal education. Although the Marquise did not live her life merely to write about it, as was said of Horace Walpole, she wrote charmingly of the life she did lead, and the pursuit of a liberal education, at least in this quarter, should not prove a disagreeable task.

Fiction Matrix

NIGHTSEED. By H. A. MANHOOD. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

ARNOLD BENNETT credits Mr. H. A. Manhood's first book with "tremendous imaginative power," "a touching sense of beauty," and the author with a style "as to whose fundamental excellence there can hardly be two opinions." Sixteen stories are the foundation for Mr. Bennett's enthusiasm, catholic and unrestrained as usual. The merest glimpse at the subject matter will confirm in a measure the first of his claims. "Nightseed" contains some pieces novel for their subject matter, such as "The Cough," and others novel for their treatment, such as "The Honeymoon," but the chasm between originality and real "imaginative power" seems to have been bridged largely by Mr. Bennett, with little help from Mr. Manhood. There is any amount of wild and disordered language to point to as further evidence of talent in its crudest state, and a sense of beauty which would do honor to a schoolboy making his first attempts at description, though scarcely to a full-fledged writer. As for the style, surely such quantities of far-fetched similes are a bar to the progress of the narrative, even if one admits the fundamental healthiness of the impulse leading to their creation. And has such unlifelike conversation been recorded since Henry James?

Mr. Manhood's stories are, in fact, interesting but extremely unfinished and immature first attempts by a man who may one day be a remarkable writer. They have no more business appearing in public in this state than has a child of ten playing Greek tragedy. At moments Mr. Manhood already shows an astonishing maturity, a stern narrative ability somewhat in the vein of Hardy, but he is as yet unable to sustain such quality for long. "The Dainty Pike" is the best example of this probable future manner. In ten years, perhaps, Mr. Bennett's endorsement, only explicable at present by clairvoyance, may be justified.

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Esoteric Cults

THE STAMMERING CENTURY. By GILBERT SELDES. New York: John Day. 1928. $5.

CONFUSION OF TONGUES. By CHARLES W. FERGUSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

MOST of the books on the nineteenth century in America have been written under the assumption of steady moral and intellectual progress under manifest destiny. They offer the American mind as if it were a rug made up of orderly and symmetrical patterns, patterns which furnish so many evidences of divine design. This book turns the rug over and shows how the patterns run into fantastic figures which are as much a part of the whole as the part generally seen. That obverse side has recently been exposed to our gaze in the late presidential campaign. We flatter ourselves that the American mind is marked by moderation and intelligence, but when we look beneath we find that all things are not done decently and in order, but that in spite of popular education and the advancement of science, bigotry, intolerance, and irrationalism are large factors in our mental make-up.

It is this side that Seldes studies and in so doing explains much that is seemingly inexplicable. Furthermore his method is neither superficial nor merely statistical. Unlike Mencken he does not content himself with counting the boils on the body politic, but goes below the symptoms to the causes. Why are many Americans so intolerant, narrow-minded, and emotional? The answer may be found in those currents of thoughts which have flowed in the nation's blood for the last century or more. The author finds it necessary, and rightly so, to go back to that outpouring of bile called Calvinism, when, assuming as true the doctrines of total depravity and wholesale damnation, Jonathan Edwards directed his black looks upon humanity. It was in this way that mortal fear seeped into the American system and that our entire generation became neurotic from brooding over an evasive scheme of salvation. The great New England divine may have been an intellectual "Stormer of Heaven," but he left behind him the heritage of hell,—that complex of terror which affected countless men, women, and children until, out of sheer mental fatigue, they obtained a fictitious sense of peace after the exhausting performances of revival meetings. The latter were called "Times of Refreshing," they were rather periods of pathology. As the author well says, "it was all extreme and the whole country was nervous with apprehension or hysterical with an unaccustomed freedom and delight."

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This long period, from Edwards's dreadful Enfield Sermon—"Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"—to the revivals under Finney, left indelible marks upon the American temperament. The "Kentucky Jerks" were not local, but, as a common accompaniment to the "Trumpets of Jubilee," left decided traces on the national nerve tracts. The author disclaims all attempts at a complete pathological study of this subject, but even in this disclaimer offers one of his many valuable suggestions for other students of our peculiar complexes. Thus it was reported that Finney had driven several persons mad with his preaching; at the least he and his kind brought about a nervous instability as shown in that persistent type of so-called American patriot represented by the Ku Klux Klan.

Besides these "Winners of Souls," who might also be called losers of mind, there was another class in the "Stammering Century" represented by the strange prophets of prosperity and salvation, from Robert Mathews, "The Messianic Murderer," to John Humphrey Noyes, the lecturous founder of the Oneida community. All that is left of this strange colony is an occasional advertisement for silverware, but in its day and generation that collection of communists, who had all things in common including wives, was a stench in the nostrils of the respectable. This was in the days before Anthony Comstock and Judge Lindsey, and as there were no societies for the Suppression of Vice to put the lid on, or theories of companionate marriage to take it off, the virtuous part of the public was decidedly up in the air. What could one do with a man who claimed the *jus prima noctis* because of his spiritual overlordship? Uncle Sam could not close the mails to Noyes's notorious pamphlet on spiritual marriage; these modified Mormons in New York eluded his grasp with as much ease as the Latter-Day Saints did in Utah. Finally, like the Mormon scholar, Orson Pratt, Noyes rationalized his perfect communism by using the arguments of certain degraded Gnostic sexualists of the third century, but whence this precious pair derived their doctrines is another unsolved problem in the darker side of America's religious speculation.

The revivalists and the communists account as nothing else can do for those twin obsessions of the national mind,—salvation and sex. Another group, much less coarse and ignorant, account for a third obsession—the gospel of uplift. Bronson Alcott, with his dwelling on the over-soul and his diet of "aspiring vegetables," is called "An Apostle of the Newness," but here again the sources are old, for it was the neo-Platonic library of Alcott's friend, Charles Lane, that furnished Alcott with material for his strange Orphic Sayings, the speculative basis for his ineffective experiment at Fruitlands, so wonderfully satirized by his level-headed daughter Louisa. But Alcott was not so much an Apostle of the Newness as the mouthpiece of another form of metaphysics which developed out of the old Calvinism. Like that other apostle of sweetness and light, Adin Ballou, Alcott was but voicing the reaction against Jonathan Edwards as the apostle of sourness and darkness. Edwards as a mystic had a suppressed side of which little is generally known, but as a public preacher he was the official spokesman against the more cheerful and easy views of salvation offered in his day by the Arminians and in the succeeding generations by the Deists. These advocates of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, Seldes never mentions by name, but they contributed the deeper theological and philosophical current or revolt against the harsh doctrines of the "Old Lights." It was especially to the deists, of whom both Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were representatives, that we owe our characteristic American belief not so much in perfection itself as in the perfectibility of man.

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"The Stammering Century" has as a remarkable supplement, Ferguson's "The Confusion of Tongues." As "a review of modernisms" this brings the queer religions up to date and as in the case of Christian Science perpetuates the great American tradition that "anything is possible among us." These two books overlap in only one subject, that of spiritualism; but while both authors omit reference to the report of the Seybert Commission of the University of Pennsylvania and that of the Harvard Committee on "Margery," Ferguson cites Houdini's book, "A Magician among the Spirits," as a thorough case against the work of mediums. The most valuable suggestion of the volume is that the modern babel of absurd beliefs furnishes the raw materials of anthropology in the making, and that the student of either societies or religions could do no better than to junk his texts for a year and read seduously the literature of odd religions; he will gain at first hand an experimental knowledge of human behavior that can never be acquired by the most painstaking research with the practices of primitive people.

All this means that the followers of Russellism and Buchmanism, of Mary Baker Eddy and Aimée McPherson, are modern examples of aboriginal minds dealing with problems of salvation and sex, witchcraft delusions, and ceremonial pow-wows. Here salvationism takes a different tone than in the previous century, since it is directed not so much against the fear of hell fire as the fear of ill health and poverty. Nevertheless through all this bizarre pattern of the newisms runs the same preoccupation with sex. Benjamin Purnell had it in his doctrine of the Bachelor Father which led to the scandals of the House of David; F. D. Buchman had it in his "house parties," where boys and girls were separately questioned on their "horrible sins." The Dukhobors showed the same preoccupation in a negative form in their celibate communities, at first confined only to men. Theosophy's toyings with sex problems are to be found in various scandals fatuously exposed in their official volume, "Fifty Years of Theosophy," which Ferguson strangely omits any reference to. New thought is "effusive and sticky" but seldom sexy, except for its promises of "power through repose"; but in the case of Mary Baker Eddy sexual worries, plus a belief in thought transference, led to those teachings of Malicious Animal Magnetism which forced the Massachusetts Metaphysical College out of Boston. Finally similar secret doctrines led to the police driving certain Swamis and Yogis out of New York City. The dear public is scarcely aware of this seamy side of our present esoteric cults, although more or less familiar with the negative sexualism of the Shakers and the rampant sexualism of Mormonism, camouflaged under the name of the spiritual wife doctrine.

Another interesting point brought out by Ferguson is that, with the exception of oriental cults like theosophy, Yogism, and Bahaism, the doctrines and practices of all these strange sects are based on the authority of scripture. This leads one to wonder if the Protestant principle of indiscriminate Bible reading has not been responsible for many of these aberations, from the views of the Spiritualists and Russellites to the vapidities of Christian Science, New Thought, and that "oracle of truth," the Unity organization of Chicago. Uncritical Bible reading together with a superficial knowledge of science have been combined literally in the name of Christian Science and figuratively in the beliefs of absent treatment by thought waves, and the "radio" prayer sent out daily by the "School of Silent Unity," at a fixed price per prayer.

Ferguson has had a wonderful adventure in pushing through this strange wilderness of religion, sex, science, and business, an adventure which must have entailed an enormous amount of labor to judge from his selected bibliography. The latter, in spite of its size, has several serious omissions, such as "The Story of the Mormons" by Linn, "The Religio-Medical Masquerade" of Peabody, and the latter's joint volume with Dr. Humiston and the present reviewer. Attempts have been made to repress all three of these books by the respective authorities concerned, but without much success. However we may inform the author that the plates of Milmine's "Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy" have been destroyed and that Mrs. Eddy's letters, cited by Horatio Dresser in his "Quimby Manuscripts," were withdrawn under pressure. So we should not be surprised if the same thing were to be attempted in the case of Ferguson's chapters on the Ku Klux Klan and "the Maid of Angelus," otherwise known as Aimée Semple McPherson, two of the finest examples of acute analysis and ironical exposure it has been our privilege to read. The whole work, along with its appended "Brief Dictionary of Sects," is worthy of comparison with Voltaire's dictionary, for it exhibits a similar combination of learning and levity whereby kindred shams were "blasted with a grin."

The World Today

RECENT GAINS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. Edited by KIRBY PAGE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $3.

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by HORACE M. KALLEN. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD G. KNOTT

IT comes really as a surprise to find attention turned to recent gains in our civilization. European nations have a deeply rooted idea that we are a smug and complacent people. But since the war we have been going through a period of self-criticism such as few other countries have passed through in any decade. Derisive and bitter, our beneficent gadflies have attacked nearly every phase of our life—our government, our governors; our schools, our illiteracy; our prosperity, our charity; our lack of religion, our puritanism; our emotionalism, our restraint; our wastefulness, our greed; our materialism, our impractical idealism. In every direction we go too far, in no direction do we go far enough. It has all been very good for us, especially since, notwithstanding many apparent contradictions, most of the criticism has been sound. And now it has proved also to be very good for some of our leading critics to be made to sit down and find some recent gains. Good for the critics, and also for the book, for they, especially, will not be led into groundless flights on the back of a spread-eagle.

There is one article in "Recent Gains in Ameri-

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can Civilization" that stands out like a beacon—"A Critique of American Civilization," by Professor John Dewey. This is no reflection on the other articles, for many of them are excellent. But Professor Dewey in a few pages illuminates the whole problem about which so many disputes have raged during the present century. Two or three sentences will show the trend of his thought:

> Shall [civilization] be judged by its *élite*, by its artistic and scientific products, by the depth and fervor of its religious devotion? Or by the level of the masses, by the amount of ease and security attained by the common man? . . . One can say that in the end the value of elevation of the common man in security, ease, and comfort of living is to be viewed as an opportunity for a possible participation in more ideal values . . . Admitting that our civilization displays a relative superiority in its material basis, what are we likely to build upon it in religion, science, and art, and in the amenities and grace of life?

Professor Dewey discusses the symptoms pointing some one way and some the other; on the one hand, the familiar and obvious phases of our prosperity and materialism, and yet he finds also, on the other, "forces that are as yet unorganized and inchoate," our welcome to books popularizing serious subjects, our development in painting, music, drama, and poetry, the higher average type of our "best seller," the astonishing expansion in the attendance in our schools and colleges since 1910. "There are six times as many students in colleges and professional schools as there were thirty years ago, and tenfold more in secondary schools. . . . It is impossible to gauge the release of potentialities contained in this change." Our experiment, he says, is that of "raising the level of the mass," a problem of diffusion. In this our economic structure assists us. "While it is true that devotion to the economic phase of life is materialism, and that so judged our civilization is materialistic, it is also true that we have broken down the age-long old-world separation of the material and the ideal, and that the destruction of this dualism is a necessary precondition of any elevated culture that is the property of the people as a whole." These views, together with the fact that "no other people at any other age has been so permeated with the spirit of sharing as our own," lead him to look to the future with great hopes and to believe that we are already attaining a distinctive culture, a new civilization which is not merely an extension and dilution of the Old World.

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"An Oriental Evaluation of Modern Civilization," by Masaharu Anesaki, is also impressive, but it is a plea for a "democratic community of human brotherhood" as the aim of progress, rather than a discussion of recent American gains. There is an interesting article by Professor Charles Beard on "Recent Gains in Government," though it is difficult to pass by his observation that "it is not easy to discover evidences of increased intelligence, capacity, and humanity in foreign affairs," without inquiring whether he finds none of these things in Woodrow Wilson. Oswald Garrison Villard finds some good things to say of the "American Press," and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is optimistic in "Recent Gains in Religion." Stuart Chase's article on "Business and Industry" would be more convincing if he did not so persistently keep his eyes closed to the place of finance and business in industry and if he did not try to be so clever in his dismissal of business. Dr. Harry F. Ward in "Progress or Decadence" adopts so shrill a tone that he defeats the end he probably had in view, that of being taken seriously. It is difficult for the reader to trust the balance of a man who writes that we have no right to judge our own civilization, but must take it on the value of "scholars of the Orient" to whose words "we had better listen with humility"; who says that the "doctrine of freedom of opportunity" . . . "has been abandoned"; who writes "The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy cracked for a moment the crust of our sodden, guzzling complacency and showed those who have eyes to see the molten lava beneath"; and "when the workers in our mines, mills, and factories, true to the American tradition, try to push open the door of opportunity which they see closing against their children, they find behind that door all the powers of the government."

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In "Freedom in the Modern World" nearly every writer, or rather speaker (for these were originally lectures given at the New School for Social Research), is impressed with the fact that freedom is a matter of definition, and a comparative matter at that. Again it is Professor Dewey who goes to the heart of the question in a superb paper on "Philosophies of Freedom," which is not only an analysis of freedom and a discussion of its place and meaning in philosophies in the past, but also the formulation of a new position for the present. To him freedom is freedom to think and to develop. Horace M. Kallen has two thoughtful articles, one on "Why Freedom is a Problem," and one on "What is Real and What is Illusory in Human Freedom." The other contributors discuss more specific topics. W. Walton H. Hamilton writes on "Freedom and Economic Necessity," the Rev. John A. Ryan and F. J. Foakes-Jackson, discuss freedom from the Catholic and the Protestant points of view, respectively, Joseph Jastrow writes on "Freedom and Psychology," Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., contributes a valuable article on "Liberty and Law," and Robert M. Lovett in "Freedom and the Fine Arts" treats of censorship. Clarence Darrow discusses "Personal Liberty" and finds that it no longer exists, and Max Eastman thinks that "Political Liberty" is dead and that we must "see if there is any other beautiful thing in the world we can fall in love with." Mr. Eastman's position is probably more radical than that of Dr. Ward in his article in "Recent Gains in

OSCAR WILDE
From a caricature by Max Beerbohm. Now first published in A. Edward Newton's "This Book-Collecting Game" (Little, Brown).
See page 504.

American Civilization," but Mr. Eastman writes with such good-temper that he is the more nearly persuasive.

Silas Bent in "Freedom of Speech, Conscience, and the Press," shows something of Dr. Ward's temper and positiveness of statement. How can one depend upon the judgment and balance of a writer who peremptorily includes "the open shop movement" in an enumeration of the forms of recent denial of "the democratic dogma that liberty and equality are the bases of this government"; and who remarks that "the legal grounds are obvious on which the press could have demanded the President's impeachment" when the offense complained of was President Coolidge's comment, "Whenever any of the press of our country undertake to exert their influnce on behalf of foreign interests, the candor of the situation would be greatly increased if their foreign connections were publicly disclosed"? Mr. Bent injures some good and valid points by this violence to reasonableness. As a whole, however, his view seems too pessimistic, for he seriously undervalues the great advance in the public's interest in the full facts in news. This tendency was early perceived by Mr. Ochs and on it he built the success of the New York *Times*. The influence of that success has been felt all over the country and it is clearly apparent in the much fuller and more impartial presentation of both sides of political questions and arguments on the part of newspapers throughout the United States. Mr. Villard, in his article on the Press in "Recent Gains of American Civilization" discusses this more fairly.

The Recovery of Discipline

THE HOGARTH ESSAYS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE Hogarth Press, under the auspices of Leonard and Virginia Woolf, has issued two series of "The Hogarth Essays," and this American edition is a selection of eleven essays from the two English volumes. It is regrettable that the original volumes were not reproduced intact, but even here the Woolfian intelligence is apparent and there is a sequence approaching a theme. Mrs. Woolf in the first essay thinks we "are trembling on the verge of one of the great ages of English literature." Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith who follows does not think the signs very promising; for literature grows hurried and journalistic, and success is too easy; prophets are better stoned than buried in roses. Mr. E. M. Forster, indeed, suggests that, creative literature being by its nature impersonal, it were perhaps the better if altogether unsigned. Mr. Robert Graves writes on The Future of Poetry. Mr. Leonard Woolf defends the leadership of the highbrow. Mr. Roger Fry, in respect to plastic art, also sees a lower and higher; an art of the multitude which includes Freudian psychologists, is preoccupied with a fantasy world of wishes fulfilled, and is not pure art; and on the other hand a pure art, which has to do with formal relations and is only felt by the few. Miss Rose Macaulay on "Catchwords and Claptrap" is perhaps more witty and readable than significant; Miss Gertrude Stein on "Composition and Explanation" would be more interesting if she would take less pains to be unintelligible. Mr. T. S. Eliot puts his three short essays under the general caption of "Homage to John Dryden," but two of them are on Marvell and on the Metaphysical Poets; Mr. Herbert Read contributes an account of "The Retreat of the Fifth Army from St. Quentin, March, 1918."

The theme may be obscure in fragments and epitome, but all these, even the last, will be found on enough consideration to have bearing on the problem of the newer literature, (or art) on what the significant thing is that is happening, and in what direction it is heading. If we have turned some sort of verifiable corner and are on the verge of something important in literature, there are perhaps no living critics whose examinations of such a matter are more worth attention than those of Mr. Eliot and Mrs. Woolf.

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All these Hogarth Essays have something either to say or to indicate, either in precept or sample, with regard to it, but I am inclined to look to Mr. Eliot for the best leading. Mrs. Woolf is at present all for experiment, subjective and psychological; the hero-heroine of her latest novel is exposed to the vicissitudes of four centuries and two sexes. Mr. Graves sees poetry moving through a phase of "septic irony" to a new life in which it shall be free, complex, and experimental. But to be free, complex, and experimental is no sort of an end or aim in art. It is nearly the same as being formless, confused, and uncertain. It describes a transition rather than an accomplishment, and we have seen almost too much of it already. No true artist tries to be complex. He almost always tries to be simple, but is driven back to his shades, details, and allusiveness, because it seems to him that truth and vitality escape when he discards them. If he must be difficult he must, but he need not make a point of it. It is more than likely that "septic irony" will eventually have something disillusioning and corrosive to say about "streams of consciousness" and "hidden symbolism"; about such prose as Miss Stein and Mr. Joyce are writing in deadly seriousness; about such phrases of the futural poetry as Miss Sitwell's "clucking flowers," meaning flowers bent down like hens, and "shrill grass," meaning grass so young that its voice, if it had one, would be like a child's. These things seem like the strained ingenuities of the Euphuists and Metaphysical Poets, oddities of a fashion and likely to be regarded ironically by any "tough reasonableness" that may come hereafter. It seems to me that the next logical reaction—not only against an outworn romantic past, but against an experimental present seeking the goal of free complexity—is the recovery of discipline.

Mr. Eliot defines the wit of the Caroline poets as "a tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyric grace," and remarks: "We are baffled in the attempt to translate the quality indicated by the dim

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and antiquated term "wit" into the equally unsatisfactory nomenclature of our own time. It has passed out of our critical coinage altogether and no new term has been struck to replace it; the quality seldom exists, and is never recognized." It is not erudition nor cynicism, but it involves education, experience of the world, and a kind of toughness. He possibly refines the matter overmuch. It was a portmanteau word which has dropped since a great deal of its accumulated contents. At one time *to wit* meant nothing else than *to know* and a great scholar was called a great "wit," but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the word came under influence of civil society. The "wits" were *intelligentsia, hommes d'esprit,* with *men of the world* rather definitely implied. Out of these would grow, as characteristic of experienced intelligence, that seasoned hardness or maturity which Mr. Eliot finds in the Caroline poets. The point which he is making in respect to Andrew Marvell is that these Caroline poets looked life in the face; whereas the nineteenth century poets looked at it more or less aslant. They went visioning after a dream world, but that dream world was a very different one from such visionary realities as Dante's. "The result made a poet of the same size as Marvell a more trivial and less serious figure. William Morris is not more refined and spiritual than Marvell, he is merely more vague." The distinction recalls that "fantasy world of wishes unfulfilled" which Mr. Roger Fry says is the impure art of the multitudes, while pure art is more nearly related to logic than to day dreams. Mr. Eliot illustrates the distinction with pertinent quotations.

> All of apiece throughout!
> Thy Chase had a Beast in view;
> Thy Wars brought nothing about;
> Thy lovers were all untrue.
> 'Tis well an Old Age is out,
> And true to begin a New.
> (DRYDEN)

> The world's great age begins anew;
> The garden years return,
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn
> Her smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
> (SHELLEY)

The second is found in the Oxford Book of English Verse, the first is not, and yet we might defy anyone to show that the second is superior in intrinsically poetic merit. It is easy to see why the second should appeal more readily to the nineteenth, and what is left of the nineteenth under the name of twentieth century.

In my unregenerate days, when poetry was still written and read in the glow—at least in the after glow—of the Age of Romance, one did not believe that intrinsic poetic merit was a thing that could be argumentatively shown. We still had a dislike for the intolerable dry clatter of the heroic couplet. Wordsworthian intimations interested us more than poetry in parterres and the poetry of Keats was more like what we thought poetry ought to be than all the Popian staccato and scandal of a dead society. We believed that "simple, sensuous, and passionate" was a better definition than "What oft was thought but never so well expressed"; that great poetry had magic and vision, power and beauty, rather than "wit." We did not look to it for a disillusioned knowledge of man and his ways so much as to be lifted out of their common ways by an incantation. What Mr. Graves calls the "toxic" quality of poetry we usually called the "lyric," but we meant the same thing. We thought the strength of Dryden had more connection with "spacious times" before him than the "age of reason," after him. We cared too much for those "spacious times" to bother a great deal with Dryden anyway, but we did discover Andrew Marvell. The prose of the "age of reason" attracted us more than its poetry.

But times have changed, our mood has partly changed with them, and Mr. Eliot is a formidable critic. We would have admitted then that the Dryden verse quoted had power, but have felt that the Shelley verse was not only a different but a better kind of thing. We would have liked its melody and thrill better than Dryden's unillusioned stare in the face of things. But now we would only say that it is different; that Shelley's stanza is a hymn in the temple of liberalism and its poetry as authentic as that of the twenty-third psalm; but that Dryden's is as solid and ominous as the snort of a bull and quite the "real thing" however you define its kind. And if Mr. Eliot is inclined to think that twentieth century poetry is going to be more like the Dryden than the Shelley kind of thing, that it intends to recover "that firm grasp of human experience which is the formidable achievement of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets," we are ex-romantics, and are inclined to agree with him. The nineteenth century moods and conventions of poetry have gone stale, as the eighteenth century ones went stale in their time. Mr. Eliot's appreciation of nineteenth century poets may be as imperfect as that of Hazlitt, Arnold, and Pater. "Artificial" and "prosaic" are indeed poor terms of description for that phenomenon, but neither do "more trival and less serious figures" seem well chosen terms for men who tried to put their heads in the empyrean. We ex-romantics once thought heads in the empyrean were more poetic than feet on the ground. Mr. Eliot thinks not; and if we have come so far as to agree with him there, we are not yet ready to reverse the positions. I do not know whether realizing is or is not a more mature faculty than idealizing, but it is not more serious.

I suspect that Dryden would object to "The Waste Land" as vigorously as to "The Earthly Paradise," though for different reasons; but the reason that Mr. Eliot, the critic, seems most worth watching is not only his scholarship and intellectual force. It is also that the trail he is following leads to the recovery of discipline, to the abandonment of the waste land of experimental oddity, and the achievement of definite form. You cannot follow the lead of Marvell and Dryden and at the same time float along on streams of subconsciousness; or write verse to shifting indefinite patterns; or prose like Miss Gertrude Stein's; or make a point of being difficult. The Caroline poets were not mature merely in that they were disillusioned; they were mature because, for one thing, they believed in being tangible and coherent. The chief theory of esthetics in the Age of Reason was that there is no good theory of esthetics which is independent of good sense.

Satire and Symbol

GUINEA FOWL AND OTHER POULTRY. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

THE LEGEND OF QUINCIBALD. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

MR. LEONARD BACON'S "Guinea Fowl" is a book over whose levities and vivacities tea-tables—more especially literary tea-tables—will rejoice. Mr. Bacon will furnish the lemon for the tea. The book is popular in a secluded way. Briefly, it is a book for the demos or plebs among the literati. It mocks neither very gently nor very ungently at Victorian and contemporary literature; its preface revivifies Miss Amy Lowell in a mood of jovial mendacity. The humor is cheap and fine by turns, with the cheaper ingredients tending, here as always, to control the flavor. Mr. Bacon is really humorous in the shrewd suggestion that we with our universities and our stadiums may play the part of the mound-builders to a vainly inquisitive posterity, and in the intimation—in the other book—that Prometheus might prefer the vulture to the reading aloud of "Prometheus Unbound" by infatuated Shelleyans.

Mr. Bacon has the gift of narrative; his tale progresses even while it affects to linger. It is a pity that he cannot invent tales; so good an oarsman ought to be a better shipwright. Further, he is a master of one of the most delightful measures in English (the burlesque *ottava rima,* anglicized by Frere and Byron.) Out of Mr. Bacon's 121 pages eighty-three are assigned to this stanza, so indolent yet so alert, so beguiling in its desultory nonchalance, so engaging because so disengaged. Mr. Bacon, again, surpasses every other poet I know in the small but dainty art of fitting tesseræ of serious quoted verse into a humorous mosaic. Better than all the playfulness in this somewhat hoydenish volume I like two serious bits: the quiet energy of the close of "Mamertine" and the just expression of an original poetic thought in an "Unanswered Question."

In the "Legend of Quincibald" gravity and satire mix with gravity in the ascendant. I have read it twice, a fact which testifies both to its interest and to its difficulty. It is a short allegory of, say, 1100 lines in very long rhymed couplets, and in three sections with quaint titles such as "Quincibald in Mediocria." When I say "allegory" I disoblige Mr. Bacon. In a proud and sensitive preface, deprecating the criticism which it feigns not to deprecate, he insists on the symbolism and repudiates the allegory. What he really repudiates is the obligation to be lucid; he wants the rents of allegory without the tax. If he is called obscure by the reader, it is the reader who should apologize. In a harsh mood one might say that he offers a dim tale and a dim meaning in the hope that the two dimnesses may illuminate, or at least protect, each other. In another mood one might say a good deal less.

Satire calls for plainness; the last object to profit by obscurity is a target. In the idealities, likewise, the mist makes us doubtful of the peak. In one place he chains Ariel and Caliban together. If by this he means the elevations and abasements of sexual love, the image is both powerful and just, but there is doubt enough to tincture admiration with misgiving. Mr. Bacon should not leave us unsure of our right to be grateful. His serious teaching resolves itself finally into little more than a sentiment of hazy satisfaction in the vaguely agreeable reconcilement of vaguely distressing literary or moral contradictions. Sometimes indeed, having solved his problem, he abandons his solution. On page 56 he tells us that dream is the heart of reality, only to tell us on page 76 that a good, real woman is worth all the dreams in the *orbis terrarum.* This last is very possibly true, but was a voyage through the pathless ether really necessary to deliver a message which Tennyson could have brought us from Farringford or Browning from Fiesole?

But censure of aims or methods is not the mood in which it pleases me to take my leave of Mr. Bacon. Let me quote a random line or two:

> And the flower of the Quest
> Shall bloom for us hereafter, in wild oceans where the spitting whitecaps cream,
> For us who saw the white Galatea in a dream, in a dream.

These are not great, not *very* good verses; they are scarcely even musical. But they are somehow *noticeable.* They pluck at one's sleeve, as it were, and when one turns and says "Who are you, and what do you want?" they say nothing, and the silence is another plucking at one's sleeve. They exhibit a curious fervor, an unavowed and incidental fervor, and a turn of phrase, almost equally unavowed and incidental, which, taken together, tease us with promises and intimations. Mr. Bacon can write sweeter verse that is much less arresting, for example, the cradling and caressing lines which follow:

> I' know sweet valleys where prevail the white throat and the nightingale,
> And where dim heights of cloud-bank sail, casting long shadows down
> To darken the soft sward beneath, where crocuses cast off the sheath,
> Beside the brook that shows its teeth to speckled trout and brown.

These verses do not tease; they soothe and fondle. Teasing is after all the nimbler exercise, and perhaps one is drawn to a man who, with the ability to be winning, prefers to be something else.

Apropos of a copy of "We Pity the Plumage, But Forget the Dying Bird," an "address to the People on the death of the Princess Charlotte." By the Hermitt of Marlow, issued in London about 1843 by Thomas Rodd," and ascribed to Shelley, Ernest Dressell North in the catalogue offering it for sale, quotes the following from Mr. Wise: "In 1843, when advertising the present pamphlet for sale, Rodd asserted that it was a facsimile reprint of an alleged original edition, of which the Author had printed twenty copies in 1816. No example of this mysterious original has ever been unearthed; no trace of it beyond Rodd's own statement has ever been discovered; and no mention of any kind, either of its printing or distribution, is to be found in the correspondence of Shelley or any of his friends. My own opinion is that no original ever existed—that the private impression of twenty copies was a myth, and that Rodd's so-called facsimile reprint of 1843 is, in fact, the actual princeps of the Address. I suspect that the manuscript from which I think the pamphlet was printed came from the Large Box of Papers left behind by Shelley when he quitted Great Marlow, and never recovered by him; and further that the story of the twenty copies of 1816 was a simple invention designed to disarm suspicion, and to avert any enquiry regarding the source from which the copy for the pamphlet of 1843 had been obtained. One thing is certain, and that is—that, had Shelley printed such a pamphlet, he would not have restricted its circulation to twenty copies."

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Stalwart Tales

THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO. By T. F. Powys. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE peculiarities of Mr. T. F. Powys's manner and the individualities of his outlook are by now sufficiently well known. The twenty-six very short short-stories in his new collection do not add or detract anything appreciable in our estimate of his work. The best thing about Mr. Powys has always been the unflinching, yet always ironical hardness with which he has faced the problems both of existence and of writing. Finding the world a very tremendous proposition indeed, he appears to have decided that only a person possessed of the most resolute strength and superiority over small things could hope to endure amidst its complexities. Hence much of his writing is defiant in tone, as if it were necessary to be extremely firm with the reader, for fear of contradiction.

Like those of another more delicate writer of the moment, Mr. Robert Nathan, his stories are often situated just on the border line of reality. The people and their talk are real enough, though one is vague about the exact background, but there is a distinct element of magic in the happenings. Thus to his own stalwartness is added something less easily measured but as authentic and uncivilized,—a kind of folklore quality which is his principal charm.

Both elements are well illustrated in the title story of "The House with the Echo." The atmosphere is at once familiar and mysterious, the thread of narrative vague and not fully worked out, the prose wilfully ugly at times, but strong and simple. "In Dull Devonshire" recalls "Mr. Weston's Good Wine"; the humor of "Seven's" and "Squire Duffy," the tragedy of "I Came as a Bride" and "No Room" are equally familiar. As usual in Mr. Powys's rural landscape there is a surprisingly high percentage of lunacy, and much of his humor is occupied with such Shakespearean subjects as grave-digging and sudden death. Yet in at least one story, "The Lonely Lady," he permits an unexpected trace of pity to go uncounteracted by his customary irony. At its best, as in this brief account of a widower's loneliness, his writing is memorable. There is nothing more elemental, more completely shorn of all trimmings, than his style when in this mood. Unfortunately he is not always so considerate of his readers, as the dialect and plot of "Mad" bear witness.

All twenty-six pieces are distinctively Powys. It is impossible to imagine another English author who could give us quite this bitter humor and mocking tragedy, or this adamantine hardness of thought and simplicity of word. Mr. Powys is perhaps still better when he is writing about himself, for a warmer tone creeps into the prose of "Soliloquies of a Hermit," and he seems to take a greater interest in humanity, as exemplified by his own case. There is less irony and more magic. Yet in any form he is very much himself, and wholly important to anyone who considers writing as anything more than a pastime.

A Sentimental World

OLD PYBUS. By WARWICK DEEPING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

MR. DEEPING is not primarily a novelist; his chief interest is mass production of hollow moralities. His doctrines concern themselves with the exercise of the simple virtues that have been long recognized as admirable and desirable. Surely, we cannot complain of "Old Pybus" because it exalts high-mindedness, unpretentiousness, intelligence, the Ten Commandments, and the Golden Rule. We are, rather, impelled to attack "Old Pybus" from another direction, showing the novel to be a complete counterfeit and a shameless desertion to the camp of the sentimentalists. For the truth is that Mr. Deeping, like his eminently successful co-workers in the golden workshops of sentimentality (say, Edgar Guest, the late Frank Crane, Bruce Barton, or Anne Nichols), glorifies wrong motives for decent conduct. Granted, a son should revere his father; but God help a civilization wherein reverence depends upon such sloppy thinking and living as that which binds John Pybus to his grandson, Lance. And, furthermore, God help the hundreds of thousands of men and women who see Mr. Deeping's world of sentimentality as a possibly obtainable world. We submit that "Old Pybus" is as immoral a representation of reality as the slimy imaginings of a deliberately pornographic dollar-snatcher. The fact of its surface righteousness is immaterial.

The narrative is definitely ineffective. Like "Sorrell and Son," this novel shows that under a humble uniform may beat (we almost wrote, *must* beat) a heart of gold, and that superficial success or respectability masks a rotten soul. Old John Pybus was a hotel porter; his sons had cast him off, and it remained for his grandson to appreciate him and reknit the family ties. The cruel sons are quite diabolical, until at the very end of the novel one is suddenly transformed into an estimable gentleman and one is forgotten; the old man and the grandson are wholly perfect, except when the grandson gets entangled for a few chapters with what Mr. Deeping somewhat piously refers to as Sex. Minor characters are inexpertly introduced and withdrawn. Homespun philosophy clogs page after page. Melodrama slaps us in the face upon occasion, and the allegedly long arm of coincidence must have been nursed in a sling after Mr. Deeping got through with it. Briefly, "Old Pybus" draws its applause from anything but expert management of situation and character.

A reviewer who damns the like of "Old Pybus" must have the courage of his convictions. He must be sure that he knows why he says, "This is trash." Let his attitude be summed up thus: here is self-righteous pomposity masquerading as a humble-minded exposing of truth; here is pandering to the mob who wish to believe that, aided by Sunday School mottoes, they shall inherit the earth; and lastly, as if the first two malefactions were not sufficient, here is a novel that is plainly and simply bad. It is entirely possible that the most discouraging function of the commentator on literature is to explain the success of an "Old Pybus."

Diamonds and a Queen

THE EMPRESS OF HEARTS. By E. BARRINGTON (L. ADAMS BECK). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

IN any circumstances a swindle on the scale of that which centered on the famous Diamond Necklace would catch the attention of the world. But a swindle which involved both a prince of the blood royal who was also a Cardinal of the Church, and a Princess of the House of Hapsburg who was also the Queen of France, must become famous in history. Finally, a swindle which ruined that queen and hastened the fall of a dynasty and a world order, must be one of the most amazing events in the world. Perhaps that is why novelists and historians have been busy with it for four generations, endeavoring to piece out fragments of information, and to give to the characters in that almost cosmic drama verisimilitude and human cogency. For various reasons none has been entirely successful. Among other things, passion ran so high in those whirling years preceding the Revolution that no one has left us a really trustworthy account of the character of even the most conspicuous of the victims, the Queen of France.

As may be surmised from her title, E. Barrington has made of Marie Antoinette a tragic heroine—lovely, fascinating, misrepresented, and tortured. Being artist before she is historian she has so shaded her picture as to place these aspects in a high light, and to make us excuse, even though we do not forget, those others which, however unjustly, involved the Queen in a Theban destiny. Indeed, the fall of Marie Antoinette resembles much that of a Greek tragic hero. Probably by no personal effort could she have escaped the fatal heritage of France's past. No economy on her part, and she does not seem to have been extravagant, for a queen, could have remedied a fiscal situation which baffled the best financial minds of France. No personal charm could have overcome the traditional hatred of her native Austria, even had she been able to have avoided daily offence by her inability (not mentioned by E. Barrington) to speak or write French grammatically. No youthful good spirits could excuse that Hapsburg-like persistence in disregard of court etiquette which was both an incivility and a hideous blunder. Hence she moved ever onward toward the horror which was to engulf herself and all that she represented. In "The Empress of Hearts" she is always the central figure. The story of the Diamond Necklace is also the story of the Queen.

No writer possessed of a grain of literary sense could tell such a story badly. E. Barrington has many grains, and she tells the story extremely well. Not since she charmed us with her early narratives of Stella and the Gunnings has she done better than in this novel. For novel and work of art it always is. Now and then nature prepares an action expressly for the artist. Such a one is this of the Diamond Necklace. If in reading it we also come close to history, that is what Jewish theologians call an uncovenanted mercy. For it also we may be grateful. But the primary matter here is that we have a fascinating story finely told.

Russian Stories

THE CRIME OF DR. GARINE. By BORIS SOKOLOFF. New York: Covici-Friede. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

A SPECIAL interest is given to Dr. Sokoloff's little volume of short stories by the fact that he is introduced as a Russian émigré scientist of eminence now working as a guest of the Rockefeller Institute "as endocrinologist and specialist in the research of cancer."

Such a man, were he to write at all, would, presumably, eschew mere literariness and conventional bunk, and view life from a direction very different from that of the professional word-slinger. And when he speaks, as he does from time to time in these brief narratives, of laboratories, transplanting cultures, the rhythm of life, and so on, the reader inevitably reads into these references a certain unique significance.

The expectations thus aroused, are not disappointed. The various figures which appear so briefly, and in such an almost telegraphic style, are, indeed, looked at as if they were laboratory specimens. What the author does, in effect, is to "isolate," as the saying goes, certain compelling instincts or emotions, plant them for the moment in bodily shape, and exhibit their action.

In "Strategy," for example, we observe the working, in a woman, of intense sexual desire. A young woman Communist, a terror against all Whites, is famished, in the midst of the party activities which are supposed to occupy her energies, for physical love. On the way home from a party meeting, on a spring evening, she meets an agreeable young man whom she finally invites to her apartment. For several days she is in bliss, then finds the young man gone and a note saying that she is his and will be his for years to come because she gave herself to him in all sincerity. But he is not hers, for on his side everything was false. He caressed her with aversion, merely to find shelter for a few days from his pursuers; is, in fact, the very White officer whom she and her associates were trying to capture. And in this humiliation, all that she can think of is of forgiveness, for his life, for his hatred of Communism—provided he comes back.

In "Love," a wounded officer, terribly tortured by an emergency operation performed without an anæsthetic in the hurry of a retreat, falls in love with an unseen nurse who, at the height of his suffering, tenderly passes her hand over his eyes and whispers, "Bear up, my dear, bear up!"

This love is something pure, complete, triumphant, more real than any other reality. Possessed by it, the man, after convalescence, pursues the idol of it up and down the world, through every sort of difficulty, until, finally, in Archangel, he finds her. She is all that he dreamed, and they are married. But presently she leaves him, also with a note. His love is too great. She wants to be honest with him. No woman could be indifferent to such adoration, but what can she, a plain, simple woman, give in return? She cannot accept his love. And later we see him, calm, obsessed, "with the face of Christ," standing outside the house in which she and her matter-of-fact new husband live, indifferent to the pouring rain.

The tales are of uneven quality. One, "In Stanitza," in which a gang of Red soldiers ravish a village-full of peasant women, and are themselves, when the tide of civil war turns, murdered and mutilated by the same women, is no more than one of those nightmare, bestial episodes which Russian ref-

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ugees, rotting in western European capitals, get some morbid satisfaction in imagining or repeating. They all have the merit of brevity and a certain unconventional strength, a touch unmistakably Russian. But they are too few, too much a collection of, so to say, dots and dashes, to serve as the measure of their author's possibilities in comparison with fuller and more finished work. Mr. Theodore Dreiser's introduction may be taken as only a slightly more ponderous way of saying that it represents a return to the masters of Russia's golden literary age.

Brief Tales

THE SILVER THORN. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

MR. WALPOLE'S leisurely manner, which requires a large canvas for its sweep, is not at its best in the short story. It is, as it were, inherent in the quality of his art that his great dramatic moments need the background of a long narrative. In short, his particular power as a novelist militates against his complete success as a writer of brief tales.

The criticism is relative, for many an author would feel pleased with himself if he could produce fifteen such stories as compose this volume, but nevertheless the fact remains that Mr. Walpole's remarkable gifts are essentially those of a man who must spread himself. He is the Trollope of this age, a sophisticated Trollope with a modern conception of his calling, and in the very nature of things the short story can only be a sideline to his main activities.

All the same, the stories are well-told, readable, and diversified. Perhaps nobody living excels Mr. Walpole in the ability to be interesting, and it is indeed probable that the chief secret of his popularity lies in this. He is scarcely ever dull: when one reads him either in a novel or a short story, one's attention is immediately caught and firmly held. These tales are a case in point: some of them are quaint, some sentimental, some definitely "queer," but all are interesting. Mr. Walpole is a born story-teller, and that is just as important an asset as being a finished artist in the telling of stories.

Another attractive thing about Mr. Walpole is his vital curiosity about life. His probing mind is always exploring, and the kindly tolerance and understanding of his nature are not afraid even of the dark places. His attitude to existence is extremely sane, but as readers of his novels know — witness "The Green Mirror" and "The Old Ladies"—he is conscious of that corruption or madness which sometimes lies beneath a calm surface and can use it with thrilling effect. It is in this sense of contrast that he rises to his greatest heights, and in "The Silver Thorn," also, his themes are frequently those which show us the trembling edge of insanity in normal lives. Such stories as "The Tiger," "The Tarn," "Major Wilbraham," "The Etching," and "The Enemy" deal with strange psychological states and are almost reminiscent of Mr. H. G. Wells in certain moods.

But Mr. Walpole is rich in imagination and his angles are many. He is touching in "A Silly Old Fool," sardonic in "No Unkindness Intended," charming in "The Little Donkeys with the Crimson Saddles," fanciful in "Ecstasy," and so on. One need not go through the whole list, although, taken all in all, it is perhaps "The Dove," with its suggestion of mounting terror, that is the finest story in the volume.

As to the style, Mr. Walpole is always adequate, seldom impressive. He has a keen perception of arrangement and an easy flow of language, but one could wish that he would tighten things up and be more masterly in his whole presentation. For he can do it when he wants to, and one feels that he is not sufficiently severe with himself. This delightful writer, who has openly declared his joy in the creative life, has surely in him even more memorable work than he has yet given us. One thinks of those dramatic moments of his—in "The Tiger," for instance, when the placid Mr. Mood, fancies that he, too, can smell the animal—and one asks oneself why he should ever sink to the pedestrian. These glimpses of a deeper power need not remain mere glimpses. Mr. Walpole has such ample force in reserve and knows so well, so absolutely well, what is first-rate that one always hopes for a novel that will justify one's inner conviction of what he really could do.

The Man Who Never Died

THIS MAN ADAMS. By SAMUEL MCCOY. New York: Brentanos. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IF a man is known by the company he keeps what are we to make of this man McCoy? He is supposed to be a 1928 American yet only a few weeks ago he was in the island of Cyprus and found Venus Aphrodite there. Now on a New England farm he runs into John Adams by sheer accident and forms a passionate friendship. That is all I know about him and there is no "Who's Who" handy. But at first blush it is rather a rum couple—Adams and Aphrodite, John and Venus. In the November *Harpers* McCoy cries out "to you, O goddess, this wine of Cyprus" as he pours a "libation to the beautiful Troubler." Perhaps there is the link, for if ever there was a "beautiful Troubler" John Adams was. Indeed he troubled the political and intellectual life of his day with such dæmonic energy that his new friend McCoy considers him to have been one of the few men who in any genuine sense were ever born. And as McCoy looks about today and sees the lasting results of that troubling and considers the intense vitality of old Adams's mind he realizes also that he never died. "Operator," he calls, "have you got that call through yet? We want to speak to Mr. Adams." "John Adams is alive and the men who wrote the school books are dead."

The enormous vitality of the man! That is what impresses McCoy. Adams, he finds, was a "*Me* man," a possessions man, a "my rights" man, who was filled with an energy more explosive than steam and who "yelled and howled for The Right to Keep What Belongs to You." He finds that "the Yell" is the visible sign of all giants. "You yell for what you want. You keep on yelling. It must be confessed that McCoy yells also. He yells "dammit" and "damn you" and "good God" in a way probably neither of his friends, Adams or Aphrodite, would approve. Venus controlled the greatest source of energy in the world, but she never confused that energy with mere noise. John Adams knew the enormous energies he was directing but he also would never have confused the noise of the whistle with the presure in the boiler.

Between them, these two friends of McCoy's (I like to consider his article and his book together), control about all the human energy there is in the world. The energy controlled by the woman Venus is blind, unthinking, non-intellectual, but in the long run will probably always be more explosive and powerful than that controlled and directed by John. Adams sought to control the fate of us hundred millions of today by energy of mind, mind applied to the sciences of government and economics. McCoy finds that in our daily lives we are controlled by "this man Adams" and his doings a century and more ago, and that is why it is natural to find him still ready to talk on his New England farm. In fact, McCoy's conception of American history is that in the beginning there was John, nobody else. The others melt down in front of John's burning energy and his new friend's enthusiasm like candles set at a furnace door.

Twenty years before independence was declared by the colonies (I am now rehearsing the gospel according to McCoy), Adams had conceived that thought. He wrote it out in a letter, though the letter seems vague enough when read. In the years before the explosion came, Adams was reading, writing, thinking on the problems of government, on how men could keep and be allowed to keep in peace what was theirs. When the years of confusion came and all ideas were in the melting-pot, ideas of what men were, what property was, what was meant by "yours" and "mine," what was the right to have and to hold, what was the right to grab, what were "rights" themselves, Adams's ideas did not melt. They had been fused and hardened at such a high temperature in his own mind that they could not be melted merely by the heat engendered by a revolution.

The Continental Congress was assembled. Nobody knew exactly what he wanted. Adams did. Little by little he pulled the composite congressional mind this way and that. If only he could have kicked the whole crowd out of doors and gone about the work quietly, reasonably, and alone! But he had to work through others. He wanted a nation to be born. He wanted the word Independence to be spoken. The whole Declaration could have been made up of words already written by him, but he placed the pen in the hands of Jefferson. Yet the mind of Adams. Words must be backed by force. The nondescript army at Boston must be taken over by Congress. A leader must be appointed. Mind must direct, but a hand must hold a sword. Working still through others, Adams created his general, he made George Washington. Slowly Adams went on, as fast as the slower minds of others would allow. Sea power must be met on the sea. Adams created the navy, as years later when president he created the Navy Department.

The Revolution, as Adams said, was over before the fighting began. It had been a revolution in the minds of men and was complete before the blood was shed, but the fighting had to prove it to a blind world, a blind England. At last the fighting, too, was over. Independence was no longer just a word. It was a fact. But what was to be done with it? There was property to be considered and safeguarded. There would always be property and there would always be those who had it and those who had not, the rich and the poor, the comfortable sheep and the ravening wolves. Adams was busy in Europe. He had been busy "selling the idea" of America to Dutch bankers and other disbelievers. He had to negotiate the treaty of peace with England that signed and sealed and made a fact of that word "independence." A constitution was being drawn up in America so that property would be safe. Adams wrote and wrote. All his life he was writing. This time it was a book. There were various sorts of property in America. There were farms, and government bonds, and factories yet to be. Also there were dangerous ideas about the rights of men who had no property at all to govern those who had. Interests clashed, but at last the instrument was drawn and the votes were cast, and when the constitution was born it was born with the ideas of Adams in its clauses. Many safeguards had been put into it, balance of powers and other devices, but some years went by and it was evident that "interpretation" might alter it and the Supreme Court might undo the work so hardly achieved. Next to the farmers of the instrument, its father for effectiveness was John Marshall, and it was John Adams, as president, who appointed Marshall. The circle was complete. The nation had been conceived; it had been born; it had been recognized by the world; its education was arranged for; its scheme of life was narrowly laid down for it; its guardians, the Supreme Court, were appointed and the character of their decisions settled in advance. The astounding vitality of Adams had given birth to a hundred million people, and he has not died. McCoy has been talking to him on his farm.

But his vitality is waning. The man is getting a bit old. He has not the energy of youth. In 1770, after the Boston Massacre the British soldiers who had fired on the mob were so detested that it was worth any lawyer's practice and perhaps life to stand up and defend them that they might have a fair trial. Adams did not flinch. He (and young Quincy whom McCoy forgets to mention), defended the hated prisoners in the teeth of the excited public opinion of the whole of society. They won. It was hoped recently that Sacco and Vanzetti might have the benefit of "this man Adams's" services but he is, as we have said, getting a bit feeble and did not appear in the case. It was a great pity for he would have had much to say that would have been worth hearing, and he never cared more for the roaring of the frightened mob than a sailor for the wind whistling in the rigging when all scared landlubbers scuttle down below.

Yes, it is a thousand pities the old man is no longer as vigorous as he was. We need him in so many ways. If he never was afraid of the mob neither was he of the over-fed, guzzling capitalists. He had a temper, too, like a West Indian hurricane, which when let loose cut a devastating swathe through the minds of men. Perhaps he may yet speak out and if he does all the voices now heard will seem but the twittering of sparrows at eve. There are many of us who are waiting for him.

Much of all that McCoy tells us of him is true. He does not exalt him too high. The trouble with the picture he draws is that the other figures are made too small. Adams should not be reduced but the rest should be brought up to scale. And fantasy is handled a bit too roughly. It is a very delicate flower which has rarely flourished in American literature and for that reason we are grateful to McCoy for having planted it in his garden but it will never survive if it is treated as though it were a six foot

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stalk of Indian corn. That can be trampled in the dirt and it will spring back, but fantasy is too sensitive for that. This idea of what "being born" really means and of a man who never dies must be handled gently. When we read that Adams gave birth to Washington after mature consideration of "just nine and a half months . . . not overly long a gestation" we run quickly to raise the stalk of fantasy from the ground, but find it has been broken and that the sap will run no longer. For Heaven's sake, McCoy, be careful. If you can grow fantasy in 1928 America you will have done a marvellous thing, but remember that we should not drink the "wine peculiar to Cyprus" out of a thick tea-cup like Polack hootch.

A Study in Purple

LE *peuple ému répondit.* To those who have some knowledge of French the meaning of that sentence is clear at a glance. But how if you were a schoolboy and the words were preceded by the stern command, "Translate!"? Recall those days when the French language was a great darkness to you punctuated by a few spots of light, by those words whose meaning you indubitably did know. Think of the torment at examination times when you realized that *some* sense had to be wrested from the passage before you. Remember how your heart would leap up when some meaning—*any* meaning—grew like a faint luminousness upon the night; while if your version seemed actually plausible, if you thought that an examiner could, with good will, discern how that meaning might be supposed to have emerged from the original, ah, then you fairly glowed! For you would get credit for good intentions. If he could not commend you for accuracy, at least he would admire your ingenuity.

If you will perform some such exercise in sympathy you will be prepared to do justice to one boy's rendering. Here it is.

Le peuple ému répondit. "The purple emu laid another egg."

That, mind you, was a lad of parts. It would have been so easy to write, "The purple emu replied." But that would be silly. Emus don't talk. His sense of reality rejected it. Once you have got your emu, "répondit" must signify something that can reasonably be attributed to the bird. Well, *pondre* means "to lay an egg," so there you are! But notice the nice feeling for the finer shades shown in "laid *another* egg." He gives full value to the reduplicative prefix. No slovenly workmanship there, but the touch of the genuine scholar. Yes, that boy will get on.

But it is not of his skill or his ingenuity that I would write. It is the wild strain of poetry in him that rouses my interest. What cloudy visions, drawing their substance from what source, were haunting the chambers of his mind when he came to set down those words: The purple emu laid another egg? Memories of emus seen in Zoological Gardens must have mingled with pictures of emus in stories of adventure and books of travel, emus feeding quietly in herds or spurning the dust of Patagonian plains. Museums as well as books doubtless added their contribution, museums in which he had gazed at the strange sombre green eggs of the creatures. And then there entered the picture, charging it with its own magic, a vision that hailed from some uncharted region of the imagination, the vision of a purple emu. And with that the miracle happens. Forgotten are the banal French words, forgotten the confining bonds of time and space, and the literalities of the examination room. The picture takes shape and the thronging images are fused in the deathless line, The purple emu laid another egg.

To a meditative mind there is endless delight in pondering poetic images, in gazing into them ever more deeply and so bringing forth new beauties. As I have brooded lovingly over my schoolboy's immortal line I seem to have stepped into a new world.

At first, and even at second or third, sight, the emu is not a romantic bird. Indeed it hardly deserves the name of bird at all. It cannot fly; it does not sing; its nest is a mere hole in the sand. On the other hand, it has no obvious affinity with normal animals of the wild such as the deer, the lion, the fox, or the rabbit. Neither beast nor bird, it inhabits an anomalous mid-world. It has all the ungainliness of the ostrich with none of the ostrich's beauty. For the ostrich is white and her plumes are in kings' palaces, but the emu is brown and dowdy, a sort of colossal sparrow. How should one find romance in an emu?

Ah! but there was once an emu, an emu with a difference, an emu set apart, for, by some freak of nature, she was not brown, but purple. Yes, authentic purple! If you had seen her across the plain in the level evening light when the sun's radiance touched her, you would have marvelled at that amethystine glow. Burnished foam was her plumage, and, when she raised her head, bronze and purple lights flashed from her tall neck as from a thousand iridescent sequins. Small wonder that legend grew up about her. Some said that she was of royal, nay of divine, descent; that the founder of her line was a god who had assumed the form of an emu for love of some far-off emu queen. Others made dark allusion to the animal gods of Egypt. Others again would have it that her ancestors were of Tyrian origin, a precious stock that had been bred for royal pageantry and to draw the chariots of Kings through the streets of Tyre.

However that may be, the jeweled creature held herself as one of whom all the legends were true. Proud, imperious, remote, she moved among her brown companions as a being of another race.

Suitors she had in plenty, but she froze them with her Olympian air or parched them with her scorn.

So matters went for some years, years when she drank deep of delights half-queenly, half-divine.

But things could not go on thus indefinitely. The loneliness even of a god becomes after a time tedious, nor is a goddess immune from ennui. And there were not wanting more practical arguments for a change in her way of life. Her subjects might be brown and dull and middle class, but they were numerous and powerful, and their wishes could not for ever be ignored with impunity.

They made clear to her what those wishes were. The purple strain would not be permitted to die out. Her duty was plain. She must have children.

So it came about that she contracted an alliance with an emu in whose plumage the eye of faith could detect tints a little more than brown and less than bronze.

In due time there were eggs. A group of elder emus watched day and night around the hollow in the sand where the royal embryos had been deposited. The emu in repose is a statuesque bird, and the elders looked impressive in their brooding solicitude. At last the eggs cracked and two fluffy forms emerged.

Breathlessly the elders waited during days when the fluff turned to down, the down to feathers. They examined the chicks in every light and from every angle. Then at last they pushed them aside in disgust. Not even the eye of faith could discern a glimmer or reflection of anything but the most ordinary brown.

But hope is a hardy plant; a populace will not be denied; and royalty has its responsibilities. So again there were more eggs, or, to be accurate, an egg. This time excitement ran high. For the fledgling was purple. It had not the rich dye of its mother, to be sure, but that would doubtless come in time. Meanwhile it was sufficiently different in color from all ordinary fledglings to warrant high hopes of a dynasty, to call for public celebrations, and even to evoke prophecy.

But alas! the little newcomer proved a puny creature and within a month it had sickened and died.

I was about to say that it left only a memory. But it did more than that. Unfortunately for its mother, it stimulated exhortations to renewed efforts.

I do not know how many attempts the unhappy Queen made to satisfy the insistent demands of King and subjects. Egg after green egg was laid, and watched over tenderly by solemn congresses, and time after time the dream of a purple offspring was shattered. The Queen began to lose her beauty. The lustre was fading from her feathers. Her spirit grew listless. She no longer walked with her proud free stride. Her subjects became resentful and there were ominous mutterings of discontent. It was rumored that she had fallen out with her husband, whose optimism was as unquenchable (and to her as intolerable) as his ardor.

Somehow they must have patched things up, for there was no open quarrel. There ensued, however, an interval of four eggless years. To the exhausted and disheartened Queen tranquillity brought strength, and with strength returned something of her former beauty and of her spirited ways.

Encouraged by these signs her undaunted spouse dared one day to re-open the ancient topic.

"Don't you think, my dear," he said, "now you seem so well, we might venture to try just once more? You never can tell, you know . . ."

Sweet Heavens! Was it going to begin all over again!

She flashed at him a vehement No! and the dust of her impetuous flying feet came near to blinding him.

He found her later in what seemed a softer mood, and tried again.

She was adamant.

But he persisted.

Day after day he persisted.

At last his importunity became more exhausting than any egg.

"Just once more, dear," he pleaded, "just this once."

"Oh, very well," she exclaimed wearily.

The purple emu laid another egg.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

Father to the Man

REVIEW OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S DIARIES OF BOYHOOD AND YOUTH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.50. Reviewed by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

ON October 26, 1928, a group of three hundred children, delegates from the Roosevelt Clubs of the Public Schools of New York, gathered in the auditorium of Roosevelt House, 28 East 20th St., the restored birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt, to hear an address by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist.

He took as his theme "Theodore Roosevelt, the *man in earnest.*"

As I listened, I thought of the boyhood diaries of my brother and of the old saying that "the child is father to the man."

The *"boy in earnest"* was indeed the precursor of "the man in earnest," and never was there a more earnest boy than is depicted in these diaries.

What determination is shown by the delicate boy! Many are the entries in the "Diaries" "I was sick," "I was very sick," "I was not well," etc., and yet, dauntlessly, almost the next entry would record "walked nineteen miles with papa" or "I put my hand in a strap that a man had, and began the ascent of the snow-covered Mt. Vesuvius. I soon passed the rest, and left them far behind"—childish, or rather child-like, in his love of pranks and play; keenly observant of every furred and feathered creature; responding in almost ageless emotion to the beauties of nature; tenderly aware of his rare good fortune when he says "Bamie is such a kind sister, and I have such kind parents," or again "I was very sick last night, but mama told me storreys, and was so kind, rubing me with her delicate fingers"; each and all of these entries prove the reaction of a character already responsive to the "eternal verities."

The eleven years old boy is homesick for the land he loved,—"I thought," he says, "of picking nuts in the morning wind, and having such a happy time at home, and learning natural history from Nature." "Home," the loadstar always of Theodore Roosevelt's life, America, to which he gave his unswerving devotion! As the author of the "Diaries" grows older, his taste for Natural History assumes more definite form, and by the age of fourteen, when in Egypt, he shows himself the collector, scientist, and would-be explorer; again the "child, father to the man," and later in the Adirondack Mountains his scientific pursuits become an obsession. He never loses, however, the love of fun, of nature as poetry apart from specimens, and never the tender and intimate response to the beautiful family life, by which he was surrounded. In the book called "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children" (twin book and fitly so to the "Diaries" of his own boyhood and youth) he repays to *his* children the wisdom, justice, and love, lavished on him by rare and comprehending parents.

These "Diaries" of the youth of a man, who became a world figure, are not only fascinating in themselves, but they bring to us again what their author later so ardently urged upon us, courage, gentleness, and honor, love of home and country.

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The Bowling Green

The Sun Machine

SCENE: *a living room, but it can be very sketchy, done mostly with screens or drapes. Center, a couch, and one of those electrical appliances known as sun machines, supposed to convey almost magical restorative powers in cases of ænemia, rickets, nerve exhaustion, etc.*

What is important is that the scene should be quite vague at the back, shade off to a sort of indeterminate vacancy, to make possible certain ensuing light effects.

Cuthbert, a nervous and timid husband, wearing smoked glasses, and a dressing gown over his underwear. His Wife, a determined person, dressed for shopping.

WIFE—Now Cuthbert, I've got to go out. Don't hang about the house in that old dressing gown, you know the Missionary Society ladies are coming to tea.

CUTH.—I don't feel so good, I think I'll take a rest.

WIFE—Why don't you try that new Sun Machine Aunt Emma got for Christmas. It's supposed to make more red corpuscles, just what you need.

CUTH.—I'm kinda scared of them new-fangled things.

WIFE—Nonsense. Why, Mrs. Marsupial told me the most remarkable thing. You know that Pekinese of theirs?

CUTH.—What, that little thing that looks like a prairie dog?

WIFE—Yes, well, they tried their Sun Machine on it and the Peke thought it was a lion, went out and bit all the police dogs in the neighborhood.

CUTH.—I don't want to go round biting people. You know how I suffer with dyspepsia.

WIFE—You know what I mean, Cuthbert. But be sure not to keep the thing turned on more than five minutes. It's terribly powerful, it might give you sunstroke.

CUTH.—Don't worry. I'm going to take a nap.

WIFE—All right. Now don't make any mess, Cuthbert, I've got everything fixed nice for the Missionary Ladies.

(Wife exit. Cuthbert rambles rather disconsolately round the room, trips over dressing gown and drops ashes from his cigar, hastens to get dustpan and brush and clean them up, strikes an attitude of feeble self-assertion, etc. He looks irresolutely at the sun machine, finally decides to try it. He turns it on, moves it so that its rays play upon the couch, and lies down in the full glare of the machine. He seems to find it soothing, and apparently drops off to sleep.

Music, at first very soft, then growing in volume and intensity, suggests the increasing effect of the magical sun-virtue. The room is gradually flooded with golden light of furious radiance, a dazzling vibration of brightness and color that suggests inconceivable intensities of power. In the golden translucence of the background suddenly appears Phœbus Apollo, the sun god, a shining youthful figure, crowned with gilded laurel wreath and glowing in a blazing nimbus. He advances toward the couch and seems to focus his creative forces upon the recumbent figure, spreading his hands above him. Cuthbert stirs, sits up, seems to absorb the flood of light.

Apollo, with a gesture, summons from the rear a band of sun goddesses, radiant airy figures costumed in every shade of flame color, from light yellow to fiery scarlet. They dance, like the petals of a sunflower, round the astonished Cuthbert. With music expressing ecstasy and brilliant mirth, they sing:

SUN GODDESSES:

Come from far
Daughters of the burning star!
Great Apollo
Whom we follow
Summoned us and here we are!

Blaze of sun,
Kindle thou this earthbound one!
Red corpuscles
Mend his muscles,
Through his veins elixirs run!

Child of shame,
Teach him our celestial game:
Let the Muses
Blow his fuses,
Fan his embers into flame!

Cuthbert, vastly elated, leaps from the couch, and dances wildly with them. His dressing gown impedes him, he discards it. Apollo crowns him with the golden laurel wreath, then as the music dies away and lights go down, the sun god and his maidens vanish. Cuthbert, sitting on the couch, seems to wake, turns off the sun machine and looks wildly about, under the couch, etc., for the vanished nymphs.

CUTH.—Ye gods, I must have been asleep. Wow, I should say I *am* sunburned. That machine has sure got a kick to it.

(He stands up, struts a bit, and must get it across in pantomime that he has undergone a miraculous rejuvenation. He tries to repeat the dance the sun maidens taught him.)

Some babies!

(Enter Maggie, a rather dowdy servant girl, who is startled to see him in underwear and golden wreath. He shows no embarrassment.)

Maggie! Maggie!—Child of shame, I'll teach you our celestial game.

(Advances toward her confidently)

MAGGIE—Gorramighty, Mr. Dingo, you ain't well.

CUTH.—Let the Muses blow your fuses, fan your embers into flame!

MAGGIE—You got a fever, you better put your wrapper on.

CUTH.—Not a fever at all, Maggie. An apotheosis.

MAGGIE—Oh Gord, let me call the doctor.

CUTH.—You don't understand, look at me.

MAGGIE—I can't, not like that.

CUTH.—You think I'm just Cuthbert J. Dingo. I'm a demigod.

MAGGIE—What, in them shorts?

CUTH.—I was visited in my sleep by Phœbus and the sun-maids.

MAGGIE—The raisins?

CUTH.—Phœbus and his goddesses.

MAGGIE—Phœbe's takin' an awful chance, she don't know Mrs. Dingo. Listen, the Ladies Aid's comin' for tea, you don't want—

CUTH.—I am the Ladies Aid. Apollo has touched me with his heavenly fire. This whole room is impregnated with his lifegiving virtue. Don't you feel it?

MAGGIE—It does feel comical, and that's a fact.

(She shows signs of succumbing to the magical influence)

CUTH.—Maggie, argue not with me,
I'm Apollo B. V.D.

(They perform an eccentric dance and are playing leapfrog when the Lady Missionaries enter, a very primly dressed lot.)

MAGGIE *(now thoroughly pagan)* Who's these, your sun-maids?

CUTH. *(welcoming them with riotous gestures and pirouettings)* Goddesses!

(He turns on the sun machine again.)

1ST LADY—Really, this is most unusual—

MAGGIE—It's great stuff *(turns cartwheels across the stage)*

2ND LADY—I *ought* to be shocked, but somehow—

(A gust of music rises, the lights brighten.)

3RD LADY—I thought we were here to save the heathen —

4TH LADY—That music has the most curious effect—

MAGGIE—Watch my dogs, they're seraphic—
Sargeant, save me from the traffic!

1ST LADY—What is that tune?

CUTH.—It's Paul Whiteman's Burden—

(The Missionary Ladies begin dancing fervently round Cuthbert. At the height of the revel enter Wife and the Parson. Tableau. Curtain. Run, Not Walk, to the nearest Exit.)

* * *

It will soon be 150 years since Sheridan's "The Critic" was first performed at Drury Lane. That pricklingly witty lampoon ought to be read at least once a year by all who are publicly engaged in any of the publishing, producing and reviewing professions. The Grub Street Runners, a club of Leading Juveniles in the book publishing business, were looking about for an appropriate motto to head their dinner-card. Wouldn't the following do—remembering, of course, that what Sheridan called a "puff" we nowadays call a blurb:

Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of Letter to the Editor, Occasional Anecdote, Impartial Critique, Observation from Correspondent, or Advertisement from the Party.

Sheridan amusingly analyzes and illustrates each division; adding that the Puff Collusive "is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets." I myself, now thinking chiefly of the theatrical business, particularly admire his suggested copy for a playhouse ad:

In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the scene painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers.

* * *

Mr. Orson Lowell, a frequent collaborator on the old Bowling Green in its ephemeral days, sends me a little pamphlet of selected essays by James Agate which has (and rightly) roused his enthusiasm. It is one of that excellent series "Essays of Today and Yesterday" published (in London, Calcutta, and Sydney) by Harrap and Company; a series highly approved by connoisseurs for its judicious culling of essays from such diversely lively hands as Stacy Aumonier, J. B. Priestley, Philip Guedalla, and the two great Mancunians, C. E. Montague and Allan Monkhouse. I mention the series specifically because its members are not readily available here. It is no part of my job to mention only the books that anyone can get anywhere. The people who want such, and the bookshops that sell only such, are not those who interest me.

In an essay of Mr. Agate's called "On Salisbury Plain," written during his war service, he quotes a passage which jumped from the page, and which fitted into this evening's December mood:

Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and bear anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear and dullness and indolence and appetite—which indeed are no more than fear's three crippled brothers—who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to delay him, to hold him off, to hamper and beguile and kill him in that quest.

"This is neither Ecclesiastes nor yet Bunyan, but a great living novelist," Mr. Agate added. I am sorry he did not identify. There is a little unnecessary copiousness in the sentiment which leads me to think it was Galsworthy rather than (say) Hardy or Kipling. But if you amputate it at the first comma, leaving it thus: *Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty*, you have a trophy worthy of the knapsack.

* * *

Readers of that hilarious old book "Happy Thoughts," by F. C. Burnand, will remember its hero's grievances on the subject of repartee and the difficulty of finding the brisk retort when needed. He would have been pleased by this advertisement which I find in the Roxy Theatre Weekly Review ("A Magazine to Take Home"):

Charm, Poise and Personality Developed. Smart Social Conversation—Wit—Repartee. Authoritative Social Coaching. Personally or by Mail. Est. 16 yrs. Mlle. Louise, Circle 8000.

After 16 years there must surely be some alumni of the course whom we could call on for samples. Irving Fineman writes:

I've been wondering if I might not interest the Bowling Green in the Society for Debunking the Far Places of the Earth (of which I am Corresponding Sec'y) founded last spring at dinner after a desperate day of sightseeing in Constantinople. The Pres. (and only other member) is Mr. Fay of Boston. Its object is to warn the romantic traveller that Constantinople should be viewed only from the deck of the ship in harbor; that the Acropolis is surrounded by the most fly-specked city in the world; that you can't see the Pyramids for the guides; that to feel like Henry Adams about Mont St. Michel you must go in the dead of winter. The Society has the lowdown on Ceylon, the Taj Mahal, and points West. Further details on application, 139 East 45, N. Y. C.

* * *

William H. Allen, the observant bookseller of 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia (whose witty catalogues have often been admired by the Bowling Green) remarks on his maiden visit to the Oxford Press's new office at 114 Fifth Avenue, "I noticed," he says, "that Mr. Clulow had in his office this ad for indirect lightning: *Dominus illuminatio mea.*"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Côte d'Or

IF you look out in time, Dijon is a name on a railway station to be seen in France when you are going somewhere else. The first time I noticed it was at three in the morning, in January, 1914, when an abrupt jolting wakened me, and I was curious to learn how much nearer we were to Switzerland. Dijon then was but a group of French soldiers in cherry-colored bloomers under a dim lamp; then our train moved on. Dijon was of no significance.

The next time I was there we were kept in Dijon Station a long time. Our train was on its way to Paris, and was itself crowded with soldiers—for now it was early in the September of 1914—some with wounds which were evidently gangrenous; and if they were not wounded men then they were weary fellows, in bloomers not so cherry-colored as formerly, who were in no mood to talk of war, who had been fighting for weeks, and had been ordered, just as they were, to another battlefield. Some of us were twenty-four hours standing in a corridor of that train, in a smell I got to know rather better later on.

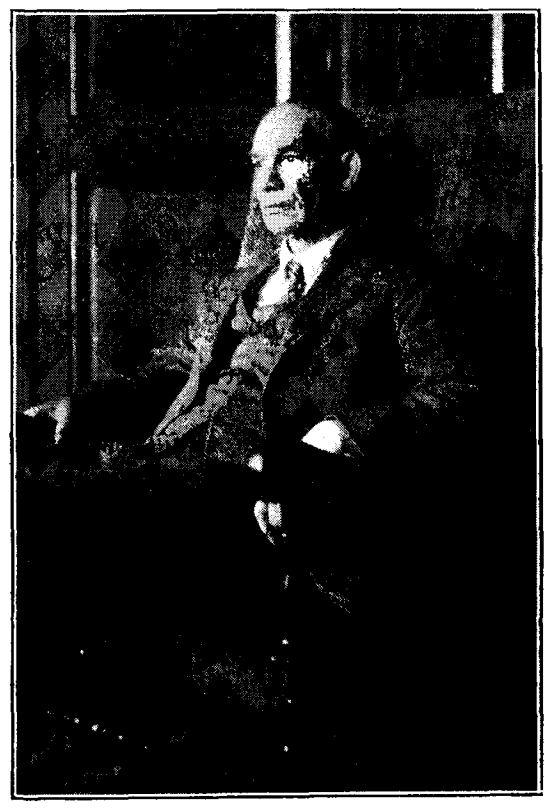
And this autumn, traveling in France again, I was reading a book, and had got to a point in it where its authors was assuring me that it is "impossible for a pacifist to write history," when my train slowed, and stopped, with a familiar jolt. Dijon! This time it was my destination.

Well, whether it is impossible for an agnostic to write fiction, or a Buddhist to write philosophy, or a Christian to write poetry, or a man who is all for peace to write history, are doubts I do not care to resolve; yet I did feel for a few minutes there in Dijon again—though merely as a man who sometimes thinks that peace has a few good points—that history is far from easy to write. How could one get it all in? How could one be as impersonal and as just as a seraph who had to report to the Ineffable? It was foolish, of course, to glance along Dijon's platform for the group of soldiers once seen there under a dim lamp wearing a uniform now forgotten; yet somehow the men of the war who are less than nameless, who might never have been more than shadows which became one with night when their day had set, were more real to me than all the activity in that railway station of the present.

Impossible for some of us to write history? I should say it is. One had better call history the least satisfactory department of biology, and leave it to anybody who is confident he knows a fact when he sees one. It is no good going for facts to the sentimental who ponder what is invisible; they may confuse things. The trouble for such writers, if they attempt history, is that they will see humanity as men and women, and so stand in danger of getting hopelessly lost. You may write anything you please about the myth called humanity, and you are safe from mockery, because generalities concerning a myth are never funny; but once you begin on Tom, Dick, and Harry, you had better be careful. Those fellows wore trousers, and fell in love, had children, and on the day they were "called up" they went out to lonely corners to think it over. For them war meant separation, ruin, and the end, by all the odds. It was not a generality which only affected an abstraction called humanity. And we happen to remember a few of those fellows. How can they be omitted from history when history is nothing without them?

I don't know. But they are omitted. So history, to some of us, be it as august and wise as is possible while forgetful of the inhabitants of Dumdrum, is nothing; it is addressed to the reason and never to the bowels. It belongs to anthropology, that most romantically speculative subject, which changes its centre of interest with each psychological fashion, that is, once a year. Nevertheless, I am bound to confess that recently the ticket collector at Dijon station stood not in the autumn of 1914; he demanded a valid voucher, which I had taken the precaution to bring with me. That was lucky, for by the look of him I am sure that Frenchman knew nothing of a Dijon I could see. It was not on the map, much less on the line of the P. L. M.; so he allowed me to go in and out of another Dijon station just as I pleased; everybody's ticket for that place had been given up long ago, I suppose.

Then there was a lengthy automobile drive, in the Côte d'Or, towards a sunset of the autumn of this year. I suppose the French will never believe it of the English—for the French are given to logic and the English to sentiment—but there are many of us to whom much of France is the same as home. We passed that evening a hill on which stood one battlemented wall of an old castle; the rest of the castle was rubble and thicket. That was where in 1423 the Duke of Bedford—before Joan of Arc made him feel a bit less ducal—married Anne of Burgundy. Of course, I don't mean such monuments as that; not anything of such historical note. But when day had nearly gone we passed the side of a common village home, a pale wall with an exclamation on it: *Byrrh!* You will know how I felt about it if ever you have been checked by an exploding shell when crawling amid ruins, and have looked up to see that heartfelt word confronting you on the only wall left upright in a French hamlet. Besides, the Côte d'Or is, geologically, a Dorset on a bolder plan; the hillsides which give us the best



H. M. TOMLINSON

wine there is have the forms of those noble downs you see in the unfrequented England between Lulworth Cove northwest to Lyme Regis, and are made of similar rocks. Those limestones have the seal of an ammonite as a guarantee of their quality, and they weather as buffs and greys which shine, when they are waterworn, with the rich softness of nard; they tell you at a glance that this earth is ample and generous. When writing history, how is it all to be got in?

Then our car swerved into a hollow where the night seemed thicker in patches—probably another village—and came to a stand by a shallow terrace above which was a large door with one small lamp. The oil lamp was humble, it was too feeble to make much of the hall within; the night kept close around us. There was a smell of a wood fire. A broad staircase of stone went up from the hall, apparently to the stars. It rested on darkness round a bend. A few old portraits seemed on the point of emerging from the gloom, at our entrance, but hesitated on the verge of distinction, perhaps shy of modern interlopers.

We were welcomed by an American and his lady. It was their house, though built before a revolution that was none of their business; not their revolution. I held a candle up to one portrait; a shrewd and bearded face screwed its eyes down at me. The candlelight shone on a steel corslet. Messire François de la Plume! Seigneur there in 1580. The American in his tweeds gazed at François in his steel; but this little history is unable to record whatever may have passed between them, though I know it would be highly interesting to learn. Philadelphia now; but once it was François de la Plume, who was military governor of the fortress of Semur when Henri III was king of France, and Drake, on the English side, was just back from Ternate, and the Spanish Armada was getting into being. Besides, the son of these Americans flew for France in the last war, and long before his countrymen were in it, I fancy. So as for history, it seemed to me like that staircase, the bottom steps of which were obviously substantial, but they neared us out of impenetrable shadows from round a corner of night; you might think you could guess what was out of sight, but most likely the guess would be oddly wrong.

It has been my lot to get accustomed to several French chateaux, whether or not I liked their circumstances, but here for the first time my bed was provided with a canopy of crimson brocade fifteen feet high. Peace was in this house. I did not in the silence of this French house listen to distant guns, the mutterings of Ypres. In the outer dark now there was but the reminiscent voices of owls; and it was strange that the rapid evolutions of a bat, who was confused by my candle, should have been quite noiseless. The room was so large that after the bat had passed through the candle's utmost effort he was gone; the transits of the bat were swift, intermittent, and baffling. His shadow would pass over my history book like a hieroglyphic too brief in any case for deciphering; no easier to understand than the muttering of Ypres in the night.

I will not say it is possible for a pacifist to write history, because that kind of man, like a pro-German, or a pro-Boer, an English baron, or a hundred-per-cent American, might be anything, even a rascal. He might write anything; he might pretend to be an ancestral voice prophesying war, at the right price. But in the morning I did wonder, looking from my window—which was above a moat where a shoal of carp were playing follow-my-leader over a stick—to where in a meadow under the Burgundy hills and the sun a herd of white cattle were grazing, whether any book worth the name can be done except by a mind at peace. I felt then that poetry, at least, is not likely to be given to those whose minds are at war with this or that. Perchance peace is not the absence of war, a mere certainty that for the present the ships and the railway trains continue on their schedules. The state of peace, perhaps, is but a personal matter, and for those who can attain to it the guns, should they go off, and the authority of the pro-consul's guard, do not count. I wondered, that morning, whether without the harmony which only a mind sure of its centre can bestow upon the perplexing prospects of earth, we are as likely to find great art justifying our cities as we are to chance upon Apollo managing a glue factory. In spite of Ruskin's assurance of the poetic inspiration of conflict, in which he is supported by the truculent critics of our own day who would have us believe that the real right fellows are as curly-fronted bulls, lords of the cows and the ranges, I doubt that our latter-day democratic need for gas-masks will move us in the way the builders of the Gothic cathedrals and the great musicians were moved. We greatly desire great art to arise in our cities. We desire, in fact, to have things both ways; to retain our glue-factory when it is so profitable, and with the glue we want the flashing of the wheels of the chariot of the sun. We would look up from the clangor of our prosperous industrialism, in which we desperately hope to find peace and security, and expect to find also the contributory poets standing attentive while chanting the glory of our state, to give us heart. For we badly want encouragement; we want the justification of our condition by the bards as they celebrate its beauty. That would remove a lurking doubt we have.

The poets, unluckly, do not oblige us; not convincingly; not even Whitman. We are beginning to suspect that much of Whitman's celebration of the Modern is bluff. Whitman bluffed himself. He shouted himself down, deafening himself—for he did not want to pause, even for a moment—with lusty iteration of the naturalness of ugliness, of the native attraction of barbarities and squalor, and the intimate hairiness of chests and legs. He had to do that, for to be logical he had to make a comprehensive embrace of the society which he had persuaded

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by H. M. Tomlinson

himself he had accepted; but now and then, as a poet, he must have felt as horrified as we see Charley Chaplin does on the tight-rope in "The Circus" when the monkey's tail gets into his mouth. Whitman may say it is enjoyable, but we turn to "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," and we do not believe him. He never fully accepted it. There came a time when he let himself go at the money-changers and those who snout the pearls. He did not feel he was superior, even then, being a great man, but once in his life such a master is bound to break loose and interrupt the service in the temple of Mammon, to the pious indignation of all godly worshippers.

This French house is of the early eighteenth century, though it has inherited the twelfth century moat and towers. There is a shrine somewhere in its garden with an indefinable tradition, to which the villagers have been in the habit of repairing in devotion; but the American owner of the place, who may or may not be a Presbyterian, but who certainly owes no allegiance to Rome, is as scrupulous that the devout rite be maintained, if the villagers desire it, as that the mellowed house itself should be kept from sacrilege. So I was in the way of learning something else from the old place, where the only sound of life in the heat of noon is the undertone of unseen wings in the lofty aisles of its avenues of elms and limes, a sound that is an assurance, in the midst of still antiquity, of latent energies yet to be fulfilled. There is nothing rational in a mind given to reverence of what is lovely and of good report. To judge from the appearance of the suburbs of London—for motor roads, and houses as shrill as piercing screams, are destroying Surrey—and from the prospect of the eastern suburbs of Paris, where the horrors that arise in the development of the English countryside are even exceeded, we on our side of the Atlantic could no more be trusted with the guardianship of a corner like Salem, Mass., than any native incorporation of energetic realtors. The truth, I fear, is that national sentiment anywhere is shown in a pride which expresses itself, for the most part, in but an ugly, loud, continuous, and nonsensical noise; nations care less for their best achievements and traditions, which belong to all the world, than they do for their Sunday newspapers and chickens. This château of an ancient line, a happy relic, was saved from falling into a hen-roost and a store for farm litter by an American; not because he is an American, but because he is more than that, and would cross China, if he could, to save the world from the loss of an item of rare porcelain. To him beauty is not national, but is the charge of whoever happens to know it.

In all its aspects created beauty is our chief justification before Heaven, and so its care is the charge of any man on whom light has fallen as a sign. That nation is the great nation where this sign of grace is most welcomed; but as yet that sign is nowhere welcomed as a national historical event so noteworthy that even a "pacifist" could record it joyfully without reproof. I merely remark, therefore, that this American is also a citizen of the only country some of us now acknowledge as ours, a privilege he shares with some unknown soldiers who wore all the varieties of the tin hat; a country which is not discussing the question of disarming, for there is no anxiety about its frontiers, a country which has no premier or president to whom one of its people would give five minutes' attention, unless he had something to say; though I must admit that the tax it levies upon anyone willing to bear it is fairly steep. It is not one of the new little countries which the late war released from bondage, though it is far more ancient than any Great Power, if not on the map. Its citizens know each other, when they chance to meet, but that is as much as you can say about them. They do not often meet.

There is an avenue of old trees leading up to the house in which the full day is but a greenish twilight. Beyond the framing end of the avenue the front of the house, looking to the south, seems self-luminous, the light and color of a newly risen harvest moon. The ridge of the steeply pitched tiles of the roof is as casual along the blue of the sky as an outcrop of coral rock, which frost has moulded, and the tiles, too precipitous for verdure, are immemorial with lichens. An artist had to build such a place, and it took two centuries to finish it, but its light is no less than the aura from the best that man has done on one of his more likely places under heaven. You get not only a surmise of his ancient establishment, which was long before Rome was built, or even Athens became possible, but realize that, in spite of the energetic efforts of some of his kind towards a more efficient organization of his resources, which have seriously interrupted him, he has done rather well. If it is not possible to feel foolishly hopeful about him, yet in such a scene one may be tranquil. He has some good things to go upon. He has been given a right lead, if only he could happen on the clue to its whereabouts. If he wants it at any time, it exists for him.

We know, as literary critics, and as critics of much else, that it would be silly and softening to consider the lilies. They make no effort. They make no noise. If they are not noticed they do not grieve. They merely are. It is possible they do not worry even when their sweetness is wasted on the desert air. It would be ridiculous to consider a virtue which merely is, and claims nothing, not even recognition. Such a virtue is no better than the voice which was inattentive to its business because it was still and small. A proper instinct warns us to ignore such hints. If ever we paused to consider whether something not altogether without importance was to be learned from a sign that made no effort to attract our attention, there is no telling but that things might go hard with us. To discover a voice which was so gentle it could not be heard, if one preferred not to listen to it, but which, if the ear were so inclined, could empty out the importance of much that was imposing and urgent, would be very serious. We know that well enough; but in the deadening uproar of our ever-revolving machines we can be perfectly safe, and no harm can come to us. We can gravitate together into crowds, for moral support, and loudly cheer things in common for an assurance that we are on the only possible road.

But in that ancient house in Burgundy one sadly felt, after reading a modern book sure of its popular appeal with its force and eloquence, a suggestion of amusement in the unaltered quiet and repose. Perhaps the place had heard all that before, and knew what had happened. The dangerous idea came there, that, by chance, you had wandered into another dimension. You were lost in the spacious quiet of it. You had better be wary. If you stayed there long enough you might find you had forgotten a way back to a world you had left somewhere just round the corner on another plane. How to return to safety? I was considering this, sitting on the stone terrace; and a moon, quite as you now suggest, began to play tricks with its beam about the old towers, and within the dim aisle opposite of tree-columns, and made me see things there which have no place with sane people; then something began to speak beside me.

I record but the literal truth. There was a voice. Nobody was there. No voice could be as small as that either, nor as still. No bell—the sound was bell-like—could be so minute. It sounded clearly enough, however, where the order of things was not quite right. There was no escape. The voice could not be ignored. You had to listen. The sound was so frail and musical that it could be heard only when the air had been emptied of sunlight and the head of serious thought. Fairies have been abolished; and time they were, too, because when there seems no escape from the control of matters of fact we can dispense with magic spells. I knew, that is, that the music I heard was but the soliloquy of a small lizard. Yet if only our own words could be made light and simple enough to carry that music . . . though who would hear it except when the moon was at its tricks? How could one do work which was worth doing when back in Babel with this hungry generation—make an effort to keep up with the eloquence of the major prophets, and the cheer leaders, and the greater passages in our glorious history—if confused by such oblique hints?

H. M. Tomlinson, author of the foregoing article, affectionately known to his friends as "Tommie," is by those who know him regarded as one of the rarest spirits and ablest writers of the day in England. He began his career as a journalist on the Morning Leader *at the time that paper was united with the* Daily News. *When Great Britain entered the World War, he was for a time war correspondent in Belgium and France, eventually becoming official correspondent at British headquarters of the British Army in France. On his return to England he became Literary Editor of the* Nation and Athenæum, *holding that position until* 1925. *His publications include "The Sea and the Jungle" (Dutton), "Old Junk" (Knopf), "London River" (Knopf), "Waiting for Daylight" (Knopf), "Tidemarks" (Harpers), "Under the Red Ensign" (William & Norgate), "Gifts of Fortune" (Harpers), and "Gallions Reach" (Harpers).*

Everyman's Soliloquy

THE HAMLET OF A. MACLEISH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is not only one of MacLeish's strangest compositions, it is one of the most curious poems any American has written—and, like "The Wasteland," one of the most disturbing. Its method is both queer and straightforward. Hearing (or reading) Shakespeare's play, a phrase here, a stage direction there, has plunged the poet deeper into himself. The half-conscious breaks through; remote associations, shifting allusions, griefs, phantasms, tag-ends of memories float up. Shakespeare's tragedy becomes his, ours, Everyman's. By overtone and undercurrent, the reader is led to identify himself—as the author has done—with the eternal Hamlet, that complex of poet, procrastinator, lover, ranter, doer, and doubter.

> . . . You too have felt . . . You also
> At night walking . . . O at night . . . And walking
> Under the trees at evening . . . You too!

For all the charge of obscurity, the application is unmistakable. This is no more exclusively the Hamlet of A. MacLeish than the "Song of Myself" is the personal celebration of Walt Whitman.

Technically, the mechanics of this lengthy, self-interrupted monologue are less striking than those of "Streets in the Moon," but they are more integrated. Partly in blank verse, partly in definite and concealed rhyme, the broken details unite in a slowly gathering design, complicated and climactic. The idiom may be recognized at the outset. Thus the opening:

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

> From these night fields and waters do men raise,
> Sailors from ship, sleepers from their bed,
> Born, mortal men and haunted with brief days,
> Their eyes to that vast silence overhead.
> They see the moon walk slowly in her ways
> And the grave stars and all the dark outspread.
> They raise their mortal eyelids from the ground:
> question it . . . .
> *What art thou* . . . .
> And no sound.

The structure, it will be seen, recalls MacLeish's continued debt to Eliot, but the pattern is increasingly tighter. As interludes, smoothing the bristling self-analysis, one finds the long legato passage beginning "Night after night I lie like this listening" and the vague outlines of the Parzifal legend (called "Bleheris" when first published in "A Miscellany of American Poetry"), curiously unifying mosaics.

If one looks only for the unusual it is in his phrase-making that MacLeish has gone furthest, as far—and sometimes along the same associative approach—as E. E. Cummings. But it is neither his phrase-making nor his subject that distinguishes MacLeish's latest. It is the discipline, the order he imposes on the chaos of the subconscious, the employment of his difficult material. Beginning with the short breath, MacLeish proves he knows how to draw the long line.

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CASPAR HAUSER. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Caroline Newton. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

ON May 26, 1828, an uncouth boy of seventeen appeared on the streets of Nuremberg with a letter in his hand; five years later he died, but not before he achieved fame as a child of mystery and intrigue. He was hailed as the example of innocence before the fall, as the natural man; he became the child of Nuremberg, the child of Europe. Ladies of fashion doted on him; men of science studied him; the populace gazed at him and wondered. The story went out that since early childhood he had been confined in a dark cell, perhaps chained, fed on bread and water, then suddenly deserted. He was made the unwanted or illegitimate scion of a princely house. Village gossip and high-life scandal and intriguing politicians took a hand in adding to the interest, and made the famous case of Caspar Hauser.

In 1928 Herr Wassermann, novelist, proposes to erect "a mental monument calculated to maintain the Caspar Hauser figure in the memory of the nation." The book cost him fifteen years "of mental and moral suffering." He tells us to begin with that "the literary narration has in no way deviated from the actual facts as they occurred"; tells us later that "one can see that the actual incidents had ceased to be of primary importance; they could be brushed aside in order to make place for what solely charmed me in the material; the tragedy of the child, the general tragedy of the child, or, differently stated, the repeated recurrence of an innocent soul, unspotted by the world, and how the world stupidly and uncomprehendingly ignores such a soul."

If the reader can reconcile these statements, he may enjoy the novel. To me it is a dull, stilted, doctrinaire, and mushily sentimental tale, so full of inherent improbabilities, that one must "check" one's rationality at the door of the Introduction and reclaim it gratefully at whatever point patience gives out. But I am not a literary critic.

* *

My interest in Caspar Hauser goes back forty years, when I met references in psychologies to this example of what would happen to a child if deprived of all stimulation. I was puzzled to find such nonsense in sober psychological texts. In 1887 appeared Antonius von der Linde's two-volume study of the case of "Kaspar Hauser,"* —a "latter-day historical legend." The literary Carpar Hauser is a myth arising from provincial credulity and the stupid elaboration of a burgomaster and a learnedly ignorant professor, later aided by the sponsorship of a talented jurist lapsing from his usual acumen. Herr von der Linde sought the original records drawn up a few days *before* the myth arose. It appears that Caspar spoke with a strong dialect, walked nearly a mile through the city, wrote his name, recited the Lord's prayer, said he had gone to school, showed his fondness for horses. The purpose of the letter was to enlist as a trooper. For the rest, he feigned simple-mindedness and parried inconvenient questions. The justice noted that the fellow seemed to be simulating. The letter says that the boy has been confined in the house, doesn't know where he came from, has no money, and for all else blocks inquiry. In it was another note purporting to have been written by the mother of the boy sixteen years before, but proved by experts to have been written on the same paper, with the same ink, by the same hand (Caspar's), the only disguise being the use of Roman instead of Gothic letters. Both letters show the same mistakes and peculiarities in language as appeared in Caspar's exercises when the learned professor taught him to write. That's all, but it is enough; the rest is all myth.

Soon the story spread that a wild boy was confined in the tower, that he had been cruelly treated from infancy, deprived of all care, couldn't talk, could hardly walk, had the mind of an infant. The crowd gazed and the miraculous myth spread. But in three days Caspar played a few notes on a piano, soon after knitted a stocking, and in five weeks was able to tell his story, which said burgomaster published in a proclamation of 33,000 words elaborating the wild boy of nature version. The superior court reported on this effusion "that in the official records there was not even the slightest trace" of this fabrication; that "the whole story was full of mythical and improbable circumstances as well as inexplicable contradictions." This correction came too late; the other tale was far too interesting.

Under the tutelage of Professor Daumer, author of "The Anthropophagism of the Apostles," Caspar in one month became a model of social elegance, playing at chess and checkers, making graceful allusions to the ancient Romans, and yet withal as innocent as a babe. Moreover, he was a "sensitive." That notion—likewise a myth —is a hang-over from Mesmer's pretensions that certain persons were sensitive to animal magnetism and the action of ordinary magnetism and metals. Caspar tells different metals by their attraction for his fingers; a hardware-shop produces contortions; he sees a spider-web a long range off after twilight; tells apple, pear, and plum trees by the smell of their leaves at a distance, and behaves just as did the sensitive somnambules on the stage in that day,—the same claims being made later for spirit mediums.

Caspar may have been a moron or a hobo, but he was shrewd enough to keep quiet and let the myth grow. On October 27, 1829, he reported an attack by the man who had confined him; no witnesses. The surgeons pronounced the wound self-inflicted. On that day Caspar had his first falling out with Daumer. "Though his soul was filled with childish kindness and gentleness, which rendered him incapable of hurting a worm or a fly, much less a man; though his conduct in all the various relations of life showed that his soul was spotless, and pure as the reflex of the eternal in the soul of an angel," yet he told a lie, in fact so many of them that Daumer had to admit it and laid it all to the eating of meat. (Incidentally Caspar also proved to a Dr. Preu, homeopathist, the truth of homeopathy.) Von der Linde enumerates seventy-two gross deceptions, among them dreaming some Latin words which when taken down proved to be an ode of Horace.

His end was really a tragedy. He was again attacked; there was a knife-wound in his side. Instead of having it attended to, he led his mentor to the scene of the attack to secure a silk bag in which was a note, written on paper such as was found in Caspar's exercise-book. The wound, or its neglect, proved more serious than was expected. No one was ever committed for the assault.

* *

The vast literature of speculation as to Caspar's origin, the insinuations and alleged verifications,—all this belongs to a past that may as well stay buried. Possibly some readers will be impressed by Herr Wassermann's statements that Bismarck mentions "the Caspar Hauser affair in such a supremely casual manner as to permit no doubt that he regarded Hauser as a legitimate heir to the crown of Baden"; that "Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania. . . . expressed herself in favor of my (Wassermann's) opinion"; that "the entire aristocratic society of Europe . . . did not in the least doubt the legitimacy of Caspar Hauser as the son of Stefanie Beauharnais." This impresses me quite as does Wassermann's own statement that on the day of Caspar's funeral there was cloudless blue sky, but "the sun and moon were both visible and their discs shone with the same leaden light." Something similar is recorded of Julius Cæsar.

I have no objection and about the same measure of interest in an attempt to make a readable or even a thrilling tale out of the myth of Caspar Hauser and the record of the speculations and violent controversies that waged and raged in that forgotten day. But the real Caspar Hauser belongs to psychology. I am quite unwilling to give him up as a striking example of how a myth can arise even so late as a hundred years ago and flourish and get not only into history, where it finds good company, but into psychological text-books as a preposterous illustration of infantile deprivation, and into moralizing homilies showing how innocent is man in the nursery before the fall. Not that the catalogue of illustrations of human folly would be meager without this example, but that it is needed to round out the full quota of the varieties of credulity.

Nor must I give the impression that Herr Wassermann doesn't know about all this scepticism, for he mentions it repeatedly; and those who suspect Caspar in the tale are made properly villainous, though he does not mention Von der Linde, whose work is exhaustive and documentary. He is well within his legal and artistic rights in accepting whatever tale suits his purposes. What condemns his mind to my unimpressionable indifference is his vehement espousal of a cause so unnecessarily; for it would be just the same tale if it weren't true. The emulsion of history or literature with psychology is not palatable; imagination and the critical sense seem not always to inhabit the same brain-cells.

* My review of this book appeared in the *Nation*: March 29, 1887.

Here Are Ladies

WE SING DIANA. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $2.50.

WAR AMONG LADIES. By Eleanor Scott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

THESE two novels are curiously alike in their subject-matter yet divided sharply in their intent and in their manner of presentation. Both tell a story of women without men, and both heroines are dependent upon and largely frustrated by academic work. But whereas Eleanor Scott devotes herself primarily to damning the school system which cramps and stultifies the lives of her teachers, Wanda Fraiken Neff is more interested in the individual who results from a life of exclusive female companionship. This difference gives more flexibility to "We Sing Diana," but leaves "War Among Ladies" with a distinct hierarchical, if slightly arbitrary, pattern into which many very finished little character studies slip quite naturally. To show a system, any system, as the *diabolus ex machina* in the sorry fate of human beings is more external and artificial than to show or even merely attempt to show the dark beginnings of individuality played upon and thwarted by a more complex environment. The women in Miss Scott's novel, one is justified in assuming, might all have been well and happy had the English school system been different. Mrs. Neff's heroine, on the contrary, is the outcome of a thousand maladjustments.

* *

We sing sterility. Nothing grows upon the moon. Mrs. Neff prepares her heroine, Nora Deming, very early for the rites of Diana worship. A young girl, living among a futile group of neurotic older women who flutter awkwardly about in the bright flame of desire for the God-sent new minister, she is sickened of love before she has known it, sensing somehow that any love of hers must be tinged, however lightly, with this present ugliness. Nora goes to college and for four years lives close in the shadow of that spectral love whose sinister implications are somewhat repudiated by calling its campus manifestations "crushes" or "raves" or "yens." Postgraduate work at Knickerbocker University, New York, follows. Love, distorted and unappealing, surrounds Nora again, this time in its Greenwich Village incarnation. Hot after learning, Nora goes to London for study, and it is still women, women all the way. Then holiday in Cornwall and love! Here the vitality of Nora Deming as a character is oddly demonstrated, for while Mrs. Neff seems to consider Nora's short liaison a complete surrender to love, it appears to the reader—so fully has the author built up Nora's character and detached it from herself—as only a half gesture toward passion, a safety device against life service to Venus. For this girl, predestined to Diana, can take in her arms only briefly one already dedicated to death. It is refusal in acceptance. However one interprets the affair, it is Nora's shield against the world of women, and she returns to teaching in America safe from that world.

* *

"War Among Ladies" is much simpler. It is an indictment of the English high school system and would fall under the blight of propaganda if Miss Scott did not go about proving her point by Exhibit A, B, C, etc. of "ladies" in the system. It is a case of teacher eat teacher, and the carnivorous tendencies of some of these spinsters carry the book easily out of the "pleasant reading" class.

Both novels show a tendency to pursue a point up any irrelevant by-way and to introduce lay figures now and then for demonstration purposes. It is not invidious to suggest that the next novel of each of these authors will be more completely integrated and less open to the suspicion that some of the material was taken from notebooks without a very long period of gestation.

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Books of Special Interest

Present-Day Faiths

THE RELIGION OF JESUS. By WALTER E. BUNDY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $3.50.
THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA. By KENNETH SAUNDERS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN B. BACON
Yale University

BOTH of these are important books. Bundy, at present Professor of English Bible in DePauw University, writes in the field of historical interpretation; Saunders, for a few years past Professor of the History of Religion in The Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Calif., writes chiefly for those who in the present age would advance the cause of righteousness and peace through more sympathetic understanding of the great religions of Asia. Bundy's work is just that which its title implies and no more. He does not profess to interpret the religion which makes Jesus its object, treating him and his message as a divine revelation. He does not carry the reader beyond Jesus' "obedience unto death." He aims only to set forth the religious character of the man, a psycho-analysis whose difficulty appears best in the long record of failures due partly to lack of historico-critical method, partly to religious or doctrinaire prejudgment.

Saunders deals with present-day faiths, but by a novel method. He makes a comparison of three religious masterpieces, the Bhagavad Gita, the Lotus, and the Fourth Gospel, as reflecting the religious spirit of India, Japan, and Christendom respectively. All these are expressions of belief in revelation through incarnation. Professor Saunders tells us sympathetically and authoritatively what the incarnation of Khrishna means to the most religious minds of India, what the incarnation of Sakyamuni means to Buddhists of similar type, and compares this with what Christians find in that gospel whose interpretation of the teaching and career of Jesus makes him an incarnation of the redemptive Logos of God. A valuation of these two volumes with some account of their contents should be of interest.

* *

Professor Bundy is best known by his excellent reply to the adherents of an extreme application to the life of Jesus of the theory which makes his belief in an immediately impending judgment and apocalyptic end of the world the key to his career. In the volume entitled "The Psychic Health of Jesus" Professor Bundy sets over against the picture of a fanatic close to the margin of pathological enthusiasm, the picture drawn in Schweitzer's "Quest of the Historical Jesus," an interpretation of the records showing the sanity and sobriety of Jesus's life and teaching against a background undeniably colored by apocalyptic enthusiasm. "The Religion of Jesus" goes much further. Without any pretense of pioneer work in the difficult field of gospel criticism Professor Bundy shows himself fully acquainted with the most reliable authorities in French, German, and English, accepting the assured results and basing his description of the teaching and career of Jesus on Synoptic tradition. The materials of Mark and the "Second Source" of Matthew and Luke are treated with sound judgment and an exegesis which, if it leans more upon sympathetic appreciation of the testimony of the whole than upon philological argument, comes in most cases to a result disarming to possible critics of the method. On the whole we venture to call this the best book of its kind. No work known to the reviewer in any language gives so sane, consistent, and adequate a view of the psychology of Jesus, the simple-hearted Galilean, to whom faith in the heavenly Father was the key to all problems of duty and destiny, whether as respects his own vocation or that of his people. If Bundy's work obtains the circulation it deserves it should go far to correct the fantastic sentimentalities of Papini.

* *

Professor Saunders is eminently qualified for the service he desires to render. Direct personal knowledge of the actual religious life of India and Japan, combined with a religious spirit which can enter with deep appreciation into the experience of choice souls trained in other faiths, brings invaluable aid to the academic studies of many years to make them of vivid application. Professor Saunders is not incompetent to analyze and evaluate the three "religious masterpieces" which he undertakes to compare. But the reader should understand that the effort of the author is practical rather than historical. As a study in the history of religions the book may not deserve high rank. Authorities in the literature of Brahmanism and Buddhism may find the suggestion of historical interdependence between these and the incarnation doctrine of the Fourth Gospel a point of weakness. The author himself is very guarded on this score. Close students of the development of religious thought in the Fourth Gospel also are likely to take Professor Saunders's comparisons of a few points of contact as more significant of differences than of similarities. Present tendencies of criticism bring into striking relief the relation of its type of thought and even of phraseology to Hellenistic syncretism in Syria, rather than to the more ancient faiths of India. Hellenistic syncretism, while doubtless remotely indebted to Indian thought, is more nearly affected by Iranian religious faith as modified by Babylonian influences. Historically, then, the type of religious thought which has recast Synoptic tradition in its own moulds in the Fourth Gospel is what geographic considerations should lead us to expect. It stands nearer to Mesopotamia than to India. Its affinities are primarily with Mandean and Syriac religious mysticism developed in Gnostic and Manichaean faiths. But Professor Saunders is not intent on tracing literary or historical affinities. He wishes to set forth to the religious minded of Asia whom he loves how the Johannine interpretation of God as Eternal Reason and Love manifested in the historic Jesus fulfils their noblest aspirations and corrects their inveterate tendency to vagueness and pantheism. The aim is noble, and nobly sustained. There is indeed much to commend the Fourth Gospel as preëminently The Gospel for Asia.

Child Training

THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG CHILDREN OF THE SAME FAMILY. (Harvard Studies in Education, Vol. 10.) By BLANCHE C. WEILL. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET GRAY BLANTON

THIS book of Dr. Weill's has that rarest of combinations, true scientific value and readableness. In a day when everything from the creator to sex hygiene is sold by the "om-pha" method and the only alternative seems to be that of the annotator and footnoter—it is restful to find a book which is concise, modest, carefully constructed, and readable. It is a study of seventeen families in each of which there was more than one child, in an effort to answer the question, "Does the hypothesis that there is not one environment only for a family, but that there are as many environments as there are individuals in the family, survive the test of case analysis?"

Chapter I defines the problem, gives the source of material, the criteria for selection, the make-up of the clinic staff who studied the cases, and tells how the material was handled. Chapter II is a brief restatement, ably done, of the various theories involved in the study of environment and child training. The third chapter is a classification of undesirable family situations—a chapter that might well give any family pause. Under poor personal relations, for instance, is listed

Domination by one member
Interfering relatives
Favoritism
Unwanted child
Clash of authority
Dissention between parents, overt or otherwise
Over-solicitude
Over-severity
Neglect
Jealousy
Step-parent
Ineffectuality of parent

There is no partiality shown in this book! It would be a great comfort, surely, to the tenth who are so heavily submerged by social work to find "undigested wealth" listed as just as undesirable as "insufficient income"! Chapter IV discusses the factors common to the environments of all of us, adding a very brief discussion of heredity. Dr. Weill develops here a topic the importance of which is not widely enough considered—the environmental influence of one's own sex. For sex is usually studied exclusively in its inherited and glandular aspects. This chapter also contains an excellent discussion of the child's position in the family in order of birth.

Then follows a detailed discussion of the seventeen families—twenty-five of the children of which were problem children in the sense that they were not meeting life with average efficiency. The individual studies are thorough but sympathetic.

The book is a veritable source book of the literature of child training—not only is there an exhaustive bibliography in the back of the book, but there are, interspersed with the text, many lists of articles as well.

Dr. Weill offers no panacea for the "social problems" and gives no prescription which, when filled, can be taken "t.i.d." to make unsatisfactory children satisfactory, but she does draw from her material, tables and conclusions and summaries not only of great value to the worker in child psychology, but also to parents who are looking for help in the analysis of their own family difficulties.

A Seductive Hobby

EARLY AMERICAN GLASS. By RHEA MANSFIELD KNITTLE. New York: The Century Company. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

COLLECTORS of early American glass —a numerous and growing fraternity —will be grateful to Rhea Mansfield Knittle for her exceedingly useful and informative book. Herself one of the most discriminating and successful of collectors, Mrs. Knittle has written a scholarly and interesting book about this seductive hobby, a book which will soon be regarded as indispensable by all serious collectors, as well as by museum curators, dealers, and others. Nothing heretofore published merits comparison with it. In no other single book on the subject—nor, indeed, in all combined —can so much useful and illuminating information be found.

The author has done an amazing amount of research in a field which all who have engaged in such work recognize as exceptionally difficult and perplexing. Just as in the case of early potteries, cabinet-making shops, and other industrial establishments, many of the early glass-works were small, catering to a very restricted local market. Many of them were short-lived and were quickly forgotten, even in the localities where they existed. Most of them were devoted to the production of purely utilitarian wares—window glass, bottles, carboys, demijohns, and the like—with little or no effort at artistic effect. When the latter was attempted the results were generally crude. Even the writers of local histories frequently ignored these humble factories altogether; in other cases they dismissed them with a mere mention.

* *

By means of an exhaustive examination of numerous town histories, early directories, advertisements in newspapers, probate and other court records, collections of tradesmen's bills and other similar materials, widely scattered, unknown, and inaccessible to the ordinary reader, Mrs. Knittle has, for the first time, made the hobby of collecting early American glass entirely intelligible. Other workers in the same field have done valuable and important work, notably Hunter on Stiegel glass and Van Renssalaer on early American bottles and flasks, but none of them has attempted such a comprehensive survey of the entire subject. Mrs. Knittle describes, with sufficient detail for every purpose of the collector, the technical processes used in the early glass factories, and gives the formulas. She presents an extraordinary amount of information concerning the organization of many of the factories, their personnel, output, problems, and history. It is safe to say that not one of the host of collectors ever heard of many of the early glass factories concerning which Mrs. Knittle publishes what information she has been able to gather.

The uninitiated may question the value of much of this information concerning obscure little glass-works long since forgotten, but real collectors will welcome it and hold it in high esteem. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it will suggest probable or possible attributions for specimens of obscure origin.

It seems rather ungracious to pick flaws in a book of such marked excellence as this, but one cannot help wishing that more pains had been bestowed upon the extensive bibliography. Many book titles are given which contain no hint of how they bear upon the subject of American glass. A few words indicating this would elevate the list from a catalogue of mere titles to a useful guide. The illustrations, which are numerous, are excellent in themselves, though they might have been made more useful by a little more painstaking care in writing the descriptive captions.

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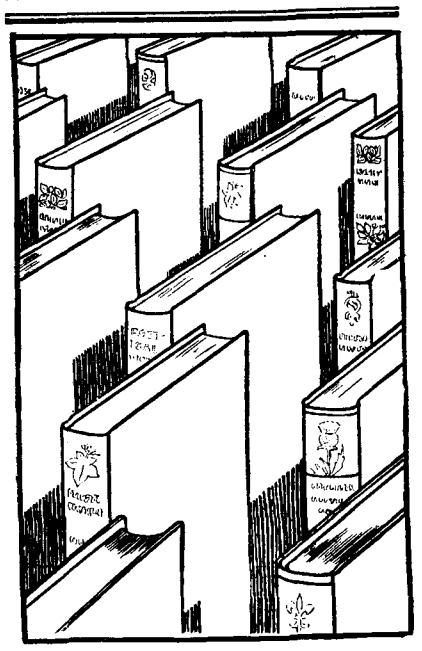

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Foreign Literature

Georg Büchner

THE PLAYS OF GEORG BÜCHNER. Translated with an Introduction by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. New York: The Viking Press. 1928.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

REINHARDT is rehearsing his superb production of "Danton's Death." In the wings stands Paul Hartman, awaiting his entrance cue for the tremendous tribunal scene. In the rear of the rehearsal room a youth of twenty-one, slender, vibrant, beautiful in person, stands watching. Suddenly he comes forward. It is Georg Büchner, a student of medicine at Giessen University, and the author of the play.

He is pale and agitated. For two months he has been eluding the police, who want him for writing a seditious communistic pamphlet. If arrested it will mean years of foul imprisonment and possibly death. While in hiding at his home at Geddelau-bei-Darmstadt within a few weeks in feverish haste he has written this play, hoping by its sale to provide himself with funds to escape across the German frontier into safety.

The pallor of his face is intensified by the deep glow of his eyes which burn with the fires of a restless intellect. In ringing voice he stops the rehearsal. He accuses the producer of taking unwarranted liberties with the text. For this play the Darmstadt police had been his Muses. It means something. With no regard to that theme, the production is a mere selection of the more spectacular scenes from the piece, with those most cogent to the idea omitted. True, the result is a colossal and colorful panorama of the French Revolution, but that was not his aim. Has an author no rights?

"But the play as you wrote it," expostulates Reinhardt, "cannot be produced—too many scenes—too much talk. Plays need few words anyhow—pantomime, music, lights, these are sufficient. Besides, I have done you a favor. Before I came upon your play I produced Romain Rolland's 'Danton.' This is a good play, but it lacks your dramatic power, especially your fine characterization. It contains, however, one magnificent bit of theatre, namely, the Homeric laughter of Danton in the tribunal scene. Your text has no such stage direction. I admit that the essence of your play from start to finish is just such satiric laughter—the gods laughing at men—which Rolland's is not. He builds to no such scene, whereas you do, and I have a director's right to credit you therewith. Really you owe me gratitude."

To which Büchner: "Since you get the satiric trend of my play, it is not just to produce me as an incoherent spectacle. And in regard to clothing a play in words, Shakespeare does, and he is my master. Words are in themselves music, action, color. They are tables and chairs and bottles of wine. They are hands and feet, laughter and tears. Words are brilliant balls tossed in play—the soft shining of the moon on lovers' pain—sharp swords thrust beneath the skin in deadly contest. I defend the right of a playwright to use words as his material, and I also defend his right not to have his idea ignored. If my play is not to be produced as I wrote it, then I will wait." To which Reinhardt: "Then you will doubtless wait for another hundred years. You are acting like a fool." And Büchner: "Fools have their place in the universe. At any rate, I shall be a fool self-elected."

Apologies to Reinhardt. This scene is but a parable for playwrights. Nevertheless it is true that the circumstances under which Büchner wrote "Danton's Death" nearly a century ago are not dissimilar to those under which Toller wrote "Masse Mensche." It is also true that the Reinhardt production is merely a selection of certain scenes from Büchner's play, and that the climax of the tribunal scene is taken from Rolland's "Danton." Also it is true that Büchner is enamoured of words, presenting action and character by means of masterly dramatic dialogue, bothering little (a welcome relief), with tedious stage directions. Also in Büchner's lines there are many Shakespearean echoes, so many in fact that a meticulous German critic has compiled an entire volume showing in parallel columns the verbal indebtedness of the young Teuton to his Anglo-Saxon master. But as Büchner's wit, as with all authentic dramatists, rises directly from the situations, these plagiarisms, if such they must be called, may be regarded but as waymarks in his development. Had this young genius lived beyond his tragically short twenty-three years, he would probably have cast off Shakespeare entirely. His trend is toward frank, almost brutal realism.

Witkowski has termed Büchner "the forgotten precursor of Naturalism." In his radicalism, his democratic sympathies, his determination to present the realities of life without squeamishness (at times his obscenity is almost inexcusable)), Büchner plainly foreshadows Zola, Gorky, and the early Hauptmann. Also he foreshadows the modern expressionists. Were his plays undated, one might easily mistake him to belong with Kaiser, Lenormand, or our own Em Jo Bassche. He rushes along from short scene to short scene, flinging himself against his theme subjectively, the relation of scene to plot (if plot he may be said to have) being through its emotional rather than its circumstantial content. He wrenches spiritual beauty from physical ugliness. He chafes under social conventions, religious purism, even under intellectualism. The one theme that runs throughout his work is a plea for natural man. To think overmuch is the cause of human tragedy, and sham thinking of its farce. In "Danton's Death," Danton is this natural man as against the subtle St. Just and the pious Robespierre. "You and your purity, Robespierre!—Man! Is there nothing in you, no little whisper, just a twinge now and then, that calls you liar—Liar?" But Danton commences to "think" and thereby paralyzes his immense natural powers into a lethargy that ends in the guillotine, his intellectualism taking the form of a belief in an overwhelming fate against which he is helpless. In Büchner's second play, the comedy "Leonce and Lena," which is a delicious medley of follies and fantasies with an undercurrent of keen satire on the petty court life of the time, Leonce, the Prince, is this natural man. Witnessing the farcical King Peter, his father, who "thinks he thinks," and resigns his throne in order to have time to "think more," Leonce runs away from the court in order not to ascend the throne, and to have time "not to think." Trapped and brought back with his incognito Princess, and forced to become King and Queen, the two lovers are thereby "turned out of Paradise." In "Wozzeck," his last play which he left unfinished, Büchner turns from history and fantasy to the life of the people, but the theme is the same. Says Wozzeck: "We common fellows, sir, we've no virtue. All that happens to us is Nature, sir." But Wozzeck, the poor barber, attempts to "think," and murders his false mistress whom he loves.

Büchner is too much the subconscious artist, however, to be the conscious propagandist. Nor can one keep him in the pigeon hole of realism. A trained scientist (when he died, a political exile at Zürich, he held the position of lecturer on anatomy on the faculty of the University), he does indeed probe human character with the same skill as his scalpel human flesh; yet he leaps beyond his theme and convictions into the realm of wit and poetry. He invents, he embroiders. His characterization of men is splendidly objective, done with full roundness of honest detail, but toward woman, except in some *genre* types, he is altogether the sympathetic poet. This may have been because of his youth, and the fact that he was deeply in love, or because he had not succeeded in entirely escaping the "blue-flower" romanticism against which the Young Germany to which he belongs were in revolt. Whatever the reason, whenever a woman comes upon his stage, something tender and exquisite comes with her, even though she may be but a cocotte. It would be hard to find a lovelier or more understanding scene than that between Danton and Marion, the grisette, although none of the actualities of the situation are slighted. Moreover, Büchner has broad humor. He can indulge in almost horse-play. His dominant trend is undoubtedly toward realism, but about his work there is also the glow of romanticism.

Why are we only just now beginning to hear about this playwright who died in 1837? The explanation is a singular bit of literary history. During his life Büchner's plays were not produced, neither were they published, except for an edition of "Danton's Death," which was so expurgated and altered to suit the requirement of the rigorous press censorship of Metteromichian Germany as to be robbed of all vitality. At his death his fiancée destroyed one of his plays, his best in Büchner's own opinion, as she seemed it too improper for preservation. Why Wilhelmina Jaegli did not also destroy the others is mysterious. Surely they must have shocked her gentle Lutherianism. Perhaps her hand was stayed by pity for her young dead lover whose brain children they were, or perhaps she realized, in spite of her prejudices, the criminality of further destruction. She contented herself with hiding them away, and for fifty years they remained secure in family archives. In 1879 the Frankfort publisher Franzos discovered them, and brought out a complete edition of Büchner's works, namely "Danton's Death," "Leonce and Lena," and the fragment "Wozzeck," together with a collection of letters and full biographical data. This edition was still-born, however, and Büchner remained on the shelves. In 1909 Landau republished Franzos. This date was Büchner's literary birth. He began to be read and discussed, first in Germany, then in France. Victor Fleury wrote about him in the *Revue Germanique*. After the War he crept over into England, with a translation of "Leonce and Lena" by Mr. Walter Green in the magazine *New Europe*. This translation, by the way, emphasizes by virtue of contrast the excellence of Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop's in fidelity to the verve and poetic quality of the original. And it is Mr. Dunlop also who produced "Leonce and Lena" last winter in Playroom Six in London, at the same time that Reinhardt in his first New York season of repertory was introducing Büchner to America by the production of "Danton's Death."

It is this twentieth century, therefore, which is discovering this vivid and significant writer of the early nineteenth, and thereby enlivening the extremely dull dramatic period of Büchner's times. One need only compare Büchner with his most noted dramatic contemporaries, with Grillparzer and Kotzebue, for example, to realize the worth of this contribution. They lie dead, Büchner lives. They wrote in classic calm, Büchner in tempestuous protest. They composed in measured meters, Büchner in nervous, decorative prose. Of the magnetism of Büchner's personality, his political vision wise beyond his years, his passion for human freedom, his deep friendships, his tender love story, of all these his letters are poignant testimonial. Besides his plays Büchner wrote political pamphlets in favor of "Freedom of the Press" and "Representative Government," the slogans of his day. He wrote scientific theses, and he made the first translation of Victor Hugo into German. What he might have become had he lived long enough for his genius to mature, is idle to speculate upon. Perhaps he had burned himself out, and would have done nothing better. Perhaps he would have become Germany's greatest dramatist. But as his attainment justifies, with Büchner as with Keats, one slight volume of creative work and a bundle of letters stand as his defense against Time.

Foreign Notes

JULIEN BENDA has now followed up his "La Trahison des Clercs" with a volume entitled "Mon Premier Testament" (Nouvelle Revue Française). It is a discussion of the genesis of our political and philosophical ideas which M. Benda believes are the outcome not of intelligence and reason but of emotion.

Karl Tschuppik's "Franz Joseph: Der Untergang eines Reiches" (Hellerau: Avalun) is a book that should prove of importance to historians of the Hapsburg monarchy. It is a critical examination of the career of Francis Joseph, which depicts the developments of the Emperor's reign as a struggle against the tendencies of his age.

The Italian Royal Automobile Club (Rome, via Po 17) has published a handbook for five lire with the rules and regulations for motorists in Italy and the Colonies. It is written in four languages, Italian, French, English, and German, and has an excellent map in four sections of motor roads.

Sigrid Undset, who has won the Nobel prize for literature for 1928, is known to the English-speaking world through her novel, "Kristin Lavransdatter," published in 1920. It deals with conditions in the fourteenth century, a period together with the following century with which her outstanding works are concerned. She was born in Kallundborg, Denmark, on May 20, 1882, was educated in a business college, and remained a municipal clerk at Christiania until 1909, which was two years after the appearance of her first novel.

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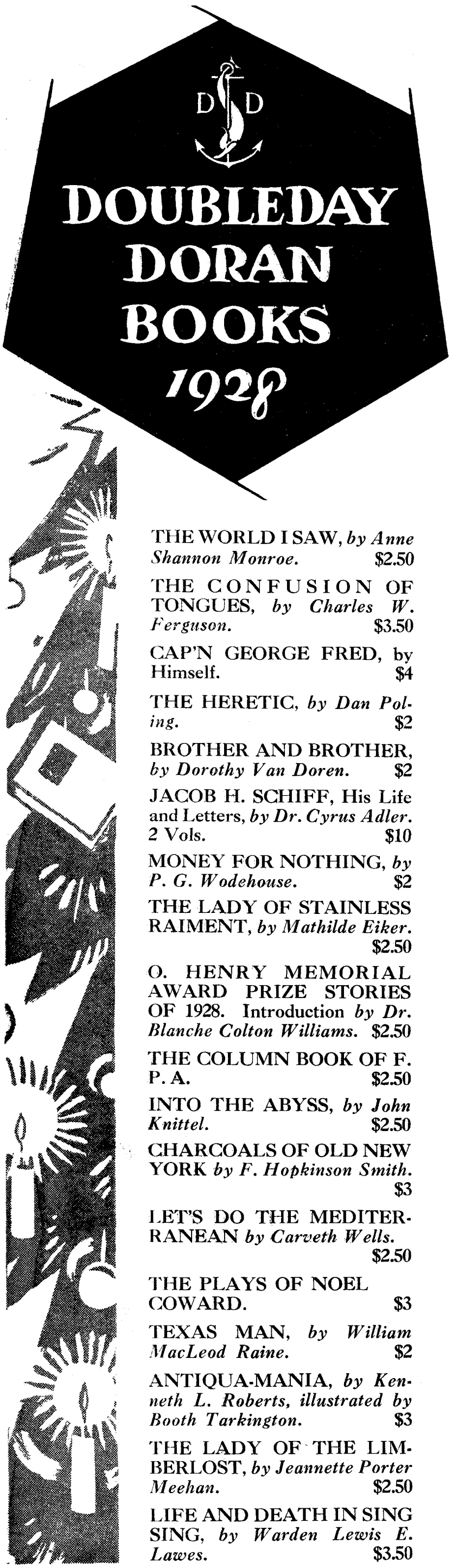

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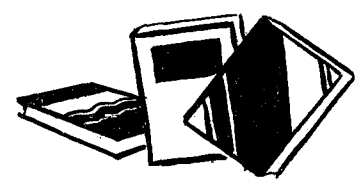

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 48. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best version of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" as it might have been written by Alexander Pope. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 17.)

Competition No. 49. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best rendering into modern American prose vernacular of Mark Antony's oration from "Julius Cæsar." Entries must not exceed 400 words, but the whole oration need not necessarily be translated. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 31.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-SIXTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short lyric called "Paradise Lost" has been awarded to Claudius Jones for the following sonnet.

THE PRIZE ENTRY

PARADISE LOST

LONG in my ears your flutes of Dorian mood
Sang their stern music. Long your Eden's bowers
Refreshed my soul. Their heavy scented flowers
Yielded delight, their laden boughs my food.
But now your foes, with jeers and weapons rude,
Have lopped your limbs and toppled low your towers.
Amid the wreck your bruised spirit cowers
Beneath the bitter blows of Belial's brood.
Not so on Dunbar's field and Marston Moor
Your saints were wont their craven backs to show,
Their arms the jest of every witless boor.
Not now, not now, let thus your heads hang low,
When scared by truth men turn to follies old
And "gay religions full of pomp and gold."

CLAUDIUS JONES.

Surprisingly few competitors seemed to realize the considerable range offered by the title of the required lyrich, which surely penned in our Wits much less closely than usual. In spite of this freedom there was a general tendency to trivialize the theme, not always so successfully as John A. L. Odde who wrote—

No souls reborn diviner dwelt,
Such blissful hope was ours,
When I was wooing the girl I wed
And saying it with flowers.
No perfect heaven can be the meed
Of him who, luckless, misses
That transcendental, luscious joy
Of saying it with kisses.
But beatific ecstasies
Have fallen with a crash;
And on this unrelenting earth
I'm saying it with cash.

This was better than any of the dozen poems in which Paradise was punned into Pair o' dice. There was another entry in which Paradise appeared as a losing horse. Of all these the less said the better.

I had expected some successful variations on certain ancient, but perennial themes—"We have heard the chimes at midnight!" "Alas, the beautiful days of my youth when I was so unhappy," and "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan";but no. Even the inevitable "lost love" lyrics were not arresting. Excepting Deborah C. Jones, whose sonnet was too long drawn out, the level of these did not exceed that of the lyric beginning—

I can't forget the afternoon
We quarreled. In the rain
The robins made their twilight call
That pierced the air like pain.

The best entries were by some familiar names. Marshall M. Brice and Corinne Swain must be mentioned. Homer Parsons offered several entries, one a too facile "baritone solo, to be accompanied by a lugubrious guitar," beginning—

Dey's catfish swimmin' in de ribber, Lawd!
Dey's bees fotchin' honey to de comb;
But de bees an' de fishes, dey don' mean n'thin'
When a cullud man's los' his home, O Lawd!
Po' black man los' his home.

Dalnar Devening offered two entries, one concerning the loss of his rose-tinted spectacles, the other about an unnamed country where—

To matchless skies her mighty summits push,
For mile on mile her silver shorelines reach,
But lo, a Babbitt under every bush!
Behold, a Babbitt camped on every beach!

David Heathestone was even better in his lines of disillusion following the recent plethora of debunking biographies:

Time bedims the glowing eyes,
The glitering vision slowly dies.
The men of old were mortal too:
Nature nor wisdom are not new.

None of these entries, however, seemed to me to have so much force or vitality as Claudius Jones's sonnet on Milton's poem.

The following entry, by Deborah C. Jones, won half the prize in Competition No. 45, but could not be printed, owing to lack of space, a fortnight ago. The passage is intended as an interpolation in Act II, Scene i, of "The Winter's Tale," when Leontes interrupts Mamillius's tale of sprites and goblins.

II

Mamillius:

. . . There was a man, I say,
Dwelt by a churchyard, where his only neighbors
Were swift brown conies and small chirping mice,
And grays and mouldwarps that dig at night,
And batts along the eaves. He being old
Sought not the woods for faggots, but crept forth
Into the churchyard when the twilight fell,
Gatheing his sticks along the holly hedge
Where the brown oak-leaves whispered to the dust;
For in that place he had a daughter slept
Under a twisted thorn. Now on a night
Seeing the semblance of a light that wavered
Above her grave, he hobbled hastily
And found a shrunk white thing with eyes, but mouthless,
That made strange cries.

Herm.:

What, cries without a mouth?

Mamillius:

Ay, pitiful poor skrelings. This good man
Led the thing home and nursed it by his fire;
For he was one that shared his very crumbs
With the small beasts that built about his door,
And it was in his mind that this might be
His daughter's sprite. But mark you what befell!
Though it feared nought for cock-crow, every night
When the man slept it used to slip away;
Till once he woke, and peering from his door
Saw that it crept into the grave itself
Where his dead maid in her white shroudings lay,
And battened there, the very Incubus!
Whereat this old poor man, well nigh distract
Since he might nought avail, would have fordone
Himself; but in his sorrowing ecstasy
The blind small mouldwarps that he still had fed
Crawled from their burrows; and you know the stars
Upon their noses be in memory
Of Bethlehem's star, because the mouldwarps came
That night to keep our infant Saviour's feet
Warm with their velvet sides; which wholesome stars
The Incubus perceiving fled away,
And left him to their humble comforting.

DEBORAH C. JONES.

We also take this opportunity to print one of the best poems left over from a recent competition.

SENATOR'S PATTER SONG
from
THE PIRATES OF FINANCE

I'm a popular patrician of our present-day democracy;
A paragon of loyalty; a hater of hypocrosy.
I am apt at cross-word puzzles and a president of Rotary;
A justice of the peace for more than thirty years; a notary.
I'm practised in economy (of conscience, not political),
A clever psychoanalyst, though never hypercritical;
A liberal protectionist. "Who's Who in God-knows-where-it-is"
Proclaims me a director in a half a hundred charities.
I hand out my gratuities most prudently. I never knew
A contribution rightly made that failed to boost my revenue;
For in the give and take of life I shun all base hypocrisy;
I'm an impecunious parasite of pauperized democracy.

Though I never knew the meaning of the phrase "the law's intendment,"
I'm the man that put the "amen" in the bootlegger's amendment.
On handling crops, I stand four-square with sentiment agrarian;
My doctrines are at times both Calvinistic and McNaryan.
I believe in peace, good-will to men, from Matthew clean to Malachi;
I'd put a ban on war if we could find a paying alibi.
I'm strong for gold (and silver, too) and something of a Sadducee;
For nothing's kosher but the cash; all substitutes look bad to me.
I work for frenzied financiers—piratical protectorate!
But have to keep in closest touch with my own dear electorate.
So in matters senatorial, I put up with hypocrisy,—
A politician practical in petered-out democracy.

JOHN A. L. ODDE.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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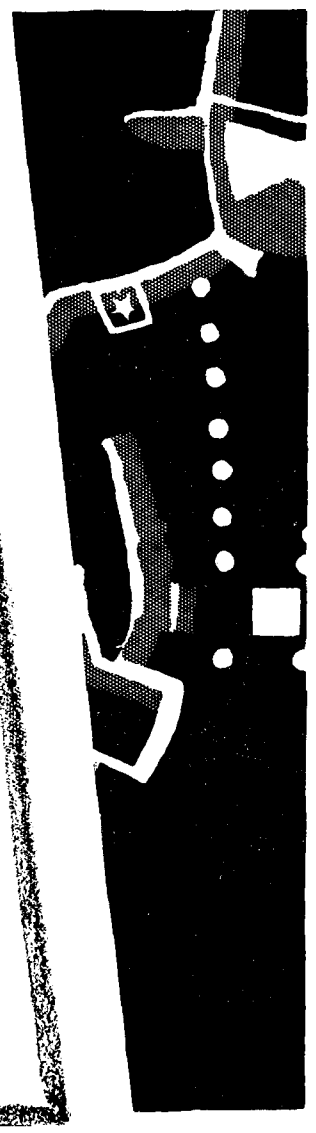
The big books of the year!

MEET GENERAL GRANT

by W. E. Woodward
author of George Washington



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"It will be one of the durable biographies."—*Boston Transcript.*

"The career of Grant, apart from the General, is worthy of much pondering. It is a mirror to much in American life. Mr. Woodward tells it better than anyone else. One learns to know and understand Grant in this book, and when one lays it down it is to think deeply on America, on man and fate and the destiny that rules us all."—*James Truslow Adams, N. Y. Sun.*

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BRENTANO'S

Bibliopsyching

By Amy Loveman

CHRISTMAS is icumen in, to paraphrase the old ditty, and we find that one of our great emporiums is advertising psycho-gifts for the occasion. "We've gift-psyched the world and his wife for you," proclaims Wanamaker's, printing its statement with exclamation marks and cartoons, and proceeding to subdivide mankind into the intellectual, the esthetic, the leisurely, the practical, and so on and so forth as one of the characters in Christopher Morley's presentation of "Old Heidelberg" across the river on "the last seacoast of Bohemia" would say. No, we've not gone into the business of advertising either Wanamaker's or the Rialto; we're merely trying to explain our title and to make public confession of the fact that until we saw that ad decorating the back page of all the newspapers we hadn't decided just how we'd present our Christmas book list to you. But then we knew; we'd bibliopsyche the season's offerings (we're a little doubtful as to whether we're using our newly acquired terminology correctly or not, and whether it's the offerings that are to be bibliopsyched or the persons to whom they are to go—but let it stand), neatly grouping such books of different type as seemed likely to appeal to those interested in any one of them. Where to begin?

Well, with the elders, of course, those who once were comfortable Victorians and knew this world in the pleasant days when New York was a city of ugly brown fronts, when iron deer and stone dogs disported themselves self-respectingly on the lawns of suburban homes, when grandmothers tied capacious white aprons around their waists as they sat down to the family darning, and granddaughters entertained their swains in the mellow light of the parlor lamp. If you would recapture for a friend the charm of those leisurely days give him Booth Tarkington's "The World Does Move" (Doubleday, Doran), a delightful autobiographical chronicle, carrying its description of American life from Victorian days to the present, and affording Mr. Tarkington opportunity for more of that acute social analysis which is so preëminently his forte and the keenness of which he so nearly masks by the animation and fluency with which he presents it. It was a pleasant century, viewed in retrospect, that which culminated in the reign of Victoria, but it had its fads and its oddities. "The Stammering Century" (Day), Gilbert Seldes calls it in a survey of eccentricity and fanaticism in America during its course, which should interest the older generation who knew a part of its events in the making and learnt of others at first hand. Doubtless they would find old memories flaring up the more vividly were you to present them also with one of the numerous biographies of the eminent or the notorious of their day; of Jim Fisk, for instance, to whom the famous lawyer, O'Conor, once said when he consulted him as to the legality of some obviously dishonest deal he was trying to put through: "Yes, you're perfectly safe, Mr. Fisk, but you are the greatest rascal unhanged," and of whom Macmillan has just isuued a colorful life by Robert H. Fuller, under the title "Jubilee Jim." With it you might send Emanie Sachs's "The Terrible Siren" (Harpers), a biography of Victoria Woodhull, with her sister first woman operator on Wall Street, advocate of the rights of women, ardent espouser of free love, and heroine of adventures savory and otherwise. Since her day women have acquired the vote, but never since it have they had the opportunity to vote for a woman for President such as her nomination for that office afforded.

Then, there's "This Side Idolatry" (Bobbs-Merrill), which you might give if only for the malicious pleasure of rousing your friends to wrath. It's a novel based on the life of Dickens by C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts, and it deals harshly with that idol of Victorian days. Personally we think reading it is likely to have an excellent effect on Dickens lovers; it's likely to drive them to Dickens in their ire and so give them a chance of reassuring themselves of his genius.

But the Victorians are beguiling us into their own leisureliness, and we must haste us on our way. To continue: There's a novel now first published some years after her death by an author whose first book became enormously popular in the last part of the nineteenth century, and one which quite possibly the older generation might like to have,—Olive Schreiner's "Undine" (Harpers). It's an early work, with familiar elements. With it might go, merely because it, too, deals with the South African scene, Sarah Gertrude Millin's "The Coming of the Lord" (Liveright), and Bess Streeter Aldrich's "A Lantern in Her Hand" (Appleton), the latter because the daily round of a mother's existence as there depicted is probably more typical of life in the nineteenth century than of that of today.

If any of your older friends lived in California in the vivid period when the gold rush was still lending picturesqueness to the state, he will no doubt welcome the gift of Constance Rourke's "Troupers of the Gold Coast" (Harcourt, Brace), wherein is unfolded the career of Lotta Crabtree, graduate of the gold camps of the High Sierras and of the gambling saloons and variety halls of San Francisco, and later the most popular soubrette of her day. Miss Rourke has introduced into her narrative many figures of the stage and off it widely noted in their time. Perhaps, however, you may wish to send a rather less anecdotal biography to your friend. If so, try "The Tragedy of Edward VII," by W. H. Edwards (Dodd, Mead), a documented study, or, if his taste runs rather to literature than history, "William Dean Howells —Life in Letters," edited by his daughter, Mildred Howells, and published by Doubleday, Doran. Maurois's "Disraeli" (Appleton), of course, if he has not already read it, cannot fail to meet his approval, and so also might Philip Guedalla's "Bonnet and Shawl" (Putnam), a series of sketches of the wives of British statesmen, and his "Gladstone-Palmerston Correspondence" (Harpers). Finally, just by way of proving that you don't think your friend of Victorian days too old-fashioned for present-day humor, send him Robert Benchley's "20,000 Leagues under the Sea or David Copperfield" (Holt). Its title, at least, will smack of the enthusiasms of his youth.

It takes three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves, is the saying. Well, it takes only one to make a modernist. The children of the ample Victorians are the creators and adherents of the modern in literature and art. If it's for them you are looking for presents in the bookshops you might start your purchases with some of the volumes that will interpret their age to themselves and follow those up with others that depict it through fiction and poetry. You might, for instance, for some philosophical-minded young person, who in his easy-going idiom may wonder "what all the shouting's for," select Walter Pitkin's "The Twilight of the American Mind" (Simon & Schuster), wherein he may discover if so it suits him to interpret it, that there are more brains than business opportunities for them in this sorry old world, or you might give him, who doubtless has read "Ulysses" and thought it a work of genius, "To the Pure" (Viking), by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, a discussion of censorship, or else bestow upon him Wyndham Lewis's "Childermass," that indeterminate narrative—either fiction or philosophical treatise as you may choose to regard it. He'll want, of course, to keep abreast of the novels of certain of the contemporary writers, so give him Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint" (Doubleday, Doran), or Michael Arlen's "Lily Christine" (Doubleday, Doran), or "Strange Fugitive" (Scribners), by Morley Callaghan (an author whose work will bear watching), "Swann's Way," by Marcel Proust, which the Modern Library has just issued in its neat, inexpensive series, or "The Second American Caravan" (Macaulay), which brings together the work of experimenters and established writers. Beverley Nichols's amusing and sometimes audacious characterizations of persons of note in "The Star Spangled Manner" (Doubleday, Doran) would doubtless prove entertaining to some up-to-date friend, and Bertrand Russell's "Sceptical Essays" (Norton) stimulating. Joseph Moncure March's powerful poetical narrative, "The Set-Up" (Covici-Friede), might go with these as also could Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (Vinal). Then, finally, you might top off your fiction and poetry as you began it, with books of analytical type, "Recent Gains in American Civilization," edited by Kirby Page (Harcourt, Brace), or "Whither Mankind?" (Longmans, Green), edited by Charles A. Beard. And that does for your modern friend.

Now that we are done with him, or have done for him, we suppose we've committed a *faux pas* by labeling him "modern." As though the business men, and lawyers, and politically minded for whom we are about to "bibliopsyche" (it looks queer; as we said before, we have our doubts) weren't quite as up-to-date as he, and for the matter of that the ministers, and housewives, and scholars that we've put into separate categories! O, well, let whom the shoe fits wear it.

Lawyers are a busy set; we know no others more given to night work and scant leisure for reading unless it be the journalists. So, in view of the fact that they'll probably be poring over briefs instead of indulging in literature, we've drawn up a short list for you to select gifts from for them. (Until we wrote it we wouldn't have believed it possible that from and for could come into such conjunction except through pure typographical error. We hold no brief—the legal influence has already entrapped us—for the elegance of the phrase, but we stand by its usefulness;) And we stand by our choice of a detective story for a lawyer, though crime may seem to lie too much in the field of his business to belong in that of his pleasure. Still, let him try it; we warrant it will hold him from his labors if it is Austin Freeman's "Like a Thief in the Night" (Dodd, Mead), or "The Prisoner in the Opal" (Doubleday, Doran), by A. E. W. Mason. If, on the other hand, you want to give him something as far removed as possible from a detective tale, get him Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West" (Knopf), which will furnish a winter's thinking if not reading, or the two volumes of the late Albert J. Beveridge's "Abraham Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin), or Abbé Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking" (Simon & Schuster). If he is so wedded to his work that he will have naught outside its field, you have a book ready to hand that he will surely find interesting in Judge Benjamin B. Cardozo's "Paradoxes of Legal Science" (Columbia University Press).

The tired business man! Poor, maligned creature, popularly supposed to have a mind too weary to cope with anything but frivolity and insipidity! We, for one, don't believe it, and just to prove our faith we've "psyched" him ((Heavens, we're in hot water again with that word) in such wise that the list for your choice is nothing lacking in dignity. Of course, it has a detective story (everybody likes detective stories) in "The Mystery of the Blue Train" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie, and a rattling good tale of adventure in George Preedy's "General Crack" (Dodd, Mead), in reading which the aforesaid tired business man can transport himself into lusty experience and stalk the stage in fancy dress. That's all the fiction we've vouchsafed you, though there's nothing but laziness that prevents us from appending a number of other novels. The trouble is with us, not with the business man. He's just as ready as any of the rest of us to enjoy Louis Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" (Stokes), or "Toilers of the Hills" (Houghton Mifflin), by Vardis Fisher, a tale of Idaho, or Galsworthy's "Swan Song" (Scribners), or Glenway Westcott's "Good-bye, Wisconsin" (Harpers). Now we've done it! We've let ourselves enumerate several novels instead of two when we haven't time, or perhaps space, for them. Honest confession is good for the soul, says the proverb, so we'll confess to the fact that we are writing this list in the knowledge that the *Review* is made up except for it, and that when completed it has to fit into the columns we inveigled the printers into holding open for it. If we write too much, the ministers, or the lawyers, or perhaps even the Victorians will have to be decapitated; if we write too little, we, we are afraid, shall lose our head. Rather they than we. Hence these parentheses.

But to return to our business man, or rather your business man. We imagine he would be glad to have you bestow upon him Count Egon Cæsar Conti's "Reign of the House of Rothschild" (Cosmopolitan), and with it, of course, Marcus Eli Ravage's "Romance of the Rothschilds" (Dial), or George Oudard's "The Amazing Life of John Law" (Payson & Clarke), or, since the Spanish-American countries bid fair under the incoming President to take on increasingly important business relations with us, Ernest Gruening's "Mexico and its Heritage" (Century), J. Fred Kippy's "Mexico" (University of Chicago Press), and Arthur Ruhl's "The Central Americans" (Scribners). Paul de Kruif's "Hunger Fighters" (Harcourt, Brace) would be

(*Continued on page* 476)

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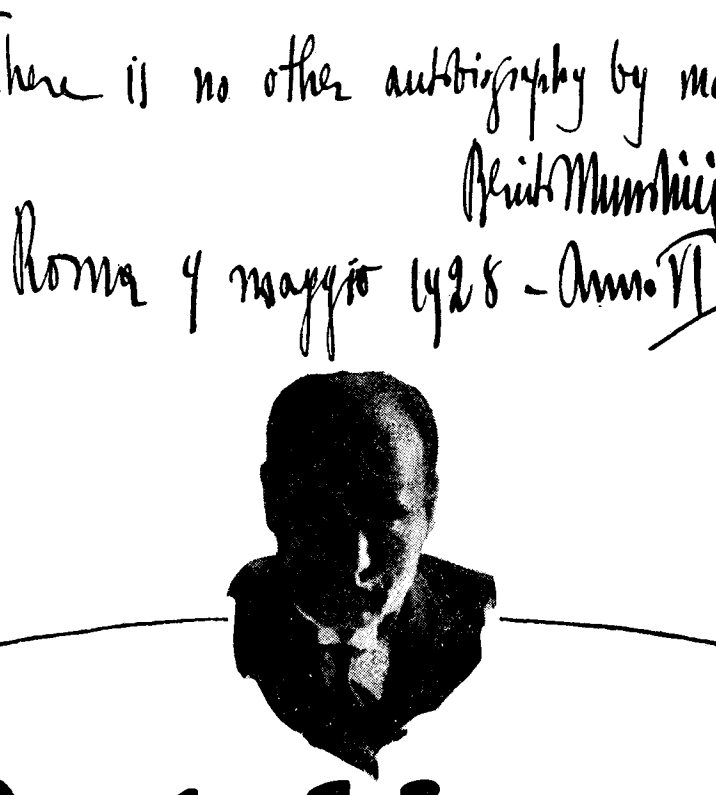
—Bishop Ernest M. Stires in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*



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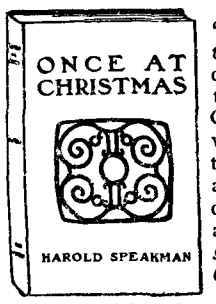

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Bibliopsyching

(*Continued from page* 474)

likely to interest the friend whose business in any way has to do with the production and distribution of foodstuffs and who has profited from the researches which have so increased their quantity and improved their quality, while in this day of extensive advertising W. A. Dwiggin's "Layout in Advertising Layout" (Covici, Friede) ought to appeal to almost all business men. And for them, as much as for any other group, Joseph Jastrow's "Keeping Mentally Fit" (Greenberg) would seem appropriate.

The year's yield of books seems unusually rich in volumes of interest to the clergy. We don't know how daring you are, or how tolerant of sporting with Biblical episode your minister may be, but we are sure neither you need fear nor he resent such a book as Elmer Davis's "Giant-Killer" (Day), wherein is set forth with much fidelity to detail the story of David and Goliath . You might give him, too, Louis Untermeyer's "Moses" (Harcourt, Brace), with the statement that the author does not pretend to adhere to the Biblical chronicle, and, if you are not afraid of offending his reverence, Philip Littell's "This Way Out" (Coward-McCann), the cleverest and most sacrilegious of the Adam and Eve stories, or R. C. Washburn's "Samson" (Sears). However, you will in all likelihood wish to give him something in addition to a novel. If you do, you have a number of biographies from which to choose. O, but we forgot. There's a charming collection of stories which your friend of the cloth might particularly enjoy —Jay William Hudson's "Abbé Pierre's People" (Appleton), one of those rare books that manage to distil the fragrance of humble society, and to clothe simple human relationships in tenderness.

Now that our interpolation is ended we'll return to the biographies we were about to recommend to you. There are several lives of John Wesley, one by Arnold Lunn (Dial), another by Abraham Lipsky (Simon & Schuster), a study entitled "John Wesley among the Scientists" (Abingdon), by F. W. Collier, and one called "Wesley's Legacy to the World" (Cokesbury), by J. Rattenbury. Then there's Katherine Ann Porter's "The Devil and Cotton Mather" (Harcourt, Brace), which ought to interest churchmen, Charles C. Sellars's life of the itinerant preacher, Lorenzo Dow (Minton, Balch), and a trio of books that either together or individually should prove welcome, Charles W. Ferguson's "Confusion of Tongues" (Doubleday, Doran), an account of the strange religious sects of America, Grover C. Lord's "Evangelized America" (Dial), and Winfred Ernest Garrison's "Catholicism and the American Mind" (Willett, Clark & Colby).

We are not as enthusiastic about the gift-psyching idea as we were when first we saw that ad of Wanamaker's in the newspapers. It's getting us into difficulties, for we can't seem to make our categories clear cut, and we gather from Wanamaker's copywriter that the essence of the scheme is "to choose gifts that appeal to the most highly developed sense in each individual." We've been attempting to substitute taste for sense, but we've decided that's all nonsense, for there's no reason on earth except the necessity of the occasion for assuming that the doctor won't be interested in H. G. Wells's "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" (Doubleday, Doran)—incidentally we've made a bad choice in selecting this title for the story hinges on an incident that lies directly in the path of the medical practitioner —or the lawyer in the three new volumes of the Pageant of America series just issued by the Yale University Press, or in Sidney Fay's "Origins of the War" (Macmilan). However, we're committed to bibliopsyching, so we shall continue on our dubious way.

There's that friend of yours whose interest has always been predominantly in history. Perhaps, we say it hopefully for this looks as if it were an opportunity to vindicate our bibliopsyching, this predominant interest is preëminently for Napoleon (that ought to raise the interest to the nth power). If so, give him Walter Geer's "Napoleon and His Family" (Brentano's) and Dmitri Merezkovsky's "Napoleon the Man" (Dutton), and so that he may have fiction together with history, Ford Madox Ford's "A Little Less than Gods" (Viking). Perhaps his interest in the first Napoleon descends to the third; if so, or anyway, give him Maurice Paléologue's "The Tragic Empress" (Harpers), a record of the intimate life of the Empress Eugénie largely based on conversation between the author and the exiled sovereign. Perhaps, too, his interest will embrace another tragically fated monarch of France, Marie-Antoinette. If it does, send him E. Barrington's well-conceived and well-written novel, "Empress of Hearts" (Dodd, Mead). Monarchs reminds us that there's a new volume by Lytton Strachey, always an event of its season, "Elizabeth and Essex" (Harcourt, Brace), which should furnish lively reading for the historically-minded friend. Then, too, you can make choice for him from among such books as Samuel McCoy's "This Man Adams" (Brentanos), John Buchan's "Montrose" (Houghton Mifflin), a history which has had its by-product in novels from the pen of Mr. Buchan, W. E. Woodward's lively "Meet General Grant" (Liveright), Harold Lamb's "Tamerlane: The World-Shaker" (that's such a grand, impressive, mouth-filling, awe-inspiring title that we can't resist putting it in in full), Cyril E. Robinson's "England" (Crowell), E. K. Rand's "Founders of the Middle Ages" (Harvard University Press), and Mary Stanard Baker's "The Story of Virginia's First Century" (Lippincott). And now, confronting us in solitary glory where it doesn't belong as much as it did under the psych, or the graph, or the psycho-graph or whatever you call the thing, for the lawyers, is Charles Warren's "The Making of the Constitution" (Little, Brown). Gentlemen, your compassion. There is a higher law than the Constitution, and that is the necessity that knows no law. We invoke it to excuse our failure to take the time to insert Mr. Warren's "The Making of the Constitution" under the category in which it belongs. No, we're not quite through with suggestions for your historically minded friend yet. We're got two plums in store for him the shape of Stephen Vincent Benét's stirring and notable "John Brown's Body" (Doubleday, Doran), one of the most important poetical works to have made their appearance in this country in recent years, and William Byrd's "A Journey to the Land of Eden" which Macy-Masius have reissued.

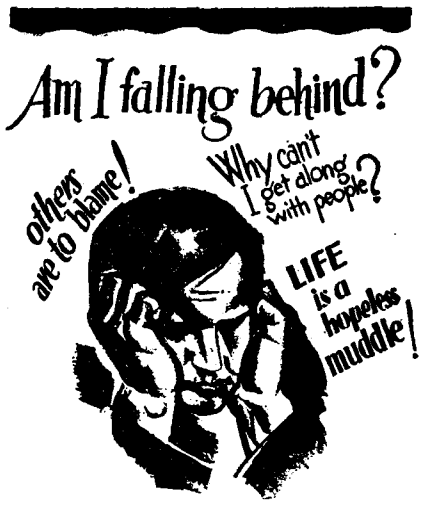
We can't honestly say that we think a very fine line is to be drawn between the man who is interested in the Civil War and the World War. Still, since we have embarked on these categories, we're putting the former in the group we call your historically-minded friends, and the latter in that of the international-minded. What is that quotation we are fumbling around in our mind for? Ah, we have it.

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.

Well, that's the position we've railroaded ourselves into. (And we were always brought up to believe you should never end a sentence on a preposition. However—) Now to bibliopsych the internationally-minded.

Most certainly the student of the war and the events that led up to it should be interested in the "Memories and Reflections" of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith (Little, Brown), in the third and fourth volumes of "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Charles Seymour, which have just appeared, and in Prince Lichnowsky's "Heading for the Abyss" (Payson & Clarke). Undoubtedly, too, he will want to read "My Autobiography" (Scribners), by Mussolini, and William Martin's "Statesmen of the War" (Minton, Balch), and Lord Beaverbrook's "Politicians and the War" (Doubleday, Doran). If you wish to spice more weighty consideration of matters of international moment with the salt of fiction send him Simeon Strunsky's novel, "King Akhnaton" (Longmans, Green), in which a parallel is drawn between Woodrow Wilson and the Egyptian King, and Arnold Zweig's powerful tale of the war, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" (Viking), a work which has just been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and which has already won golden opinions in Europe. And you might add to it another volume, this time not fiction, which has been much discussed abroad, Julien Benda's "The Treason of the Intellectuals" (Morrow), a discussion in which the author undertakes to demonstrate that the intellectuals, who of all groups might most be expected to cast their

(*Continued on page* 489)



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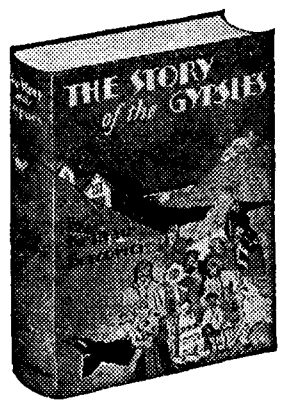
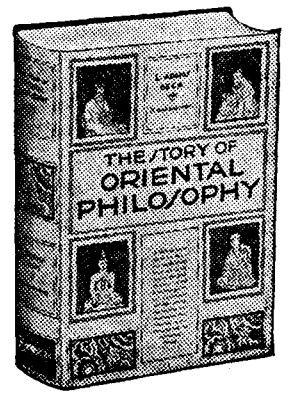
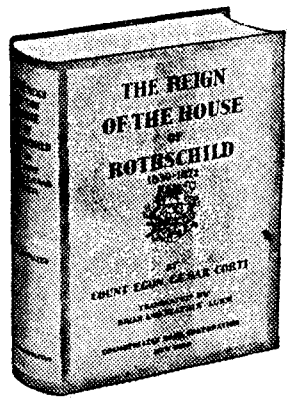
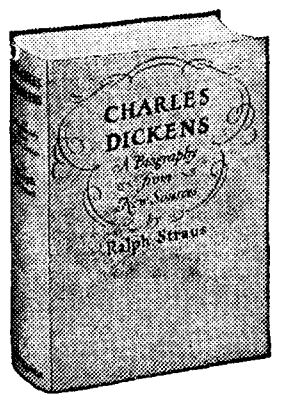
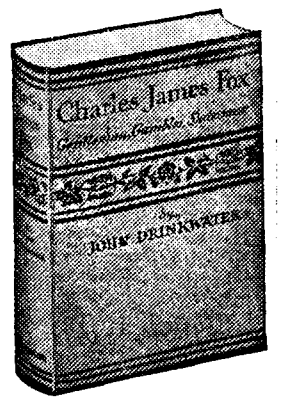
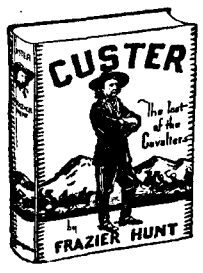






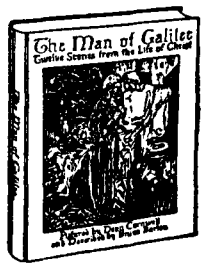


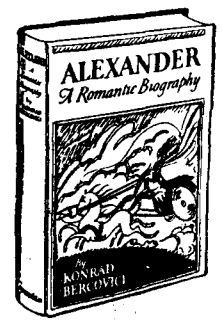




IMPORTANT GIFTS

All these books are new, successful and highly praised. All are so brightly and charmingly written that you eliminate guesswork in making them your Christmas selections. Tear out this page and keep it for reference.





THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

By COUNT EGON CAESAR CORTI

How the five brothers of the Frankfort Ghetto, constituting the most powerful financial unit in history, used their billions to dominate European governments. Emil Ludwig exclaims "Splendid." Even more thrilling than "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," a best seller on the American Library Association's list of 50 best books of 1928, a book which the editor of Encyclopedia Britannica said every man ought to read. Illustrated in photogravure. $5.00. (Boxed with "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," $10.00).

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY

By L. ADAMS BECK

Here we burst upon the philosophy of an entire hemisphere. Asiatic culture becomes intelligible. Buddha, Confucius and the other age-old pioneers of thought appear in street clothes. George Dorsey calls this best seller "a masterpiece of humanization." L. Cranmer-Byng, Editor of the "Wisdom of the East" series says: "There is no book in the field of Oriental philosophy that can challenge comparison with 'The Story of Oriental Philosophy.'" Beautifully illustrated. $5.00.

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By CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

At least a half dozen news syndicates have already featured this Blackfoot Chief as a figure unique in history. Long Lance as a boy fought, hunted, suffered the tortures of a brave, unaware of modern civilization. Today he tells of the culture now extinct with what the N. Y. Times calls " a notable mastery of vivid and forceful English." Authorities such as Mary Austin (in *The Saturday Review*, and Paul Radin (in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*) praise these memoirs. And periodicals of most varied interests feature "Long Lance,"—some as great narrative, some as philosophy, some as Americana, some as literature. Illustrated. $2.50.

THE STORY of the GYPSIES

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

The publication of this graphic history of the million wandering survivors of a prehistoric civilization was sufficiently a news event to receive full-page mention in *The Literary Digest*. *The Boston Transcript* says: "The book is fascinating. It is a glorious romance of a romantic people." *The N. Y. Times*: "Bercovici is an authority on a subject so illusive that he starts practically alone, a monopolist of learning." Illustrated in three colors. $4.00.

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By LOTHROP STODDARD

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By the Director of Good Housekeeping Studio

"It is just as economical to be artistic," says Miss Koues. With the Metropolitan Museum of Art for authority and Good Housekeeping Studio as a laboratory, Miss Koues develops the technique of making the home cheerful, comfortable, artistic. Miss Koues has thought of everything the average housewife will want to know and her book "bears the stamp of authority."—*Brooklyn Citizen*. Nearly 300 illustrations. $5.00.

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By RALPH STRAUS

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Twelve scenes from the life of Christ. A reverent, present-day interpretation of "the greatest story in the world." Illustrated in full colors. $2.50.

Fiction

ENTER SIR JOHN

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and HELEN SIMPSON

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A highly artistic character study of the fast-disappearing cow country, recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

John Riddell, in *Vanity Fair*, says: "Frederick Remington's mantle has descended to Ross Santee as the greatest living portrayer of the real West. Personally I think 'Cowboy' is a great book." With 38 Santee sketches (on exhibition at the American Institute of Graphic Arts). $2.50.

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A best seller. Peter B. Kyne, the inimitable creator of "Cappy Ricks," for years has gathered the illuminating facts of the usurpation of Hispano-California during the gold rush of '49.

Into this setting he launches the zestful romance of Dermod D'Arcy, Irish nobleman, in his quest of yellow sand and a lovely Spanish lady. Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead. $2.00. (Special edition, profusely illustrated in two colors. $5.00).

ALL ABOARD

By IRVIN S. COBB

A saga of the romantic river Tennessee. "All Aboard" causes *The Literary Lantern* to write of Cobb as "The altogether delightful and absorbing raconteur, whose astonishing talent for sheer narrative succeeds in conveying from the printed page the impression that you are listening to his voice, getting a warm, human glow into the book." $2.00.

THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW

By S. FOWLER WRIGHT

"It is for those who like a roaring adventure tale—and are willing to be kept up at night until the tale is done."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

Mr. Wright is also the author of "Deluge," the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. $2.00.

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A Christmas list for the discriminating reader

NON-FICTION

TWO ANGLO-SAXON PLAYS

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The author of *Power* reveals in these two plays, *Warren Hastings* and *The Oil Islands*, that he is as fine a playwright as novelist. $2.50

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Casanova Stendhal Tolstoy

by STEFAN ZWEIG

Brilliant biographical studies which Ludwig Lewisohn calls "Greatly conceived and nobly executed. It is all magnificent." $3.50

A SON OF EARTH

by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

The collected poems and poetic autobiography of one of America's leading poets, author of *Two Lives*. $3.00. *Limited autographed edition.* $7.50

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The Tongue of the Hidden

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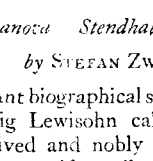
by CLARENCE K. STREIT

A handsome gift book of verse which rivals in content and translation Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*. Printed in two colors. $2.00



TO THE PURE

A Study of Obscenity and the Censor

by MORRIS L. ERNST AND WILLIAM SEAGLE

The case against and history of censorship set down in lively and authoritative manner. Aldous Huxley, Havelock Ellis, George Jean Nathan, Edna Ferber, Ludwig Lewisohn, John Dewey, Gilbert Gabriel, and William Allen White recommend it. $3.00

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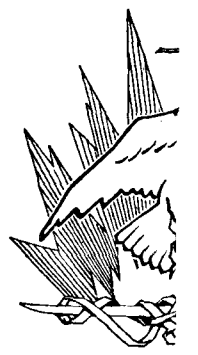
by the American public as a sensational selling success



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By ARNO

Grischa must die so that discipline may live. sick from injustice, will die with him. So n war, and the woman who loved him, suffer taken the story of one humble lovable man ar WANGER calls it "the first great nov Translated from the Ge In its 65th tho

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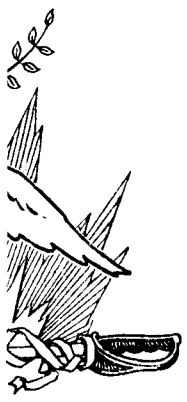

SE OF

GRISCHA

D ZWEIG

rischa must not die or the soul of a nation, argued, while Grischa, escaped prisoner of in bewildered suspense. Arnold Zweig has nade of it an epic of all men. LION FEUCHT-et written anywhere about the war."
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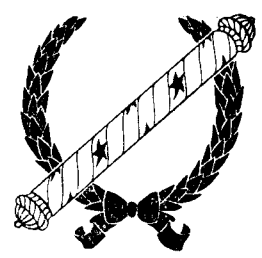

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS

By FORD MADOX FORD

Fate decreed that young Feilding, worshipping at the twin shrines of greatness and love, was to play an important role in the lives of Napoleon, of Marshal Ney, of Assheton Smith and of those other supermen who by their human frailties were just a little less than gods. "Here is passion, the very quintessence of human emotions, the infinite pathos of fallen greatness and the hopelessness of tragic love. I should be inclined to place it in the very forefront of modern historical novels."—S. MORGAN POWELL in *The Montreal Star*. *Second large printing.* $2.50

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A Christmas list for the discriminating reader

FICTION

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by MARISTAN CHAPMAN

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JINGLING IN THE WIND

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The author of *The Time of Man* has written a gay and diverting satire which Mary Ross in *The Herald Tribune* calls "wisdom in motley." $2.00

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PAX
THE ADVENTUROUS HORSE

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Sour Grapes

By GERALD CHITTENDEN

"NO one but a blockhead, Sir, ever wrote for anything but money," said Dr. Johnson. The old bear's growl is, as it always was, tonic, and is indicated in all cases of literary failure. For there is a sort of hypochondria which afflicts unsuccessful authors, cozening them into blaming the public for their own inadequacy. Often, they call themselves too proud or too honest to give the public what it wants, and are blind to the narrow and shifting line which divides sycophancy from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. It is one thing to pander to the public's untutored lusts, and quite another to serve its legitimate demands. The author is the cook in the intellectual restaurant, and the publisher the waiter; if they cease trying to shove each other into the soup, they may be able to popularize a new dish, but they must always be aware of the desperate efforts which their customers make to find something familiar in the most exotic concoction. It is probably difficult to sell *moules à la marinière* to anyone who does not like steamed clams.

The public, indeed, has a virgin palate. It likes the truth, I think, so long as the truth is cousin to its experience; it never did enjoy caviar. Just at present, it is gobbling sex with a certain greed, because it knows enough about sex to grasp at an understanding of even erudite terminology, and because its immediate progenitors got their sex from a bootlegger. It enjoys stories about parsons which prove that virtue is rare; it reads stories about boys because it thinks they are young devils, and about children because it knows they are little angels; it takes much sugar in its love tales because there has been sugar in its own experience of love. Follow Münsterberg's method—mention one word, and John Citizen thinks of another without effort or ratiocination; the line of connotation is the line for authors to follow if they would live on their checks. Point your finger at the poor old man in the street—who, God knows, is generally a target for more than fingers—and say to him: "Central America!" He will answer, "Revolutions!" as the Dormouse answered "Treacle!"—without thinking at all. Say "Teacher!" to him, and he, recalling the days of his youth, grows reminiscently sore behind and replies, "Tyrant!" This fact brings me to the kernel of my screed.

I am a teacher, and I do not think that I am a tyrant. I am also intimately acquainted with Central America, and know many Central Americans who are frightfully bored with revolutions. Suffering as I do from writer's itch in a chronic and exaggerated form, I have been writing stories and articles for twenty years and have sold about one a year. I bear no grudge against editors, who have always treated me with courtesy and consideration, and have often told me both pleasant and unpleasant truth about my stuff. I have, however, a vivid and natural curiosity about the reasons for so meager a return from so much more or less intelligent work. My enemies say that the answer is simple enough—that I simply cannot write—but that statement is absurd, and I refuse to consider it. I will admit, if pressed, that many of my rejections have been richly deserved, and I do wish that some of the frightful drivel with which I have cumbered the mails in my time would cease to haunt me in evil dreams. Bad work aside—and I have done enough of it to warrant my commitment to a lunatic asylum—certain vulgar errors have blocked my way to success. Customers persist in sending the waiters back with my *moules à la marinière* and asking me for steamed clams. They want their schoolteachers to be absent-minded halfwits with nasty dispositions; they want their Central Americans to be saddle-colored homicides. These are the accepted types. Originality may be the reproduction of a type with a difference, but the type reproduced should at least be a credible one.

One may say with sufficient justice that "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" fixed the type of pedagogue for all time. Ichabod Crane sits as the ghostly censor of all school stories—a task most congenial to him—and insists that, whatever schoolteachers may be in real life, in fiction they must be stupid, shabby, and ridiculous. Having no strength, they may be pathetic figures, but they can never be heroes of tragedy or victorious characters in the comedy of life. This dictatorship or caricature is opposed to the experience of most men and most women, for few people are so often regarded with genuine affection as teachers are. Even the man whose schooldays were the most uncongenial will say pleasant things about at least one man or woman who has taught him, and, when one of his old teachers visits his city, will turn out the guard for him and exhaust hospitality to make his stay agreeable. Nevertheless, in fiction the teacher must be the butt, so that the boy who has never grown up may laugh when he slips on a banana peel or sits down on a tack. The atmosphere of a well-run school to-day is apt to be friendly, and the bar between the pupils and the teachers may be easily overleapt; in fiction it must be impassable, so that the stock situations may be developed. If the teacher's character is to be slightly humanized, he must be a futile dodderer, frustrated in every effort he has made in life.

To illustrate. I once sold a story about a schoolmaster. It was a good story, but the artist who illustrated it did me much evil. My hero was a vigorous personality with nothing vague about him. He had spent many years in his profession, and liked it—was, in fact, absorbed in it, except at those flat moments that come to all of us. I conceived him as a man of fifty-five or perhaps sixty, a fair golfer for his age, fond of the country, and clad as a rule in tweeds—a man in excellent physical shape, with a sense of humor that did not slap one on the back, but rather trickled through his life. He was, in short, such a man as most of my teaching friends are, or will be when they grow older, and I liked him. That confounded illustrator afflicted him with long gray hair, like a Shetland pony just off grass, a mustache to strain soup with, and knees that he could never have held straight in his life—oh, most weak hams. He dressed the poor devil in an antiquated frock coat with putative grease spots on the lapels, and plumped him down in the middle of a semi-formal evening when everyone else was wearing a dinner coat. The fellow domiciled him, moreover, in what seemed to be the housefurnishing department of a big store. His wife apparently allowed the general maid to serve tea and other meals in a filthy Mother Hubbard, and his breakfast table was bedizened with electrical gadgets instead of with apparatus appropriate to a man of social tradition and surface. But it was the frock coat that most exasperated me. He wore it in the evening when he was expecting guests, and in the morning when he wasn't; I think he slept in it, and if he did, he was an unquiet sleeper. I suppose I ought to be grateful to this pencil-pushing slave, as his pictorial monstrosities may have enticed conventional souls to read the tale. I am not grateful. The Lord reward him according to his works!

The story sold, perhaps because it contained the suggestion that that artist developed. My man was not living victoriously, in the cant sense of the term; he had not ridden rough-shod over all obstacles and built his life according to his own plan. He had meant when young to become a surgeon, and had allowed circumstances to force him into another channel. That was weakness, perhaps, but once in his new line of life, he had made the most of it, as the senile palterer of the illustrations could never have done. All of that was made evident in the story, but the implication remained that he had slipped into teaching instead of climbing into it; therefore, the popular idea of the profession as a harbor for derelicts was sustained. I have written other stories about teachers and have sold none of them, because, as I believe, they attempted the introduction of a new type instead of dealing with a variant of the accepted one.

In dealing with Central America, my experiences have been similar; I have sold two or three stories which happened to be near enough to the popular conception. One of them was about voodoo in Haiti, and another about an engineer not unlike Clay in "Soldiers of Fortune." The illustrators did not enrage me as much, though the vegetation of their backgrounds belonged in Rarotonga and not in Port-au-Prince or Guatemala. The characters and the situations in these were fairly conventional; one emphasized the superiority of the Nordic race, and another set forth the destructive influence of hot countries inhabited by sinister and pigmented magicians. Therefore, they sold, and one of them at least attracted considerable attention.

Now, it cannot be denied that there are pedants in teaching and bandits in Central America. It is even possible that in years gone by no other sort of men existed in these backgrounds. Twenty years ago, when my association with the tropics began, I knew many beachcombers who had forgotten what their names were back in the States; most of them have staggered up the beach and vanished, giving place to a superior type. The soldiers of fortune, too, who were never anything but renegades, have played their hands out and ended—courageously, I must confess—with their backs against adobe walls. The change began when we took over the Canal Zone and attacked tropical diseases and tropical living conditions—a utilitarian effort which has had profound political effects, just now beginning to be evident in the changing point of view of tropical populations. When life is miserable, as it was twenty years ago for both native and foreigner, violence ensues; improve living conditions, and the advocates of violence tend to become a minority. The change in Central American conditions has been adumbrated in various articles, but, in so far as I know, has not yet been expressed in fiction, except in one fine novel of my own which no publisher in the country will accept.

A similar change has come over the spirit and personnel of schoolteaching—living conditions have been improved and violence is no longer the approved method of administration. Ever more often, one hears the perplexed layman offer to a teacher his greatest compliment—"You're the damnedest schoolteacher I ever met." He means well, and sees a glimmer of the light, but he will not read stories about pedagogues made human. Yet he is genuinely and sometimes intelligently interested in education.

Here then is my dilemma. I know well two kinds of life which have in them elements of popular interest. I cannot write the accepted type of tale about either of them; believing in Dr. Johnson's dictum, I have tried to, shamelessly. I cannot sell a story which delineates a new type of teacher or Central American. Yet it seems to me important that the truth about these two aspects of life should be told, in so far as one man may tell it. A conviction that one's subject is important is, of course, a dangerous obsession for a writer of fiction, tending as it does to overload the fable with purpose, so that one's characters run the risk of becoming merely embodied vices and virtues with no blood in them. Yet a lack of conviction is equally dangerous; one must have something to say, however desirable it may be to eschew propaganda.

The whole problem seems to me to have far more than a merely personal importance. All characters and all backgrounds were once new to fiction; most of them were new at some time during the nineteenth century, for fiction then was in its adolescence. To be sure, villain and hero had appeared on the stage for some centuries previous; the motives of the drama, moreover, are the same as the motives of fiction. But the burden laid upon the novelist and the short story writer is in a way heavier than that laid on the dramatist. A man finds it easy to believe anything that he sees well acted, for at a play the critical sense is apt to be submerged. The introduction of novelty, therefore, has a better chance of success on the stage than between covers, and the drama can carry more propaganda than the novel. Consider in this connection the long life of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a play and its relatively sort span in its original form. It is not impossible, then, that new characters and new methods of treatment must ease their way into fiction through the stage, which in turn may derive its material direct from life, however unfamiliar the sort of life selected may be to the audience. Ibsen's plays probably made the public hospitable to the introspective novel, and, as far as English writing is concerned, preceded it.

It may be also that fiction tends inevitably to become the literature of escape, and that the reading public, or that section of it which seeks the truth, will turn increasingly to the fiction-flavored biographies which have recently been appearing in such great numbers. The men who write them have learned much from the art of fiction, and, more than any of their predecessors in the field, seek to expose the pattern of their subjects' lives. They therefore select such details as develop the design, they deepen the shadows and heighten the lights, so that their results, though true in the main, have all the lure of lies. How far the product is legitimate biography is another question and a large one. Naturally, they choose to write about extraordinary men, individuals rather than types with a difference, and their originality is therefore different in kind from that to which a writer of fiction is limited. For readers, knowing that Napoleon and George Sand and Barnum really lived, accept their unique qualities for the truth, as they never have accepted and never will accept the unique qualities of fictitious characters. Sanderson of Oundle, a schoolmaster, has recently appeared in this galaxy; Bernal Diaz has come up for the third time within the year, and Las Casas may be expected to emerge shortly. After these, we may soon have a thickening flight of academic and Central American lives; still later, a drama with Dr. Arnold or Porfirio Diaz as the central character may play to crowded houses, and then, at long last, there will be a brisk demand for my stories.

I begin to grow hopeful. "Damn the present! I will write for posterity!"—unless Dr. Johnson was altogether right.

In which case, I am, and may remain, a blockhead.

A Schooner Yacht

THE PERFECT SHIP. By WESTON MARTYR. New York: Ivers Washburn. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

HERE is an enthralling book by an amateur sailor who has something authentic to tell us. Weston Martyr has sailed many seas in small boats, he has his idea of what a small boat should be, and he has written his story so sympathetically that we share his happy experiences in building and sailing his "perfect ship." The outline of the story is simple: Two men, fed up with New York office life, sink all their money in the building of a small schooner yacht. They go down to Nova Scotia to watch the workmen and have a hand in the building. When the schooner is ready for sea, they put off on a trial trip to the middle of the North Atlantic, enduring gales and squalls and calms and lovely sailing weather, and wind up in New York when their food gives out. Just as starvation is about to become acute they sell their schooner for more than it cost to build her. One poignant adventure and the story ends.

This, you will say, is a plain, unvarnished tale that can have no conceivable appeal for anyone not fanatically interested in the construction and handling of sailboats. But the case is otherwise. Although possessed of an overwhelming interest in yacht cruising, I confess to a total lack of interest in the fashioning of boats that will cruise. I expected to skim the first half of the book and devour the cruising half. Instead I learned that building a boat is as fascinating as sailing her—when the author has the literary gift to make it seem so.

And this gift Martyr has. Take, for instance, the brief catalogue of the sights he saw on landing in the maritime town of Sheldon, N. S.:

"Sailmaker—sewing by *hand* the seams in a mainsail, 75 feet in the hoist!

Blacksmith—making hanks. (Communication between Smith and Helper apparently telepathic.)

Irate old gentleman—hoisting dory out of bedroom window. (Reasons unknown.)

Black gentleman—putting eye-splice in a wire bobstay. (Plough steel. Gory job.)

Spar-maker—shaping mast with adze. (Highly exciting.)

Etc., etc., etc."

The inference is immediately drawn that the blacksmith, the black gentleman, and even the irate old gentleman who yanks dories out of bedroom windows, will play their parts in the building of the perfect ship, and that what they have a hand in will be worth reading about. So the event proves. All Sheldon contributes something either of labor or material to the building of the schooner, and by the time she is slid down the ways you know as much about a friendly, congenial community as you do about the building of the ship.

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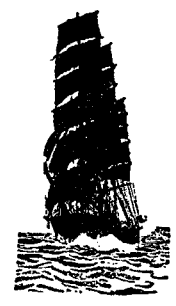

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Good Books for the Young

By HELEN FERRIS
Editor Girls' Department, *Youth's Companion*

THOSE especially interested in books for boys and girls in their early 'teens have real cause for rejoicing in one aspect of this season's offerings for them—as, indeed, in others. But for the moment I am thinking of the increasing number that are lovely to look at as well as worth while to read.

For years books for our very young have been getting steadily away from stereotyped form. They have been definitely and widely experimental in their use of all types of illustration, of flat color—in all the details of format, in fact. And over that same period these books for our smallest have become progressively lovelier and more entertaining in appearance.

Experimentation in the book presentation of stories for boys and girls in their early 'teens has been conspicuously more cautious. There has been the matter of cost, for one thing. The stories themselves are longer than those for the younger children, meaning more paper and type before you get to the illustrations at all. But chiefly, I think, there has been the doubt in the minds of many as to whether these older boys and girls really do care for many pictures or decorations in their books. After all, isn't a rattling good story the essential? The answer which has prevailed is to be found in the books themselves, half-tone illustrations, photographic in character, scattered at wide intervals through the story on insets of glossy paper.

There have been lovely exceptions, of course. I have had it in mind for a long time to ask about the sales of these exceptions. Have they gone well? What have boys and girls thought of them? Have they noticed the pictures? Is there any way of telling how two books similar in content but of the contrasting types of format have compared in demand? The answers lie darkly in publishing records, but it would be interesting and significant to know.

❧ ❧

But now—this season's list. It is almost as though May Massee and Louise Seaman and Marion Fiery and the rest had gotten together and decided to batter down the formula. (Perhaps they did!) Certainly the appearance simultaneously for our older boys and girls of books whose appearance alone is a delight must mean that the capable heads of our children's book departments, who are practical as well as sensitized, have come to the conclusion that this particular audience is not indifferent to beauty and that there will be a definite demand for beautiful books.

❧ ❧

Here is "Heroes from Hakluyt," edited by Charles Finger and illustrated by Paul Honoré. It was a long time before I could tear myself from those illustrations. But when I did—! If you have a boy or girl addicted to pirates and doughty deeds, don't expect him to wash the car before he has finished "Heroes from Hakluyt." Here is "Knickerbocker's History of New York," edited by Anne Carroll Moore and illustrated by James Daugherty, with plenty of fun thrown in along with the rest. Here is "Ghond the Hunter," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, the story of a boy's growing up in India. "The Dragon Fly of Zuni," by Alida Malkus, illustrated by Erick Berry, one of the most excellent of this year's girls' stories. "Girls in Africa," written and illustrated by the same Erick Berry, telling of girls she met in Africa, and you see them, too. "The Road to Cathay," by Merriam Sherwood and Elmer Mantz, gallant adventurer of Marco Polo's time, history far removed from the old text-book kind and of a theme of which the illustrator, William Siegel, has taken happy advantage. "The Boy Who Was," by Grace Taber Hallock and decorated by Harrie Wood, also a sign post of the newer presentation of history for the young, with Mr. Wood's drawings interpreting the story exquisitely. "Abe Lincoln Grows Up," the first twenty-seven chapters of Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln," and James Daugherty again putting us in his debt for the illustrations. Pamela Bianco's exquisite selection from William Blake's poems, "The Land of Dreams," illustrated by Pamela herself.

I am hoping books such as these are a portent. It is interesting that without exception those which I have mentioned are laid either in the past or in especially picturesque scenes which lend themselves to decorative illustration. I should like to see more present-day, here-and-now stories in books of the same loveliness and the same verve. Wouldn't a football story illustrated by James Daugherty be fun, for instance? (Mr. Daugherty may not welcome this suggestion!)

What if then, in the last analysis, part of this young audience prove indifferent to the appearance of their books? If the story they want is there, they will go to it unhindered. And think of the effect that merely the exposure to fine type and beautiful illustration will inevitably have upon the development of their taste. May the sales of these, our lovely books for boys and girls in their 'teens, rise and rise and rise!

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

No. SIX JOY STREET. By WALTER DE LA MARE, COMPTON MACKENZIE, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY HOUR BOOK, The Second Play Hour. By STEVEN SOUTHWOLD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH. Edited by ROSE FYLEMAN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE TREASURE CAVE. Edited by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by MARY B. GRAY

HERE are four of those delightful story-poem-picture books that make such good presents for voracious young readers. They are to the one-story volume as a large lollipop to a lozenge, except that better than a lollipop they may be consumed again and again. They are all written with the kind of imagination and humor that grown-ups like as well as children. Indeed, we should liken these volumes to a many-ringed circus to which several grown-ups will feel it necessary to escort one child and, once there, will not know which ring to look at first.

The "Joy Street" books, originating in England, were the first of these modern "Parents' Assistants" to come to our attention. They proved so popular that now we have "Number Six," just as interesting, just as well illustrated as ever, with names like those of Walter de la Mare, Lawrence Housman, Eleanor Farjeon, Lord Dunsany among its contributors.

Last year Steven Southwold came out with a similar volume called "The Children's Play Hour." This year we have "The Second Play Hour" or what is evidently going to be another annual, very similar to "No. Six Joy Street," not quite so prettily printed; not quite, we think, so good in its literary standard, but with a goodly array of the best modern English authors for children and very attractive illustrations. Interspersed we find some old favorites like Thackeray, Andersen, and Thomas Hood, and chapter of parlor games, riddles and directions for making things.

Very similar to the foregoing, but even better, is Miss Rose Fyleman's Collection called "Round the Mulberry Bush." Here the authors are all very modern, including such writers as Humbert Wolfe, Hugh Lofting, Eleanor Farjeon, Mr. Bruce of the Antarctic Expedition, with an equally impressive list of illustrators. We must quote the first verse of a poem called "Spring Cleaning," by Barbara Euphan Todd, to give our readers a taste of this collection:

The wardrobes smell of turpentine and lavender and bees,
And out of doors the tiny buds are pricking all the trees;
The chairs are all in overalls, the rugs are on the lawn,
A witch's husband came to sweep the chimney pots at dawn.

"The Treasure Cave, a Book of New Prose and Verse," is the name of the fourth book, which is edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith and contains a very charming fairy tale of a princess with a freckle, by Lady Asquith herself. There are other authors here not so usually associated with children's stories, Rafael Sabatini, Arthur Machen, Hilaire Belloc, Algernon Blackwood, for instance, while Eleanor Farjeon and Walter de la Mare appear again with A. H. Watson and Daphne Jerrold doing most of the illustrations. This book must be classified as a bit uncertain as to age, Mr. Sabatini's historical story being for much older readers than Lady Asquith's fairy-story, and some of the poems younger than either, two of them so cynical that most editors would have considered them fit only for the already demoralized ears of grown-ups!

POLLY PATCHWORK. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. 75 cents.

LITTLE DOG TOBY. By RACHEL FIELD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $1.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA WITHINGTON.

THE first of these delightfully little books is labeled "suitable for children up to seven," and the second, "for children up to ten." Books written expressly for small children are seldom interesting to the weary adult who is asked to read them aloud. But one finds in Rachel Field's work enough character, atmosphere, and charm to carry one through several repetitions to interested young listeners. "Polly Patchwork" has an exciting patchwork wrapper devised by Miss Field, and the illustrations by the author of the indomitable, gay little grandmother and the equally stout-hearted granddaughter, exactly bear out the spirit of the tale.

"Little Dog Toby," also illustrated by the author, has many of the qualities of the most desirable English Christmas stories. The atmosphere of the English country side and early Victorian London with the rise of yellow dog Toby from the obscurity of the wrong side of the Park to the enviable position of the most celebrated Punch and Judy actor in the City, are interesting. But added to all this there is such a heartening description of a Christmas Party at Buckingham Palace, where Toby is bidden to entertain the children, that the book is sure to appeal to any young dog lover at Christmas time.

ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE. The Larger and the Smaller Beasts. By ERIC FITCH DAGLISH. New York: William Morrow. 1928. 2 vols.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

A CHILD'S mind is literally photographic, and I fear after going through these two little volumes any normal youngster would very reasonably believe that all wild animals were black. Mr. Daglish has illustrated his work with creatures done in blackest black, with joints and shadows and markings picked out in white. It is striking, but is it art for children? Most are correct, although the enormous scales on the pangolin would make it a new genus in the eyes of any systematist. Accompanying each portrait is a page of facts, set forth simply and in short sentences, reliable and selected with good judgment. It seems to me that even crude colors would be preferable for children's books. They certainly are for grown-ups.

THE LAND OF DREAMS. Poems by WILLIAM BLAKE, selected and illustrated by PAMELA BIANCO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

TO acquaint a child with poetry such as is containued in Blake's "Songs of Innocence," decorated with designs so beautifully naïve as those of Pamela Bianco, one of the artistic prodigies of our time, is to develop early a sense of discrimination in regard to beauty. We can recommend the present impeccably presented thin book as a delight to the child who is at all artistically inclined. Miss Bianco's introductory "letter" to Mr. Blake is entirely delightful. Children will perfectly understand it. Not all the poems included are from "Songs of Innocence," but all are lovely. Famous ones are "The Land of Dreams," "The Little Black Boy," "Infant Joy," "Nurse's Song," "The Lamb," "Holy Thursday," "A Cradle Song," "The Tiger." This is an excellent introduction to the poetry of Blake, illustrated with the rarest delicacy.

Good Christmas Gifts

SOME of the most charming volumes and the best literary material of the season are to be found amongst the reprints and new editions of old favorites. Here is a list of books, not elsewhere reviewed, for the convenience of the Christmas buyer.

Outstanding for skilful editing (by Virginia Kirkus) is "Ben Hur." By Lew Wallace. Harper. $2. Is an edition large and solidly well made.

Outstanding for illustration are: "The Princess and the Goblin." By George Macdonald. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. "The Lonesomest Doll." By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham in a new and simpler style. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75; "The White Company." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Harper. $2.50. "Drums." By James Boyd. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Scribner's. $2.50. But the child will relish anyone of the following volumes for assorted reasons:

"The Coral Island." By R. M. Ballantyne. Illustrated by W. H. Groome. Nelson. $1.50.

"Tartan Tales from Andrew Lang." Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. Edited by Bertha L. Gunterman. Longmans, Green. $2.

"Davy and the Goblin." By Charles S. Carryl. Houghton Mifflin. $2. Old line illustrations by E. B. Bensell and new color plates by Herman S. Bacharach. Riverside Series.

"Smuggler's Island." By Clarissa A. Kneeland. Houghton Mifflin. $2. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

"The Rose and the Ring." By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated by J. H. Tinker. Brentanos. $2.50.

"Pinocchio." By Collodi. Translated by M. A. Murray. Illustrated by K. Weise. Nelson. $1.50.

"Prester John." By John Buchan. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

"Under the Lilacs." By Louisa Alcott. Beacon Old Classics Series. Little, Brown.

"Old Friends Among the Fairies." From fairy stories edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by G. P. Jacomb Hood, H. J. Ford, and Lancelot Speed. Longmans, Green. $2.

"Sugar and Spice." By Mary W. Tileston. Illustrated by Marguerite Davis. Little, Brown. $2.50 net. Familiar verses for little children.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." By Selma Lägerlof. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

"The Nürnberg Stove." By Ouida. The Little Library. Pictures by Frank Boyd. Macmillan. $1.

"Dame Wiggins of Lee, and Her Seven Wonderful Cats." By John Ruskin. 22 woodcuts, including illustrations by Kate Greenaway. Dutton. $1.

"Tales by Washington Irving." Selected and edited by Carl Van Doren. World's Classics Series. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

"Jolly Good Times at School." By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated by Helen Mason Grose. Little, Brown. $2.

"Gulliver's Travels." By Jonathan Swift. Edited by Harvey Darton. Illustrated by René Bull. Stokes. $2.

"The Lively City O' Ligg." By Gelette Burgess. Illustrated by the author. Stokes. $2.50.

"Adventures of Don Quixote." By Cervantes. Adapted by Edwin Giles Rich. Illustrated by Herman L. Bacharach. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50.

"The Counterpane Fairy." Told and illustrated by Katherine Pyle. Dutton. $2.

"Boots of the Holly-Tree Inn." By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Marie A. Dawson. Harper. $1.50 net.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. Tenniel drawings and illustrations by Gertrude A. Kay. Lippincott. $1.50.

"The Song of Hiawatha." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by M. L. Kirk. Stokes. $2.

"The Last of the Mohicans." By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. David Mackay Co. $1.50 net.

"The Pied Piper of Hamlin." By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. Dutton. $1.50.

"A Book of Nonsense and Other Adventures." By Lewis Carroll and others. Dutton.

"A Book of Nonsense." By Edward Lear. Dutton. $2.50.

"Come Hither." By Walter de la Mare. Knopf. $6.

In addition see separate reviews in recent numbers of the Children's Bookshop.

(*Continued on page* 484)

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The Gossip Shop

By Rachel Field

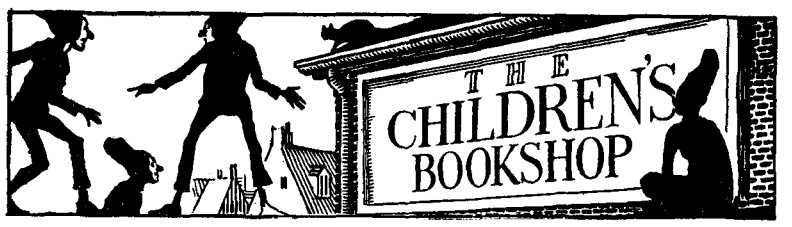
CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK was ushered in at the children's room of the New York Public Library by the annual exhibit of holiday books and by speeches and reviews of the more unusual ones by Anne Carroll Moore, Frederick Melcher, and others. Paul Honoré, the artist, was guest of honor and gave a talk on book decoration, contrasting the advantages of this as against the less satisfactory methods of more conventional book illustrating. A rather formidable array of distinguished artists in this special line were present. In fact no less a trio than Elizabeth MacKinstry, Boris Artzybasheff, and James Daugherty were seen sitting in a row with Jay van Everen not far off.

And speaking of artists and pictures brings us to Peggy Bacon, whose drawings for "New Songs For New Voices" (Harcourt, Brace) are among the outstanding contributions to children's books of the year. Miss Bacon's ruthlessly humorous etchings have already been widely known and praised, but it seemed to us that she has never done more arresting or sure work than in these pictures for modern verse and music. Her child groups are especially successful, marvels of humor, and unsentimentalized characterization, intensely American in every line. But Peggy Bacon could always do things like that. We remember when she made our pictures of princesses look like nothing at all about the time we were both ten. A couple of years later she showed her superiority in argument when we discussed the relative merits of Queen Elizabeth versus Mary Queen of Scots (Peggy didn't have much use for Mary as we remember), and whether cats or dogs were preferable as pets. We were all for dogs, but she didn't leave them a leg to stand on, so we have never been surprised at her remarkable drawings of cats or the success of her "Lion Hearted Kitten" book of last year. And now "Mercy and the Mouse" (Macmillan) is another she has written and illustrated herself. Mercy is, of course, a cat, one with ambitions. The story of her rise from cellar to greater social heights will be well worth getting whether you like cats or not.

Personally we cannot help feeling that the race of cats has really had a little too much attention in literary circles the last three years or so, but one cannot deny their appeal when drawn by Peggy Bacon or Artzybasheff, not to mention those of Elizabeth MacKinstry for "The White Cat." This old fairy tale and several others from the French of Madame d'Aulnoy have been given a charming new format by Miss MacKinstry and the Macmillan Company with numerous full page colored pictures and a perfect riot of delightfully spirited black and white ones of the sort no one could resist. Miss MacKinstry has steeped herself in the past of Madame d'Aulnoy's time and the result is certainly a distinguished addition to the shelf of famous folk and fairy tales.

"Ancient and Modern Dolls," written and illustrated by Gwen White, is another Macmillan book of special note. We don't know when we have been more fascinated by any text and pictures than we were by these. Most of the original dolls are in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums in London, though we are even allowed a modern one or two just by way of showing the newest tendency in this flourishing art. As a child we would certainly have worn such a book to shreds poring over every smallest detail. As it is we find it safer to put it on our top bookshelf during the hours of nine to five in order to avoid temptation. But then we own to a special weakness for dolls, so it was particularly interesting to learn from Helen Fish of the F. A. Stokes Company that Lucile Morison who wrote "Mystery Gate," a story for girls, has one of the most unique doll collections in America. It has been exhibited for several years in a Los Angeles public library and Mrs. Morison has herself held story hours to tell about the different dolls. There are also prizes for the best doll biographies as written by the children themselves, which seems to us a particularly happy idea.

Just the other day the mail brought a letter from Eleanor Farjeon, whose "Come Christmas" (Stokes), a group of delightful and varied poems of the Christmas season, has already been mentioned with enthusiasm in these columns. It was full of accounts of Guy Fawkes Day celebrations in the Mews below her workroom. "I have been 'remembering the Guy' for days past," she writes, "there is a Guy to every three children hereabouts; groups of little girls



(*Continued from page 482*)

and boys wheel their barrows up to you, each containing a sunken effigy in a mask and daddy's hat, and ask you to 'Remember the Guy.' Remembrance works out at a penny a time, or if the kids are very cheeky and merry, tuppence. But it comes costly because for one week in the year there are more Guys in Hampstead than Saint Joans in the whole of France." Well, we certainly wish we had been there!

Yesterday was the opening of the Christmas Exhibit at the Arden Gallery and Harper's Boy's and Girl's Bookshop, a fine showing of toys of all countries and periods and of children's books of early times from the collection of Wilbur Macey Stone. Mr. Stone has been acquiring old children's books for a number of years and we doubt if even Dr. Rosenbach has more juvenile literary treasures. The Harper Exhibit was necessarily limited to a few of the most representative children's books of the last three hundred years, such as early chapbooks with quaint and crude woodcuts; Newcastle Song Garlands; rare copies of the New England Primer and "Goody Two Shoes"; Watts "Divine Songs," and American reprints of old English editions. One could spend hours over these enchanting bits of the past when children could buy moral tales and embellished verse garlands for a penny plain, tuppence colored. Mr. Stone's own articles about various items in his collection have a flavor and quality all their own, and anyone lucky enough to be invited out to his library in East Orange will never forget the experience.

It is now no longer a publisher's secret that Alfred A. Knopf Inc. is to have a juvenile book department beginning next January. This will be in the hands of Marion Fiery, who has had the selection and planning of the Dutton Children's books for the last three years. We wish her very special good luck.

Reviews

SING IT YOURSELF. By Dorothy Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by Leopold D. Mannes

IF this book is to remain invitingly (as all good song books should) on the living-room piano, it will probably acquire habits of opening itself to certain pages that truly bear the test of infinite repetition. Certain other pages, one fears, will remain forever clean and flat.

This unevenness of quality, the fault of all collections, would be less apparent here, were the choice of songs somewhat greater. In fact there is so much beauty to be found in this volume from a few staves of music that the occasional unworthy song seems unnecessarily conspicuous. In the eighty-two large printed pages, only twenty-eight contain music, and those are often only half-pages. There must, of course, be room for text and illustration, but after remaining long in the companionship of "Sing It Yourself" one cannot refrain from wishing that there had been more music and far less talk. So much of the former is stimulating and so much of the latter is that condescending patter, the "talking-down" to children which they themselves are the first to resent, and which we in turn feel ashamed to read to them. It is unnecessary to quote instances; nor is it fair to dwell on this shortcoming, for the book is in itself a most desirable contribution to attractive folk-song literature, and decidedly worth possessing.

It is, actually, a collection of twenty-four folk-songs of different lands and races, beginning with five American Indian songs, for unaccompanied voice as originally recorded by Natalie Curtis. There follow three Colonial and four Southern Plantation songs in accompanied settings arranged by various musicians, after which come six from the British Isles, four having anonymous harmonizations. Two French, two German, one Norwegian, and one Russian song complete the series. Miss Gordon has selected these as a direct result of her own experience in recital programs for young people. Though most of the songs are too involved to be played or sung by children themselves, all are most suitable for children to hear and assimilate. Besides Miss Gordon's preface she has included a short explanation of the genesis of the Folk-songs and has also prefaced the group from each race or country with a more specific and descriptive history. Each separate song, as well, is preceded by a short discourse on its mood and origin.

The cover is charming, and the pen and ink illustrations are generous in quantity as well as simple and appealing in spirit. They have above all the gently imaginative mood that so instantly captures the humor and sentiment of the child. But they seem lacking in variety as their character remains unchanged throughout the many lands in which this collection travels. The excellent paper and printing as well as the border design contribute greatly to the total effect.

This book would justify its publication by the Indian songs alone. Anyone who will take the trouble to give himself to those too unfamiliar intervals and rhythms will never regret his time spent. All of these Indian songs are rich in feeling, but special mention must be made of the "Penobscot Song of Greeting," and of the "Cradle Song." This last has a haunting loveliness which makes the songs that follow of our own civilization seem suprisingly obvious.

Eyebrows might well be raised at a few of the harmonizations, particularly in "Creation." And such a gesture would be insufficient to condemn the accompaniment of "Louisiana Lullaby." Although this melody is not distinguished, its accompaniment need not have been given so rotarian a twist. Why pass on to the next innocent generation the ugly *clichés* of harmony that so beset us now? It is strange that the same person who arranged the "Louisiana Lullaby" is responsible as well for the delightfully musical song which follows. Europe is represented for the most part by simple and effective settings of some well chosen favorites. It is a great pity that more Irish, French, and German songs could not have been included.

All in all here is some splendid material attractively presented, and Miss Dorothy Gordon has done great service in putting a bit of this widely separated wealth collectively before us.

AUNT GREEN, AUNT BROWN, AND AUNT LAVENDER. By Elsa Beskow. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928.

TWENTY-ONE NURSERY RHYMES. Transcribed and decorated by Margaret Shipton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS. Written and illustrated by Gwen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

THERE seems to be a rather general revival of interest in picture books, as such of late; books in which the story, no matter how exceptional it may be in originality or charm, is kept subordinate to the pictures that appear on almost every page. In a number of instances the artist is responsible for the slight thread of narrative that accompanies these. Sometimes the result of such a personal collaboration is mediocre, but more often it produces a fresh and spirited book.

"Aunt Green, Aunt Brown and Aunt Lavender," by a Swedish artist, Elsa Breskow, is such an excellent combination of charming pictures and simple, unforced text. It is just the quiet, detailed sort of story that very small children never tire of hearing and it recounts the adventures of three maiden ladies who lose their dog, little Pet, and of the children who helped in the search (which naturally ended successfully for all concerned). There are full page illustrations for each printed page with delightful colors and a naïve and old fashioned quality that exactly suits the little tale.

Besides the Willy Pogany modern-dress version of the old Mother Goose Rhymes, which we personally found rather disappointing, there is a new rendering of them in black and white line drawings and flat color decorations by Margaret Shipton, just being brought out by Knopf. These are sure and simple in method and full of a lively humor which is more or less subordinated to the design. The book has been printed in England and there is a clarity and freshness to the color plates seldom achieved in this country in spite of the marked improvement in this respect during the last three years. Personally we doubt if children will be as enthusiastic over this book as the adults who buy it for them, for the artist has formalized much of her material and her people are more patterned designs than the average child will enjoy. It is, however, an excellently planned and executed book.

Gwen White's book on "Ancient and Modern Dolls" is one of the high-lights among recent day picture books and indeed in the general field of book making. It also comes from England and its color plates will be the despair and envy of illustrators less fortunate in their color reproductions. Here again the artist has written her own text and most successfully. One by one she describes in a single paragraph the dolls of the past;—from ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome on into the much overdressed wax and wooden ones of Victorian England, as they may be seen in the British and the Victoria and Albert Museums. She even winds up with samples of the youngest twentieth century products of the dollmakers' art. Little girls poring over the detailed costumes and reading the simply written, effective comments upon these dolls should unconsciously absorb more facts about life in other times than in a dozen history books, or informative lectures. Nothing could be more historically accurate or more exactly right in feeling than this book and no school library should be without a copy on its shelves.

We append here a list of picture books which should make welcome Christmas gifts:

MILLIONS OF CATS. By Wanda Gag. New York: Coward, McCann. 1928. $2.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Illustrated by Elizbeth MacKinstry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER AND OTHER POEMS. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

THE LAND OF DREAMS. By William Blake. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

ALPHABET PEOPLE. By Lois Lenski. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1928.

TALES OF WISE AND FOOLISH ANIMALS. By Valery Carrick. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $1.50.

THE WHITE CAT, AND OTHER TALES. By Madame d'Aulnoy. Edited by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $3.50.

NEW SONGS FOR NEW VOICES. Edited by Louis Untermeyer, and David and Clara Mannes. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $5.

THE WATER ELF AND THE MILLER'S CHILD. By Margaret Baker. Illustrated by Mary Baker. New York: Duffield & Co. 1928. $2.

TOOTLEOO TWO. By Bernard and Elinor Darwin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

GIRLS IN AFRICA. By Erick Berry. Illustrations by the author. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Anna Speed Brackett

MRS. BERRY, the English author of "Girls in Africa," exhibited in this country last winter a group of water-color studies of native Nigerians. Most of these were portraits of Haussas, a people thirteen million strong, it seems, on the west coast of Africa, barbarian, yet with a culture inherited from Arab ancestors who crossed the Sahara. Among these Mohammedan Haussas in their walled towns of baked red mud, and among the conquered pagan tribes and the wandering river folk who pole their dugouts throughout the fishing season, Mrs. Berry found the material of these stories—which she says are "true stories"—of Nigerian girls.

The stories are independent one of another. Three of them—"The Story of Mowa," "Ashu and the Whirlwind," and "The Winning of Moy"—have real story interest, emotional and dramatic; two others are a pleasant recital of customs leading to a climactic incident; and the first, a somewhat passive fiction in Victorian mood, of an English girl's first visit to Nigeria, is in the way of prelude to the native tales.

Mrs. Berry's own sketches give illustrations that are both artistic and authentic, though a bit monotonous in the large proportion of portrait heads. The frontispiece, however, a water-color, is a delight to the eye.

(*Continued on page 486*)

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JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH

AUTHOR OF "THE WILD PARTY"

ON ALL BEST-SELLER LISTS

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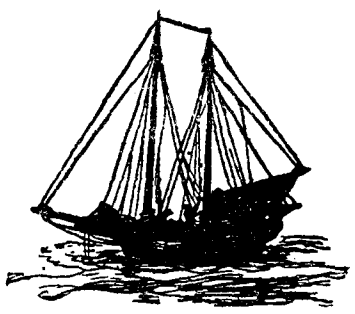

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 484)

THE ROAD TO CATHAY. By MERRIAM SHERWOOD and ELMER MANTZ. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $3.50.

HEROES FROM HAKLUYT. Edited by CHARLES J. FINGER. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THESE two books are composed of materials from which much stirring and fantastic poetry might be woven. For me they have a particular glamour, inasmuch as in the past my writing somewhat profited from the study of the "Book of Sir John Mandeville," which I now know was probably first written in French by Jean d'Outremeuse in the fourteenth century. Messrs. Sherwood and Mantz speak of "Sir John" as a liar. But what a gorgeous literary liar he was, even in fragmentary translation! What heady dreams he inspired! As for Hakluyt, I have found quite true—what that admirable adventurer and writer, Charles J. Finger, says of him,—

> The rare thing to-day is not writing, but the having something worth while writing about. Therefore, folk with an itch for scribbling rack their brains for something startling, never suspecting that there is soul-stirring warmth in any old tale. We need to have something of the Chinese spirit in us, which, it may be said, was not the worship of dead ancestors, but the discovering of the best that had been thought and done in the past instead of a running after the new because it is new. So, those who want to write may find no end of material in Hakluyt and elsewhere, for there are odd things almost forgotten and deeply buried.

"Soul-stiring warmth in any old tale,"—yes indeed, and most particularly in the tales of the old travellers, whether they were those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries who adventured from Europe eastward, as "ambassadors of good-will" to the dangerous Tartars of the Golden Horde or as searchers for the kingdoms of Kublai or Prester John, or whether they were those extraordinary seamen of the sixteenth century doughtily beating Westward across the Ocean-sea, some of them also with this same Cathay in their minds, to lift it for landfall around the curve of the globe!

One of the birthrights of children should be to catch some vivid glimpse of the ancient adventurers by land or by sea, when the world was full of new marvels, when maps and charts were primitive things, when now familiar lands were incrusted with fabulous legend. And here are two books that are good primers. In one is the gist of what may elsewhere be found in the books of the Hakluyt Society and in the translations of Colonel Sir Henry Yule. In the other, Mr. Finger has gathered together the chiefest exploits to be found in the eight volumes of Hakluyt. Both books are clearly and forthrightly done. There is no impediment of old spelling. In the first book the accounts of Marco Polo, of William of Rubruck, of "Mandeville," of Friar John of Plano Carpini, of Friar Odoric the Bohemian, and of Ibn Batuta the Moor have been cleverly excerpted and compared in a running narrative retaining the fascinating phrase of the original accounts in copious quotation, while the whole story of the ancient Eastern World as it was known to the old traveller unrolls in the clear commentary and interesting explanation of the authors themselves. Besides delightful black-and-white decorations by William Siegel scattered through it, there are three double-page colored maps done by the same illustrator after the manner of ancient maps, one to illustrate Marco Polo's account, one "Mandeville's," one the Friars'. When young people read the inscriptions upon them, as "Here is the Tree of the Sun called the Dry Tree," "Here is Alexander's Wall," "Here Dwell the Dog-Headed Folk," "Here Lambs Grow in Gourds," "Here Lived the Three Magi," "Here Is the Gorge of Devils," one can imagine them turning into romantic poets forthwith. But Miss Sherwood's and Mr. Mantz's story is no less a story for the twentieth century. Giving all the fables that attached to the early domains of the Khans, it tells of the ancient lands and cities in the light of modern knowledge. The different travellers' routes are traced and distinguished by our modern names for the countries and cities, as well as by the ancient. Details are discussed most rationally. I for myself would rather indeed believe that the palace in the great city of Cambaluc had a hall hung with skins of panthers as red as blood (that fact once made a line in a certain poem of mine, the poem being inspired by "Mandeville"), but when I am told, "So we may remember the panthers only as a pleasant myth, and think of the Khan's hall as hung in Russia leather," I am not disheartened. It is probably better that young people—and old—should know the truth as well as the myth! If the tribes of Gog and Magog "were perhaps the names given to the two divisions of the Tartar race—the Turks and the Mongols," my head remained unbowed. I have been interestingly enlightened, even though I may vastly prefer to speak of Gog and Magog in the old mysterious terminology. Marco Polo referred to coal, then barely known in Europe, as "black stones," and the latter description is my favorite,—but, on the other hand, I have no objection to being assured that it was really coal. When Miss Sherwood and Mr. Mantz state flatly that the tale of the pigmies and the cranes was all pure myth, they nevertheless accompany it with the legend. They supply us with the ancient beautiful daydream of the Four Rivers of Paradise, even as they explain that these were really nothing else than the Ganges, the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. And I have been deeply thrilled by a fact they recount toward the end of their volume: that no more than fifteen years ago a traveller actually walked through the landward gate of that famed Famagosta in Cyprus, once the coruscating capital of the old Lusignan Kings of Jerusalem, and among "the greenery of the palm groves" strayed "marvelling at the clear-cut outlines" of ancient ruined castle, palace, and shrine "against the sky of the Levant." Verily this book is rich in modern comment upon ancient marvel, giving fully of each, linking those that are the most glamorous "true stories" in the world to contemporary geography, to the subsequent findings of history. First we have a description of the various wayfarers of an ancient day, then of the Tartars and their significance, then of the road to Karakorum, the road to Cambaluc (with an account of that city and the old marvels of Cathay); then the authors treat of what lay to the Southwest, of the seacoast South, of other great cities and islands, of the wonders of Ind and of Persia, and of the lands beyond Persia. The child who "takes to" poetry of the imagination, from Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" to the work of James Elroy Flecker,—and such poetry should be a part of any well-informed child's education,—is here furnished a knowledge of the sources of their descriptions. The adult who yesterday attended the performance of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" and still earlier read Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" with enthusiasm, is here set down at the mouth of the mine from which was digged that various splendor. "The Road to Cathay" is well-woven of the various early tales; its gloss upon them is fascinating.

For his "Heroes from Hakluyt," do I need to introduce Charles J. Finger to the reading public, young or old? His "Tales from Silverlands" was the Newbery Medal winner one year. He has already given us high-spirited volumes concerning highwaymen, Australian outlaws, splendid scoundrels, and so on. Paul Honoré is his gorgeous illustrator, with full-page woodcuts in color and woodcut decorations in black-and-white. No less an authority than R. B. Cunninghame Graham writes his foreword in flashing prose full of enthusiasm for adventure old and new. Finger begins his first chapter by explaining how Hakluyt came to write his great book, thence easily swings into the account of Octher's voyage to Norway, and so to how the great Richard Chancellor first commenced trade between England and Russia. The second chapter is concerned with the Cabots, the Frobishers, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; the third with Drake's voyage round the world; the fourth with Cavendish; the fifth with Cumberland's voyages; the sixth with the great Hawkins; the seventh with the last voyage of Hawkins and Drake; the eighth with the splendid fight of Sir Richard Grenville's "Revenge" (celebrated by Tennyson); the ninth with the defeat of the Spanish Armada; and the tenth (not at all the least interesting) with episodes plucked from other pages of Hakluyt, of odd and enduring glamour.

We can recommend both these volumes. Neither book is "written down," both teem with rich ancient history. Both supply an aspect of the times of Saint Louis or of the times of Queen Elizabeth that was one of the chief aspects, they show the romantic beginnings of world trade, first to the Far East, then to the Westward, over perilous desert or perilous ocean.

(*Continued on page* 488)

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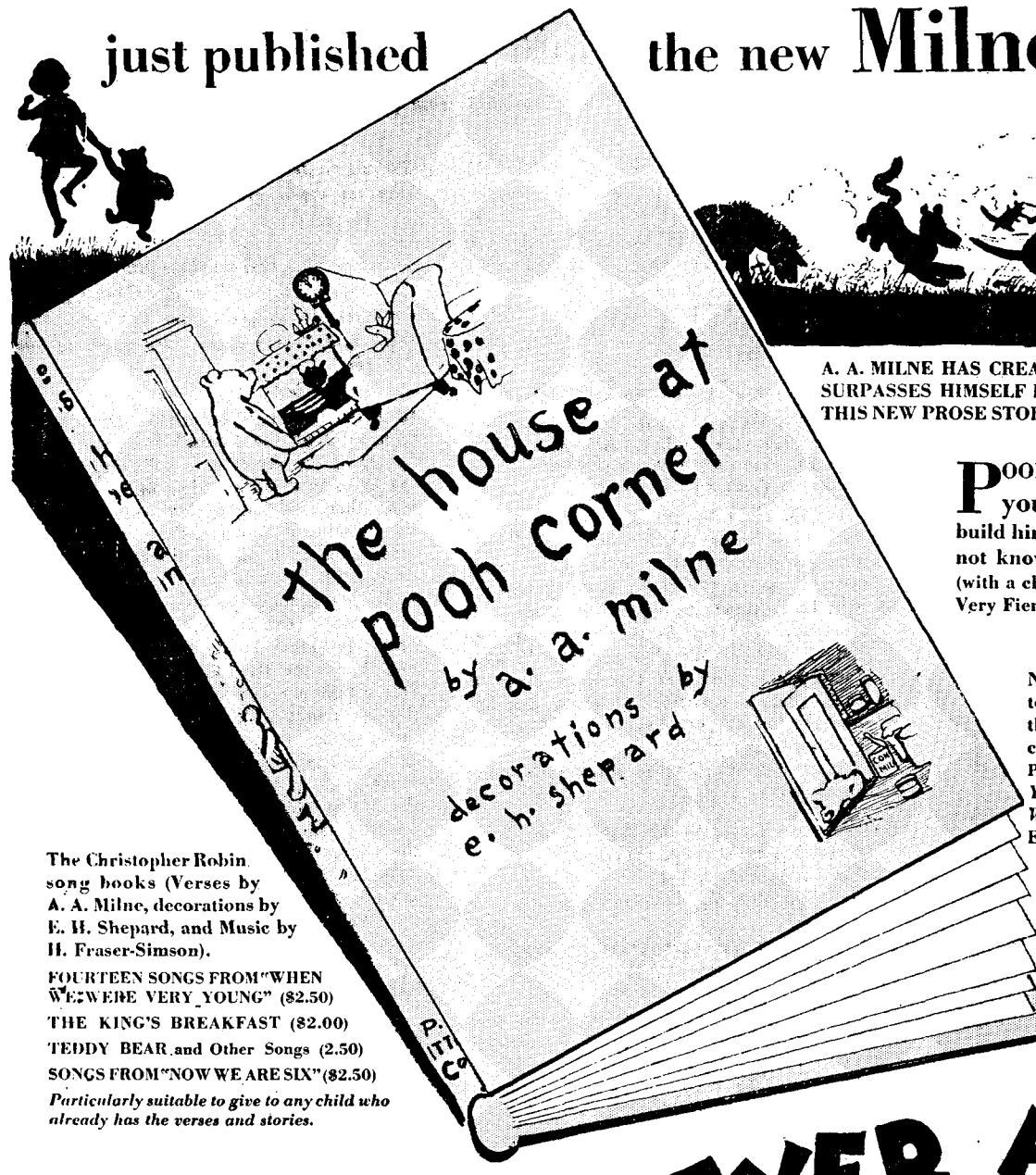
just published the new Milne book for children!



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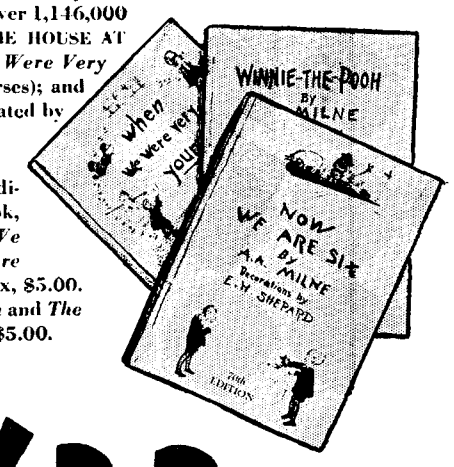

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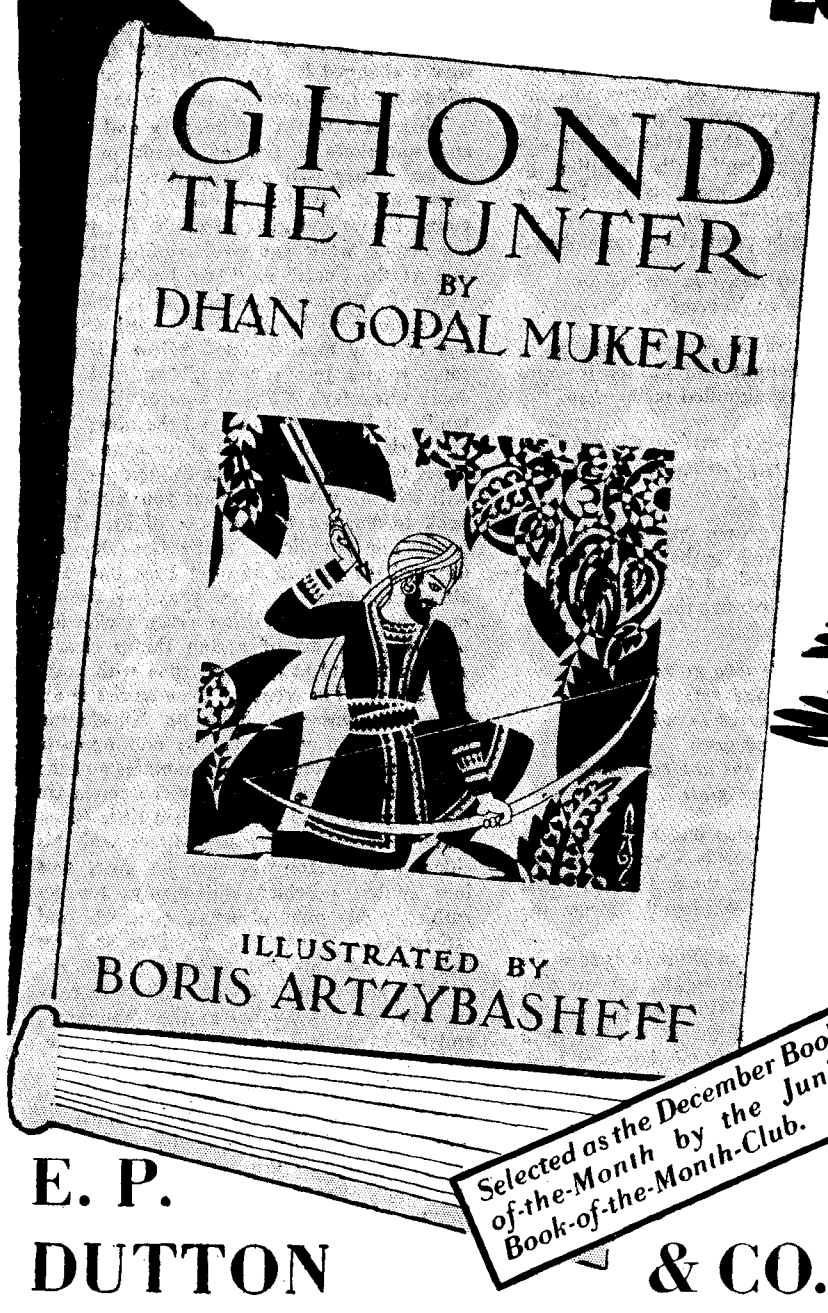

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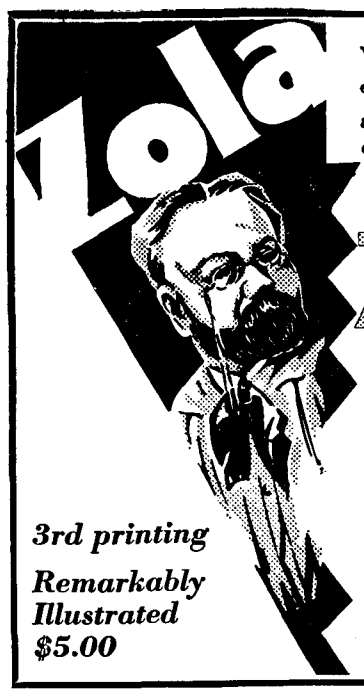

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 486)

THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

THE WHINS OF KNOCKATTAN. By ANNE CASSERLY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $1.50.

EYES FOR THE DARK. By MONICA SHANNON. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERTHA E. MAHONY

"And if we could not see in the dark," went on the Owl, "we would be fully as witless as men be. For the jumble and jangle of day brings out facts, but no wisdom."

AS the short November days darken, play loses its zest and the fireside calls for that fine period of story-telling and reading before supper. Perhaps some households will be fortunate enough to make an early discovery of Mary Austin's "The Children Sing in the Far West," a particularly satisfactory collection for family reading because there are poems for every age and most of the seventy-seven in the book are poems for every one.

Little fellows of seven will certainly like and learn

Whenever I ride on the Texas plains
I never hear the couplings cluck,
I never hear the trains
Go chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck,
I never hear the engine snort and snuffle,
I never see the smoke plume, I never watch the rails,
But I see the moving dust where the beef herds shuffle,
And I think I am a cowboy,
A rope and tie 'em cowboy.
Punching Texas longhorns
On the Texas trails.

Several of the poems are reminiscent of other verse, but surely the likeness of "The Rhyme of the Prong-horns" to Kipling's "Law of the Jungle" will not lessen the pleasure of boys and girls in that one which begins

This is the tale that the howlers tell
At the end of the hunting weather . . .

Many of these poems Mrs. Austin says children in her school in the Southwest helped to make years ago, and she has gone on adding to the list "hoping that she was still keeping the child's approach and the child's feeling for the movement proper to his thought." This is undoubtedly why the book will prove so full of interest to children and also why certain poems will be not so pleasing for their elders. For example, "Thanksgiving" calls attention to the important contributions of the Indians to our food, clothing, and comfort to-day, and their title to be particularly remembered

When we sit down to turkey on
Thursday in November.

But first because the content of the poem is so full of thought and history it seems to deserve a more dignified meter than

When we sit down to turkey, roast turkey,
—A plump and crispy drumstick or a tender slice of breast . . .

The poems most grown-ups will like best are those with which perhaps the children had less to do and which express Mrs. Austin's own special love for the west, like "At Carmel."

There are people who go to Carmel
To see the blue bay pass.
Through green wave to white foam
Like snow on new grass.
But I go to hear the auklets crying
Like dark glass on glass. . . .

The poems are grouped under the headings "Songs of the California Coast," "Mountain Songs," "Songs of the Southwest," "All Outdoors," "Tribal Wisdom," "Songs the Indians Sing."

If I were reading to children before the fire on these November nights, I know that after Mrs. Austin's "Winnedumah," or her beautiful "The Deer Star," or "Western Magic" I should turn to another new book of the fall,—Monica Shannon's "Eyes for the Dark, More Fairy Tales from California," and there is one of her stories which most certainly should follow "Western Magic," that is "Petronila of the Coats." Now "Western Magic" says

There are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
The cactus spines would tear their filmy wings,
There's no dew anywhere for them to drink
And no green grass to make them fairy rings.

But sometimes in a windless blurr of dust
The impish twins of War and Chance go by,
Or after storms the Spider Woman mends
With thin drawn cloud, torn edges of the sky.

In Miss Shannon's beautiful, grave story, "Petronila of the Coats," a Golden Giant Spider of the sky tries to help Petronila of the Coats to mend his edges of the sky. She is so nimble of finger, that every Senora in the Presidio of San Francisco looks for her when fine, fine, oh finest sewing is to be done. And Petronila comes with her smooth walk, her nimble eyes and fingers and her many coats, coats outgrown by the children of the Presidio. It was from the Tower of Fog where she lived that the Giant Spider Star caught up Petronila. But high in the sky her hands were very cold, so the Star dropped her down next day for Mittens, and she happened to drop near the adobe ranch house of the Marqués de Rubi. There the Marqués entertained her so charmingly that she had finished only one mitten when the Giant Spider swept her away, only to drop her down again next day to knit the other mitten. The Marqués wished to have the lovely Petronila with him always, so he married her and bore her away to Spain before the Giant Spider could snatch her a last time.

We have no stories like these from anyone else to-day. The sights and sounds and smells, the sun, the moon, the stars, the winds, and living creatures of the high Sierras have passed through the creative nature of this author to come into being in the form of these gay fairy tales. The first book, "California Fairy Tales," published in 1926, had more stories growing out of the physical aspects of the land. The stories in "Eyes for the Dark" are some of them sheer romance. I like specially the story of Ana Josepha, who refused three chivalrous Caballeros for such trivial reasons as because one ate wild onions; one talked through his nose; and one gulped his soup. She was said on this account to suffer from "a rampancy for romance," and in her quarantine (less she pass this rampancy to other Señoritas in Alta and Baju California) she met the great god Pan. She was amazed to find a god to be part goat and this discovery changed her point of view on other things, but how, must be read in the story.

There is a wealth of imagery and color, and sometimes a riot of words in these stories. They will not appeal to the literally-minded. And if you have found your younger boys and girls about the fire growing restless while you were reading "Petronila of the Coats" or "Ana Joseha,"—save some of Monica Shannon's jolly, younger stories in "Eyes for the Dark" until another day and say to little ones, "Now I'll read some stories just for you," and take up Anne Casserley's "The Whins of Knockattan." It is a new book, and the older boys and girls are a bit curious about it and wait to see what it is like.—The chances are they will still be with you when you finish the book to-morrow or the next night. Here is absolute simplicity. Miss Casserley has dropped the pattern of most Irish tales and all embroidery. In fact, you may recommend her book to writing friends who are practising the art of saying things clearly and briefly and at the same time with form and effect. The scene of these stories is always the same—the fields on Knockattan and the green valley below, and opposite Knockattan "those purple mountains and the line of the distant sea." The characters are the Fairy Girl and her impudent little Black Lamb who contradicts and argues with his elders and betters wherever he goes, gets into endless mischief and always pursues ruthlessly his own pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction. There are Paudeen and his Grandmother and their friends Shaun, the Fiddler, and Conn, his Dog. Then there is the old red fox known as the Shaughran, and the Leprechaun, the Tinker, and Kian, his donkey; not to mention the Brown Cow, Tomcat, the White Goose, and The Merrow. The stories are full of a certain dry, caustic humor and yet all is presented perfectly for the young human being who loves a good tale and is susceptible to the influence of beauty. "Michael of Ireland," Miss Casserley's book of last year, and "The Whins of Knockattan" are two admirable books.

(*Continued on page* 499)

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Bibliopsyching

(*Continued from page 476*)

weight for peace, have been stimulating and inciting the political and international passions. Two of the books which recently have come from the press on American foreign policies should make good gifts for the man interested in American international relations, "Our Foreign Policies" (Yale University Press), by Charles Howland, and "Conquest" (Harcourt, Brace), by John Carter. Salvador Madariaga has issued through the Oxford University Press a volume entitled "Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards" which contains acute analysis and interesting characterization, and there's a study by Savel Zimand of "Living India" (Longmans, Green), that ought to prove a welcome gift. My! we're running along as though this international-minded friend of yours cared for nothing but weighty interpretations of and commentaries on alien countries instead of taking it for granted that he likes fiction and poetry like the rest of us. Smuggle a copy of Jim Tully's "Shanty Irish" (Boni) into his bundle; it will prove entertaining reading and will give a vivid picture of the one of the foreign strains that have built up our American republic. It's autobiography in fiction form. Add to it, too, Upton Sinclair's "Boston" (Boni), a novel which since it rehearses the Sacco-Vanzetti case may be deemed to be of special interest to the observer of affairs, and Carl Sandburg's "Good Morning, America," (Harcourt, Brace), just as recognition of the fact that the student of foreign countries is interested in poetry interpretative of his own. And then top it off with Konrad Bercovici's "Nights Abroad" (Century), as a filip to your gift.

There's one country you may have noticed we omitted in compiling this list for your friend of the international turn of mind, and that's Russia. We did it advisedly, not to ignore it, but because there are so many interesting volumes bearing upon the Soviet state that we thought it would be wise to segregate them. Here they are: "The Intimate Life of the Czarina" (Dial), by the Princess Radziwill; "Rasputin, the Holy Devil" (Viking), by René Fülöp Miller, as might be expected a book melodramatic in some of its aspects; Valeriu Marcu's "Life of Lenin" (Macmillan), a striking depiction of a remarkable man; Dorothy Thompson's "The New Russia" (Holt); Hallie Flanagan's study of the red theatre entitled "Shifting Scenes" (Coward-McCann), and three works of fiction, "The Unforgiven," (Duffield), by General P. N. Krassnoff; "The Crime of Dr. Garine" (Covici-Friede), by Boris Sokoloff, and "The Naked Year" (Payson & Clarke), by Boris Pilniak, a depiction of Russia in the throes of the famine of 1921.

While we are on the subject of foreign countries we might as well inject the group of novels we have selected as likely to meet the taste of your friend who likes to keep abreast of current European fiction. We haven't included many titles and those are these, if you'll pardon the concatenation: "*Jerome or the Latitude of Love*" (Viking), by Maurice Bedel; "Whisper of a Name" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Marie le Franc, a story set among the peasantry of Brittany; "Pure in Heart" (Dodd, Mead), by J. Kessel; "Vasco" (Harcourt, Brace), by Marc Chadbourne; "Theresa" (Simon & Schuster), by Arthur Schnitzler, and Jacob Wassermann's "Caspar Hauser" (Knopf), a novel built about a personality in all probability mythical though treated as genuine by Wassermann. You'll find a review of the book on another page with full detail as to the legend and its veracity. And, oh, don't forget when you are looking for translations from the European that there's a new volume in the series of "Best Scandinavian Stories" (Norton), edited by Hanna Astrup Larsen. This latest one consists of tales of Denmark.

We're aghast. We haven't the faintest idea whether what we have already written will fill the space we left for our list or not, but we do know that it hasn't disposed of our selections. And we know, too, that midnight is growing on apace, and that we still have proof to read of the pages that our contributors obligingly filled on time, so we must no longer dally by the way. We're prepared an assorted list for you of books for that friend who likes adventure and the strenuous life, and who might rejoice in securing them vicariously if office duties prevent his enjoying them in actuality. Strenuous life, of course, reminds us of its great apostle and of the fact that Scribners have recently issued "Theodore Roosevelt's *Diaries of Boyhood and Youth*;" it will interest any of your friends, we imagine, but perhaps particularly those who know what a handicap physical health can be to the man who rejoices in roughing it, and who will see in the young Roosevelt the indomitable spirit that later overcame physical odds. Undoubtedly your friend will find welcome biographies such as William McFee's "Martin Frobisher" (Harpers), Captain George H. Wilkins's "Flying the Arctic" (Putnam), "John Cameron's Odyssey" (Macmillian), transcribed by Andrew Farrell, and Captain Canot's "The Adventures of an African Slaver" (Boni). Perhaps, too, he would like to have "Simon Girty: The White Savage" (Minton, Balch), by Thomas Boyd, the record of an infamous frontier character, or that old novel and favorite, now reissued by Macy-Masius, "Nick of the Woods," by R. M. Bird, or Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance's autobiography (Cosmopolitan), or "The Making of Buffalo Bill" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Richard Walsh and Milton S. Salisbury. Then, being an open-air gentleman, presumably interested in nature, he probably would welcome "The Heart of Burroughs's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Clara Barrus, if you were to send it to him, or "Beneath Tropic Seas" (Putnam), by Will Beebe, or the volume on "Weather" (McBride), by E. E. Free and Francis Hoke. Oh, yes, and Weston Martyr's "Perfect Ship" (Washburn) ought to fall in with his tastes, and perhaps "Bambi" (*Simon & Schuster*), that delicate idyll and allegory which portrays the life of a deer.

And now, lift up your hearts and rejoice, for we have reached the last category in our list—an all-embracing one into which we have put those novels, essays, musical and theatrical biographies, and volumes of poetry on which we think it likely you may wish to draw for gifts to friends of the groups we have already specified as well as for those for whom we have not yet provided. Don't tell us that we have made no special classification for women. We know we haven't, and we haven't purposely. Perhaps privately we think that you are going to draw more largely on the list that is now coming for them than on any of the others, but we are not going to say so publicly. And very surreptitiously we are going to slip into it a book that has no claims as literature but much claim to woman's attention. And we're going to try to avoid doing more than enumerating these final volumes for we are beginning to grow nervous again as to whose head will be decapitated at the printers. So here's our last list with the essayists and critics in the van, the novelists following, the poets coming next, and the biographers filling in the rear: "The Strange Necessity" (Doubleday, Doran), by Rebecca West; "Gongorism and the Golden Age" (University of North Carolina Press), by Elisha K. Kane, an art study, "Off the Deep End" (Doubleday, Doran), by Christopher Morley; "Collector's Choice" Greenberg), by John T. Winterich; "This Book-Collecting Game," (Little, Brown), by A. Edward Newton. Now for the novelists: here's a group who write of the American scene, two of them of the negro of the South, Julia Peterkin in "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Bobbs-Merrill) and E. C. Adams in "Nigger to Nigger" (Scribners), a third who devotes her portrayal to the mountain folk of Tennessee, Maristan Chapman in "The Happy Mountain" (Viking), and the fourth who describes the Chicago of the underworld, McKinlay Cantor in "Diversey" (Coward-McCann). And here's another whose stories are apt to appeal to diversified tastes: Anne Parrish in "All Kneeling" (Harpers); R. H. Mottram, in "The English Miss" (Dial); Robert Nathan in "The Bishop's Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill), a delicate and delightful commingling of satire and whimsy; Clemence Dane in "The Babyons" (Doubleday, Doran), the story of a family; Katharine Holland Brown in "The Father" (Day), William J. Locke in "Joshua's Vision" (Dodd, Mead), W. MacNeile Dixon in "Cinderella's Garden" (Oxford University Press), an "Alice in Wonderland" type of tale; Susan Glaspell in "Brook Evans" (Stokes), Anna Robeson Burr in "Palludia" (Duffield), and Frank Swinnerton in "A Brood of Ducklings" (Doubleday, Doran). We almost forgot to include

(*Continued on page 500*)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Letters

WHAT TO READ IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By JACK R. CRAWFORD. Putnams. 1928. $4.50.

This is not an outline of literature, but what may prove much more useful to the general reader, a guide to the best English reading. There is no really first-rate history of English literature, even the Cambridge history is more valuable for its bibliographic reference and special articles than for its comprehensive sweep; the many outlines and sketches have the serious fault of encouraging the reading about books (and the author's opinions of books) rather than reading books themselves. Mr. Crawford has modestly disclaimed originality in research. He sticks to sound and intelligent sources, and makes his own contribution a skilful working out of the best interpretation with an excellent bibliography. He begins with Anglo-Saxon and concludes with the pre-Raphaelites. His method is a brief and informative sketch complemented by full bibliographical reference to important books, both the works of the writers themselves and the best comment upon them. In other words, this is essentially a reader's guide and introduction to good English reading, and a reference book for proper editions and best critical commentary. It should be valuable as a text-book, but it is evidently composed for the intelligent reader, literate but not so well-read as he would like to be, or for the adult desiring self-education in literature by the best of all teachers, the essential books themselves.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE. By JOSEPH COLLINS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

Dr. Collins has looked at various things, at literature, biography, love, and life, and writes of all of them with clarity and force. When dealing with any subject to which his professional knowledge directly and naturally applies, he seems to a layman to write also wisely, even with moderation, and as one aware that the truth about anything is usually circumstantial and seldom absolute. If in his last volume he seems not only less positive and more authoritative, but also more interesting than in some of the earlier volumes, it is, partly so at least, because he has enriched it with so many incidents from his own wide experience.

Biography

FROM KAW TEPEE TO CAPITOL. THE STORY OF CHARLES CURTIS. By DON C. SEITZ. Stokes. 1928. $2.

Written not as a campaign biography, but as a book of more permanent interest for juveniles, Mr. Seitz's little volume quite achieves its purpose. There is a great deal in Senator Curtis's life to enlist the admiration of the ordinary active boy. His Indian blood, his childhood among the Kaw Indians on the Neosho River, his adventures with the hostile Cheyennes, his life as a jockey riding races at county and State fairs, his schooling in Topeka, and his plucky struggle for admission to the bar, make up a narrative with many exciting pages. Mr. Seitz gives three fourths of his biography to these early days, and dismisses briefly and uncritically the hero's career after he was elected to Congress. In some of his chapters he goes into much detail in his description of Indian customs, religion, housing, food, and languages. The book contains some unusual photographs, among them one of a cousin of Senator Curtis snapped recently while standing, in typical Indian pose, outside her canvas typee at Kaw, Oklahoma.

GENTLEMEN UNAFRAID. By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY. Putnam. 1928. $3.50.

Here, for a change, the glamour of Alaska is extolled by a native Alaskan. Barrett Willoughby hasn't missed any of the thrills which were her birthright, moreover. The young lady spent her childhood knocking about the Bering Sea on a trading schooner. Its captain was her father, a happy-go-lucky Irishman who had heard the Red Gods calling, and high adventure was inevitable.

In addition to the autobiographical material, the volume contains sketches of half-a-dozen of Alaska's romantic figures. One of the most charming of these is Scotty Allan, "King of the Arctic Trails," who in nearly twenty years has never failed to finish in the money in the annual Alaskan Dog Derby. Allan's description of this most gruelling of all races is vivid, and his tales of the exploits of his huskies along the hazardous trail should make dog-lovers out of the most unfeeling of unbelievers. Then there is Captain Sydney Barrington, who takes steamboats up rivers where nature never intended that steamboats should go, and Dr. C. C. Georgeson of the Department of Agriculture, whose strawberry plants, nestled among the presumably eternal snows, produce fruit the size of plums. Almost Miss Barrett persuadeth one that Alaska is the place.

SERGEANT YORK. His Own Life Story and War Diary. Edited by TOM SKEYHILL. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Sergeant York and his editor have done wisely to preserve here unaltered the peerless war hero's Tennessee mountain speech, his tricks of grammar, spelling, idiom, for these add enormously to the vital interest and gusto of what seems to us a volume of war reminiscence unique among its kind. But it is also York's complete autobiography from boyhood on, wherein he describes with broad humor the youth of corn-guzzling, gambling, and minor lawlessness from which he was rescued by the Lord. Most of us know that this brawny, sharp-shooting apple-knocker entered the army an objector on religious grounds, and the story of the unparalleled feat he performed in the Argonne Forest, October 8, 1918, has earned him a world-wide fame. But in addition to his own rousing narrative of that prodigious fight, there is published in the text (presumably for benefit of the still doubting Thomases) the sworn affidavits of soldier eyewitnesses and the army orders of confirmation as to the incontestable truth of the achievement. To quote it all briefly once more: York, while a corporal of Company G, 328th Infantry, laid low twenty-eight German soldiers and captured practically unaided, one hundred and thirty-two prisoners with thirty-five machine guns, and emerged from the battle without a scratch.

STRUGGLE: THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD. *By Charles J. V. Murphy.* Stokes. $2.50.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S LETTERS. Edited by *Otto Erich Deutsch.* Knopf. $3.

SCHUMANN-HEINK. By *Mary Lawton.* Macmillan. $5.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAN LINCOLN. By *Ida Tarbell.* Macmillan. 2 vols.

DANDIES AND DON JUANS. By *Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm.* Knopf. $5.

THE TERRIBLE SIREN. By *Enanie Sachs.* Harpers. $4.

JACOB H. SCHIFF: His Life and Letters. By *Cyrus Adler.* Doubleday, Doran.

MY EXPERIENCES AS AN AVIATOR IN THE WORLD WAR. By *George Reid Clifford.* Badger.

THE LIFE OF ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON. By *John Wanamaker.* Lippincott. $1.50.

PRIVATE LIFE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT. By *Princesse Lucien Murat.* Montreal: Carrier.

AMIEL'S JOURNAL. Translated by *Mrs. Humphry Ward.* Brentanos. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON. By the *Earl of Ronaldshay.* Liveright. Vol. III. $5.

THE JAMES GORDON BENNETTS. By *Don C. Seitz.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Education

PARENTS AND CHILDREN. By ERNEST R. GROVES and GLADYS HOAGLAND GROVES. Lippincott. 1928.

Although this book might have caused quite a ripple had it been cast into the sea of literature dealing with child management some fifteen years ago, it is belated,—in the sense that much of its subject matter has already been incorporated in the thought of those whom it is apt to reach. The same "wholesome" point of view is apparent in this as in the other publications of the authors.

THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY IN ACTION. By JESSE F. STEINER. Holt. 1928. $3.

The chief distinction of this volume derives from its quality as a teaching tool. It is a text-book consisting of first-hand materials collected by students in Professor Steiner's classes. These students were asked to observe their home communities, not from the point of view of the social pathologist, but rather from the standpoint of the social theorist; they were requested to observe how the community behaved, to scrutinize the processes of its action. The records of their observations with an added introductory chapter by Professor Steiner constitute the content of "The American Community in Action." The title is slightly

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misleading, since the communities observed were selected from only fifteen states, and ten of these were in the South; moreover, these were for the most part small communities which, as Professor Steiner indicates, do not represent the ascendant unit in American civilization. The advantage of analyzing the processes of smaller communities is obvious: the forces of control are more direct and simple. And, the facility gained in such observations should, of course, be useful in diagnosing our larger urban communities where the forces are more obscure and baffling.

LITERATURE IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By *Porter Landes Maclintock*. University of Chicago Press. $1.85.

THE JUNIOR GRAMMAR. By *Maude Burbank Harding*. Marshall Jones. $1.08.

RIVULETS OF PROSE. By *Walt Whitman*. Edited by *Carolyn Wells* and *Alfred F. Goldsmith*. Greenberg.

Fiction

THE MYSTERIOUS AVIATOR. By NEVIL SHUTE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

We found nothing mysterious in the aviator, but what still perplexes us is why the author spun out to full novel length materials which could have as readily fitted into half that space. In a nutshell: An ex-officer of the Royal Air Force, his life disrupted by the late war, hires his flying talents to the Soviet Government, under whose orders, from his plane, he takes nocturnal pictures of English coast fortifications. A forced landing in his native country brings a meeting with a former brother officer, confession of the treasonable mission, and acceptance of temporary hospitality in the other's house. Latent patriotism awakes in the renegade, and when his photographic plates are stolen by communist spies, he and his host set out separately on a wild chase of the thieves to northern Italy. That's about all we need to tell, for there isn't much more to the story, and though the tale is not badly written, we saw slight justification for writing it at all.

SURVIVAL. By EVELYN CAMPBELL. Dial. 1928. $2.50.

The advantages of having one's reach exceed one's grasp are not always apparent: a case in point is Evelyn Campbell's "Survival." The novel has an unusual and interesting beginning. Very slowly, granting only a hint at a time, and thus sharpening the reader's curiosity, the book moves from the opening sentence, "The charge against the defendant is dismissed," through several pages of quivering detail before the situation becomes clear. A woman has been acquitted of being an accomplice in the murder of her husband. This woman's struggle for spiritual survival is the theme of the novel. She leaves the court room stripped of all possessions save a little cabin in the Carolina mountains. Here amid hardship and adversity she makes her fight against evil and intolerance and for love and charity. Her understanding of these terms has nothing new in it and lacks any depth or color that one might hope for from a character of her experience. This surface evaluation of life mars the latter part of the book and leads only to a coming together of the woman and a man which is replete with the stereotyped, even to movie captions about finding life together.

MARSH-FIRE. By MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

Mateel Howe Farnham, daughter of "The Story of a Country Town" Ed. Howe, won the 1926 Dodd, Mead-*Pictorial Review* prize with her novel, "Rebellion." That book, the story of the love—and misunderstandings—between generations, showed that Mrs. Farnham did not take her pen in hand lightly. "Marsh-Fires" is further proof of this. There is plenty of story in both books. Mrs. Farnham handles situation with great ease, but never far below the story lies the disastrous impact of personality on personality. That is the author's paramount interest.

The intertwining of character and influence is even more complex in "Marsh-Fire" than in the earlier volume. The elusive marsh light that draws travelers from their safe course in the vain hope of warmth is followed by more than one person in the novel. In particular, Michael Fielding, the young hero, follows it. Overriding the reluctance of a girl of nineteen, he marries her, thinking to rest safely and happily in her love but only to find that marriage and love are not at all synonymous. A freer love with an understanding woman is forced to a renunciatory close, and there is left for Michael only the poisoning solace of a woman who makes determination the scape-goat for a lack of charm and who, in turn, has followed, almost to perversion, her own marsh-fire—her indispensability to Michael.

The story of this bitter, flattering, possessive woman would alone fill a novel, but she shares the stage with all sorts of other people, for one gets also the tale of Michael's wife in her narrow struggle for personal freedom; the conflict throughout childhood and young manhood in Michael's son, who early comes to know of the strained relations between his parents; and many, many others. Mrs. Farnham deals with real problems, but she lets them beset less real people and she solves them in time for a half-happy ending.

ROGUES FALL OUT. By HERBERT ADAMS. Lippincott. 1928. $2.

Once more the exuberant London barrister, young Jimmie Haswell, essays the rôle of amateur crime investigator, a part in which, compared with the regulars, he seems a mere tyro. Little Bobby Maitland vanishes into the clutches of kidnappers, while his sick, wealthy grandpa is being craftily bled by swindlers. These villians contrive the killing of two men in the bedroom of an inn, for interference with their plans, the misled police affirming the crimes to be a murder and a suicide. But Jimmie thinks otherwise, and makes it his business to discover what hidden relationship the abduction of Bobby has to the dual murders. Jimmie demonstrates the futility of entrusting the responsibilities of Sherlock to a fellow of ordinary mental calibre instead of to an intellectual super-man.

SON OF THE TYPHOON. By JAMES W. BENNETT. Duffield. 1928. $2.

Having resided long in China and intimately observed the native inhabitants in relation to the foreigner, Mr. Bennett's story has verisimilitude, understanding of Celestial character, and grasp of the republic's contemporary international problems. But apart from these obvious points, we have not found the tale a particularly noteworthy one. The hero is Hen-li, son of a mandarin's daughter by her reluctant marriage to an American sea-captain. The latter dies in a typhoon prior to the child's birth, and Mei-an, the mother, rears him from infancy as a full-bred Chinese and in complete ignorance of his farther's racial identity. Thus Hen-li passes through early life in his own eyes and the world's, unsuspected of being a half-caste. Ill-treated by his tutor he runs away to Shanghai, and there, under the guardianship of an American consul, friend of his late father, attains youth, distinguishes himself at the university, becomes a leader of the students' party, agitating against the foreigners, takes prominent part in the mass demonstrations. At the height of these activities, the secret of his mixed parentage is revealed to himself and his followers, utterly discrediting him and leaving the unhappy youth in the lowly status of a despised Eurasian. The book presents a convincing picture of China to-day, and the underlying antagonism, beneath the surface of Hen-li, between his two opposing racial strains is plausibly suggested.

BRIEF CANDLE. By NORMAN VENNER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

Norman Venner had a splendid idea for "Brief Candle," but the novel lives up to it only in part. Even so, the book is well above the average in achievement. Two questions have long since become classic

(*Continued on next page*)

'Twas
the night
after Christ-
mas and all
thru the house,
the family sat read-
ing as still as a mouse.
Their books had been
bought with particular
care, for St. Nicholas
wantedhispresentstowear;
Alicia the artist lay snug
in her bed, while pictures of
obelisks danced through her
head. The book she was read-
ing (by Monsieur Capart) gave
picture and text for the ***Nile and
its art.***[1] And William, his thoughts
on a higher degree, was learning the
route to a grand Ph. D. by reading a
volume that sparklingly told how
French Culture invaded the Puritan
fold.[2] Alicia's sister (a little bit daring)
reclined at her ease while her mind went
afaring from ***Gongora***[3] strange and draw-
ingssatiric to the poet's gay songs in the ***Ro-
manesque Lyric.***[4] And Father, most proud
of his business man's mind, was perusing a
book that he thought was a find. It told how
t he cotton mill came to this section through
Gregg[5]—and it helped him explain the election.
While Mother, most liberal one of them all, who
hated to see ***Modern Liberty*** fall, was pleased with her
gift, a book, which she said, was the best on thesubject she
ever had read.[6] So absorbed were they all that the y jumped up
in fright as the clock rang out twelve: Is it that late? GOOD NIGHT!

[1]Lectures on Egyp-
tian Art by M.
Jean Capart, $5
[2]A m e r i c a a n d
French Culture, by
Howard M. Jones, $5
[3]Gongorism and the Golden Age by E. K. Kane, $3.50
[4]The Romanesque Lyric by Philip S. Allen, with
verse translated by Howard Mumford Jones, $4.50
[5]William Gregg, by Broadus Mitchell, $3.00
[6]Liberty in the Modern World by George Bryan
Logan, Jr., with foreword by John L. Lowes, $2.00

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

with humanity: "What book would you take with you to a desert island?" and "What would you do if you had only six months to live?" Mr. Venner answers the latter for one man. His hero, Oliver Honey, is given by physicians his choice between possible years of careful invalidism and six months of life lived careless of consequences. Oliver prefers a qualitative to a quantitative measure for existence and launches out on a pilgrimage of six months's adventure before his "great adventure." In this half year he will seek to learn what he can of life. He rids himself of material goods and intangible ties and starts on a walking-trip through England, a nameless individual trying through casual contact to get at the secret of other individuals. He meets many,—they offer him love, religion, philosophy, but always with the offerings ties. So he leaves each haven and goes on.

There is a breathless moment near the end when one thinks Oliver has gone under and has got religion, but he escapes from acceptance back into his questioning before the brief candle is extinguished. The book gives the English country very vividly, its scents and sounds, its downs and nights; gives them all with a lyricism that makes "Brief Candle" readable. And Mr. Venner has succeeded in showing Oliver Honey stripped of the conventional trappings of life. He makes him stark for death but with a sense of humor. This is something to have done. Qualifications come when Mr. Venner puts Mr. Honey aside while he gives voice to his own theories. But Oliver Honey is worth knowing under any conditions and "Brief Candle" is decidedly worth reading.

GENERAL CRACK. By GEORGE PREEDY. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

It is too bad that so many tiresome preliminaries had to be ground out before Mr. Preedy got down to the proper business of his novel, because when "General Crack" does get up speed it contains some brilliant pageantry and some splendid melodrama. The time of the novel is the mid-eighteenth century; the protagonist, Prince Christian Rudolph Augustus Christopher Ketlar, mercenary soldier and accomplished gentleman. The character of General Crack is built up with a stirring dramatic effect; he really seems to us the super-man that he is supposed to be. As foil for him we have the weakling Emperor, a thorough craven. The memorable episodes of the novel are three: a battle of the Emperor's armies led by General Crack against the forces of France; the seduction of General Crack's wife by the Emperor; and the retaliation that the General devises. The narrative has much that is arresting and novel; it usually sweeps along with such force and color that we regret its occasional longwindedness and difficulty.

THE GALLANT CAME LATE. By MARIAN STORM. Putnam's. 1928. $2.

Some years ago one heard the complaint that although more women were writing at present than ever before, the portraits of ladies issuing from their workshops were disappointingly unrevealing. Either, said the critics, women are supinely accepting certain masculine conventions about what their emotions ought to be, or else they fail to be frank with themselves—and us—about the results of their explorations. In any case, they have thus far grafted upon the tree of knowledge very few scions from their own private orchards.

The last few seasons have changed all that. A series of novels and autobiographies have come to us from women, all characterized, however different they may be in other respects, by a sincere desire to tell the naked truth about themselves as courageously as possible. To this series, at least in part, "The Gallant Came Late" belongs. Honestly, if not always successfully, the author has followed her heroine from birth to death, shaping her tale in terms of one young girl's emotional reactions to a widely varied range of experience.

"The secret of the trees, the challenge of death, music and then an overwhelming love"—it is through these, the "passionate preoccupations" of her life, that we learn to know Allard Vauclain. We know her best perhaps on the isolated mountain farm of her youth, when she devotes herself selflessly to her widowed father and to the trees, flowers, and animals with which she feels so strong a kinship. We again see her clearly in New York after she has become the mistress of a man who proves unworthy of her and whose child she deliberately refuses to bear—a period of intoxication and despair. In all these scenes the author gives her heroine actuality by means of a tense realization of her emotions and a wealth of minutely accurate detail. It is in the more impressionistic pages of the story that Allard escapes us. Her attempts to earn a living and learn to sing; her too sudden yielding to the shadowy Roaul; her relation with Niel, the gallant who came late; her remorse, longing, and sentimental solution of her problem—these are the tesseræ of Miss Storm's mosaic that are less firmly cemented into her pattern than the rest and tend to blur it. All are colorful, however, and some show craftsmanship of a high order.

TWO BLACK CROWS IN THE A. E. F. By CHARLES E. MACK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Who is not familiar with The Two Black Crows, spry Willie and lumbering Amos, a black face team that has become an institution on vaudeville circuits? When Willie once tried to rouse his lazy friend out of his characteristic lethargy by reminding him of the early bird Amos drawled, "Who wants a worm?"

The book written by Mr. Mack (of Moran and Mack) is not nearly as funny as one might anticipate. To see and hear The Two Black Crows on the boards is an exercise in risibility, but to read of them, even when the tale is told by one of their creators, does not provoke sideshaking guffaws, though one often smiles. Their humor of the drawling spoken word, of facial expression and bodily movement are not easily transferred to the printed page.

A plot, scarcely original and concerning itself with minor characters, serves as shadowy background for the two protagonists. The Crows, members of a Pioneer Infantry regiment in France, have not had a dull moment since they enlisted back in Buford, Tennessee. A chance encounter in *Le Rat Mort,* "a catfish house on de levee," with Tonga Bok, Senegalese soldier of France and bon vivant, started them on a career of high adventure which includes the front lines, capture by the enemy, and a desperate escape.

BLIND CIRCLE. By MAURICE RENARD and ALBERT JEAN. Translated from the French by FLORENCE CREWE-JONES. Dutton. 1928. $2.

There was a sore famine of cadavers in Paris. Dead bodies of the poor and homeless were no longer left unclaimed in hispitals, to be sent to the dissection rooms of medical schools. That great and good man Sir James Burlingham had begun to look after the indigent dead, to see that they were properly buried, so that each would recover his carnal envelope, unhacked by medical students, when the final trumpet should sound on judgment day. The director of the School of Medicine was pretty badly worried.

Somebody stole the corpse of Manon Duguet—actress and courtesan, two weeks dead—from its grave, and an attempt was made to asphyxiate a Dane named Menvel on the street. People began to remember the times and customs of Burke and Hare. Then, between midnight and midday of the same day, four newly dead bodies turned up, one at Nogent-sur-Marne, one in Paris, one in Dijon, and one in Pontarlier. There was not the slightest doubt, when they were laid out side by side in the morgue, that each of the four was the complete corpse of one man, and of the same man, Richard Cirugue, a jewelry salesman.

Nobody could explain that, not even Rosy, the astrologer with a Ninevite beard and Mephistophelian eyebrows. The authors explain that, as satisfactorily as is necessary, with the help of more or less familiar super-scientific and psychic formulæ. All of the book's shudders don't come off, but it is on the whole an adequately gruesome fantasy.

ARMY WITH BANNERS. By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL. Appleton. 1928. $2.

This tale is not particularly distinguished by originality either of plot or of style. With Sinclair Lewis in the lead, and our newspapers full of helpful hints, there could hardly be a more obvious theme than the private life of a lady evangelist.

Angela Meeker and her mother conduct a difficult but eventually highly successful career of spell binding. One of their drawing cards is Willow, the daughter of Angela and a circus strong man, back in her carefully forgotten past. Willow is nourished on pious phrases—and for some years very little else—and so kept from the world that she is genuinely innocent and religious. It is she who pulls the tinsel

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tabernacle down about their ears, when she learns the truth from the relentless young reporter, Arden Dexter. This last touch—the two women's cleverest weapon turning in their hands—is a good one. There are a few others—Willow as a funny, quaint, altogether nice little girl, for one. But as a woman, her only force is as an argument against any sort of pious training for the young. The second half of the book is generally pretty bad—the dialogue of the upper-class young people in particular.

The thing that makes the book worth reading is the clear thread of one personality that runs through every vicissitude. Angela, gifted with unearthly beauty and a dramatic instinct, really enjoys the part she plays. But, lazy, sensual, vain, she finds the adoration of her flock decidedly milk-and-watery at times. She is not a deliberate hypocrite—her mother is that. She is simply a weak, stupid, beautiful woman, with limited gifts.

MULLEINS. By PHILIP BRIBBLE. Lippincott. 1928. $2.50.

Sometimes it is interesting to have another person tell us all that he knows or has figured out about a third individual's experiences and psychology. Mr. Gribble tells with ample completeness all such details in the life of Dick Hugo, hero of "Mulleins." The author places special emphasis on Dick's misconceptions in matters of sex, thus seeking to bring out a sane but not original or startling point of view. What the characters in the novel lose in vitality because the author is so very personal in the describing of them may be gained if through his frank discussions of the exasperating complexes into which human nature falls, Mr. Gribble succeeds in helping someone to think straighter than before.

AT MR. CRUMPS. By NICHOLAS PALMERSTON. Appleton. 1928.

This collection of tales is told in an "Old Curiosity Shop," each antique object taking a turn on a moonlight night. The result is a good, unassuming little book of adventure stories. The author has not undertaken a great deal, but what he has done, is done with taste and judgment, and he has given us a book quite satisfactory for casual reading aloud.

BUT ONCE A YEAR. By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT. Appleton. 1928. $2.

A wreath of holly could hardly be more optimistic than these eight Christmas stories, each a romance that befalls on Christmas or on New Year's Eve. "Ye Greate Astonishments" is the most original of the eight and is at the same time typical of the holiday spirit that rollicks through them all. One who has a deep affection for Christmas and not too much distaste for superlative adjectives and sentimentality may find enjoyment in this latest volume by the author of "Molly Make Believe."

ENTER THE GREEK. By ANTHONY GIBBS. Harpers. 1928. $2.

"Toujours gai" like Mehitabel, and as tired, disillusioned, and adventure-bruised as she, is this second novel by Anthony Gibbs, son of Sir Philip Gibbs, and nephew of Cosmo Hamilton and Hamilton Gibbs. Considering the recent invasion of Attic heroes into English fiction, Mr. Gibbs's volume might more appropriately, even if less classically, have been called "Enter Another Greek." And such a Greek! One might string adjectives endlessly and then very likely miss the essence of this Tony (Constantine Euxenophilos before, and Anthony Sutherland after, his own Anglicizion of his name), who is always one leap ahead of the tabulator's net. Tony the versatile, Tony the volatile, in pursuit of the static British maiden; this theme gives Mr. Gibbs every opportunity for satiric treatment and he misses none of them. The book is fantastic and immensely amusing. It is romantic to the skies and as realistic as a footprint in the mud. In other words, it is the work of a brilliant young writer with his tongue in his cheek and his finger along (if not his thumb at) his nose.

THE PRISONER IN THE OPAL. By A. E. W. MASON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

That very respectable *bon vivant*, Mr. Julius Ricardo, was a house guest at the Château Suvlac for the vintage. Among others at the château were Joyce Whipple, the California Cinderella; lovely wicked Mrs. Devenish; Diana Tasborough, their hostess; the Abbé Fauriel, whose linen vestments and cassock had been stolen; and the Vicomte de Mirandol, whose mouth was too small and whose hand was boneless and wet.

Between these several people ran undercurrents of feeling that disturbed Mr. Ricardo. Then Miss Whipple and Mrs. Devenish disappeared from their rooms one night, and with the next day came M. Hanaud—the remarkable French detective who so remarkably understood English idioms—to announce that the naked corpse of a young woman whose right hand had been hacked off had been found in a basket, floating on the surface of the Gironde. She was one of the missing guests.

There was a purple mask. There were footprints in a flower bed. There were clues that led to the Cave of the Mummies, and to the Widow Chicholle's den. There was also some foolishness about a gate which would have been better left out; but that was the only flaw, and a small one, in an otherwise thoroughly satisfactory detective story; one that deserves a place at the top of the list.

THE TRANSGRESSOR. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

Captain Norlan lives in retirement with his wife in a little town in England. The Captain, his career on the sea ruined by a foolish act twenty years before which cost the life of several men, chafes under his enforced idleness and the futility of his life, made miserable by the knowledge that his own failure has cost him the love of his wife and cost her her chance for happiness.

He is blackmailed by a former shipmate who knows of his transgression, and his handling of the blackmailer makes it necessary for him to leave his home and go to France as the overseer of a gang of convicts working on a government road.

In this new world he at last finds himself, becomes the master of men that nature intended him to be. He meets Sansinette, a vagabond grisette from Marseilles, and discovers that his love for his wife was not the all-embracing thing he thought it. The adventures of the pair are all that the reader could wish.

Mr. Richardson has written a very good story. The characters as well as the plot are plausible, which is more than one can say of most stories of adventure. It is not a novel that one would be likely to read twice, but the first reading is guaranteed to prove absorbing.

THE TAKEN CHILD. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. Putnams. 1928. $2.

Before he was a taken child, he sturdily and consistently refused to stay in the orphanage. Harry Logan was not yet eight when all his family was wiped out by fire and only the orphanage left open to him. By the time he was ten he had established the habit of running away, but had never succeeded in staying more than a few days before someone took him back. And then he did succeed—and landed in the midst of every boy's paradise—a circus. George Agnew Chamberlain, in tracing this orphan's rise, tells a homely story of circus life, racing life, and farm life. There are many conventional aids to his plot, such as Harry's unguessed aristocratic birth and the elaborate mechanism to account for it and conceal and finally reveal it; but there is a charming dog, Banco, to compensate for much; and Harry's adventures, while running along story-book grooves, bring him into contact with a variety of people and situations that are new to the reader as well as to Harry.

QUEER STREET. By JOHN WILEY. Scribners. 1928. $2.

"Queer Street" is the story of a street, of a family, and of a period. The Skeffingtons, "a strange anomaly in a city originally their own . . . native New Yorkers," are carried by John Wiley from the gas-lighted 'nineties to the liquor-lit present. It is interesting to see how he has done this almost entirely through the social life of the family. What little private life is necessary to his story the author has shown as leading up to or growing out of one of the lavish entertainments which left what the newspapers of the time called the "jeunesse dorée" in a state of total collapse the next day. The coming-out parties of the three Skeffington daughters are, as it were, the three texts of the book, with the rest of the two hundred and eighty-three pages serving as commentary.

Marie Skeffington is launched in 1907, when the family, the brown-stone front street, and the particular social period were at their height. Even so, it is not such easy

(*Continued on next page*)

"*Impressive!*"
—ARNOLD BENNETT

THE LIFE OF MOSES

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Like a prophecy for wisdom, like
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—*Edward Chillito in the Sunday Times.*

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—*The Bookman.*

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—*The New Age.*

"A great masterpiece."
— *The Jewish Chronicle.*

"This is no ordinary book. As a work of art, it is singularly beautiful. M. Fleg reaches heights that are hardly short of sublime."
—*Methodist Recorder.*

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The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sailing, and Marie loses one possibility before she succeeds in engaging herself to a foreign title. Marie is beautiful and she is hard. She is able to detect the buttered side of the bread from a phenomenal distance. Her Italian relatives-in-law profit no whit from her wealth. She ends by trailing across Europe one step in advance of a scandal.

Louisa, the second Skeffington belle, comes out a few years after her sister. The family is poorer, the street is being a little entered by barbarians, and the forms of the period are beginning to crack under the slight ferment within. "Queer Street," whatever Mr. Wiley's intention, is Louisa's book. The lovely, pliable Louisa capable of loving unwisely and of hiding it well—even with the author perpetually telling the reader unpleasant things about her she continues to weave her spell. A knife in the back is her only weapon, since anything but facile kindliness is beyond her in the presence of enemy or friend. The happiness of a husband and a sister must be destroyed that she may reach her own desire (but who could have stood Wilbur G. Potts as a husband?)

Little Anne Skeffington ten years later is introduced to society when the family fortunes are gnawed almost to the bone, when speak-easies are scurrying into the street, and when there is no period left to speak of. Anne is a modern and the least interesting of the daughters; a charming child, she grows into a rather ordinary neo-flapper. One suspects Mr. Wiley of favoritism until the end, for she seems to be his favorite—but the smug destiny of Anne exonerates him completely. "Queer Street" should slip in among the Moeurs Americaines, but it can be slipped out again for good entertainment.

RED RUSSIA. After Ten Years. By GEORGE LONDON. Translated from the French by G. E. R. GEDYE. Dutton. 1928. $2.

STORMING HEAVEN. By RALPH FOX. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

"Red Russia. Ten Years After," is the somewhat pretentious title of a collection of superficial sketches by a French newspaper man. Mr. London went to Russia, made the rounds, and saw the usual things. He saw Moscow, Leningrad, the Volga, a *kulak*, Chicherin, and even a lady selling what was left of the family belongings in one of the open markets. He makes much of the fact that he intends to speak without fear or favor and tells just what he sees behind that "veil of contending propagandas which has hitherto obscured Russia from the rest of the world."

He sees nothing that hasn't been seen and reported by earlier travelers, and shows no qualities of mind that fit him for interpreting anything beneath the surface. His book is readable enough, but quite without "importance."

"Storming Heaven" is a turgid and rather bewildering fictional narrative, the bulk of which is laid in contemporary Russia. An untutored, headstrong youngster, son of an American by a South Sea island woman, makes his way from Vladivostock to Moscow and is tossed about for a time by various of its currents. A devil with the women, he finally murders his mistress and lands in jail. In the meantime, the author gives impressionistic snatches of this and that about revolutionary Russia. In general, as the title of his story suggests, he seems more or less to sympathize with the Bolshevik viewpoint, but just what he is driving at, first and last, is hard to make out.

JUDGMENT DAY. By NORMAN DAVEY. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

In this his latest novel Mr. Davey undertakes to act as the confidante of God. In the little village of Quaire, located in a corner of England removed from the bustle of life, things are going along in their normal measured pace, with righeousness flaunting itself upon the highroad and and wickedness creeping down the alleyways. Among the residents are those who have loved too well and those who have loved not well enough, some who are buoyed up by hope and some who are driven on by fear, as well as some who no longer hope or fear—people of every age and position in life. Mr. Davey outlines them arrestingly. He has a nice gift for giving his characters personality.

Then suddenly the world ends, and each is called before the Throne of God to justify his manner of living upon earth. Each one is given an interview, in fact. Most of them fare badly. Mr. Davey's God is everything that modern tolerance demands. Kind hearts weigh more than coronets with him. Much more. Most of the fallen women are passed through the pearly gates, whereas, by and large, those who pay income taxes have a hard time of it. The member of the Anti-saloon league has a beastly time of it. The rejected ones return to earth, to lead the kinds of life that they were intended to by their several natures.

There is no fault to find with the author's God as a deity, except that He is a bit impractically minded, and would probably have a distressing time if He were suddenly put under the necessity of making His way in the world of which He is the judge. As a character in a novel, however, he lacks the charm that distinguishes Mr. Davey's human creatures. It seems something of a pity that the latter should have felt called upon to deal in metaphysics when he writes so nicely about people.

THE ENGLISH MISS. By H. L. MOTTRAM. Dial Press. 1928. $2.50.

In contrast to his trilogy of war novels, Mr. Mottram's new book lays emphasis on character rather than background or events. It is, in fact, a study of one person's development, and as if to prove that he can write a modern story without utilizing the war directly, the author is careful to keep that one person unaffected by the combat itself. His heroine is so eminently sane, so unharmed by the chaos against which most of her life is set, that "The English Miss" seems almost a nursery tale by comparison with his previous work,—particularly that unforgettable "Spanish Farm" which first made his name known.

The portrait of Marny Childers is convincing enough. She is healthy, athletic, and rather selfish as a child. As a young girl in war times she is still healthy and selfish, and has substituted military training with Lady Barstowe's Unit for the haphazard games of her youth. Mr. Mottram is particularly good in conveying the process of unconscious and quite painless adjustment to new conditions which went on in so many families in England fortunate enough to have no immediate connection with the men in France. The childhood companion, Rex, who is the recipient of the heroine's affections, does *not* go abroad and is *not* killed at the front. She is surprised and secretly a bit annoyed at the Armistice.

Thus far Mr. Mottram has progressed without positive action of any sort. His principal character has had nothing to face in her admirably described British suburban life requiring any great quality. But abruptly, having a little too patently saved his climaxes, the author sends Rex to France on reconstruction work, where he dies of influenza. Marny follows, and in the village in which he died comes face to face with the messy problems of the occupied regions. Almost at once she discovers evidence which persuades her that the child of a servant at the village inn is her sweetheart's. The child dies. And what happens to Mr. Mottram's presumably average English Miss? She is unhappy for a brief period and is revealed about to marry one of the doctors attached to her section at the end of the book!

Mr. Mottram's purpose appears to have been to study the progress of his heroine from childhood to maturity. But she is only a trifle softened and less selfish, older and better prepared for the world, after her experience, not deeply changed. One does not know whether the satirical effect which is obtained has really been a part of the author's plans, so smooth and apparently sincere is the book's surface. Both the girl and her story are fundamentally shallow, though not necessarily untrue. In spite of Mr. Mottram's excellent manner, gentle and faintly humorous as ever, it is unlikely that "The English Miss" will stand with the best of his work.

THE WHITE CROW. By PHILIP MACDONALD. Dial. 1928. $2.

Mr. MacDonald's latest is so able a thriller that we should unhesitantly award it a prominent place among the best detective stories of the season. There are, to be sure, ghastly, revolting things in it, for instance the manner in which the English Napoleon of Commerce is murdered, the body with no face recovered from the river, the monstrous albino negro, and his white mistress. But there is the admirable Colonel Gethryn as the unfailing antidote to these forces of evil, a sleuth on his own who would not seem incongruous in the exalted company of Thorndyke Hailey, Philo Vance. Unquestionably this author has the stuff, as he has proven before, and gets the fullest effectiveness out of his materials. The only fault we have to find with him is that he limits his output to a scant one or two books a year.

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The New Books

History

A HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENCY. By *Edward Stanwood.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.

CONQUEST. By *John Carter.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

BULLETS AND BOLOS. By *John R. White.* Century. $3.50.

IN THE BEGINNING. By *G. Elliot Smith.* Morrow. $1.

SLAVERY IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By *R. H. Barrow.* Dial.

THE STORY OF VIRGINIA'S FIRST CENTURY. By *Mary Newton Standard.* Lippincott. $5.

THE LAND PIRATES OF INDIA. By *W. J. Hatch.* Lippincott.

THE STORY OF FRANCE. By *Paul Van Dyke.* Scribners. $3.50.

THE GREAT REVOLT IN CASTILE. By *Henry Latimer Seaver.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

WHEN LOVERS RULED RUSSIA. By *V. Poliakoff.* Appleton. $3.50.

THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By *Count Egon Caesar Corti.* Cosmopolitan Book Company. $5.

BRITISH ROUTES TO INDIA. By *Halford Lancaster Hoskins.* Longmans, Green. $7.50.

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION. By *Georges Clemenceau.* Dial. $5.

A HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By *J. W. Allen.* Dial.

THE ORIGIN, STRUCTURE, AND WORKING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By *C. Howard Ellis.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.

THE DEMOCRATIC IMPULSE IN JEWISH HISTORY. By *Abba Hillel Silver.* Bloch.

HELLDORADO. By *William M. Breakenridge.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE MISSION OF GREECE. Edited by *R. W. Livingstone.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By *C. Lelisle Burns.* Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEERS. By *William Morison Robinson, Jr.* Yale University Press. $4.

WORLD'S THAT PASSED. By *A. S. Sachs.* Jewish Publication Society.

FOUNDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Edward Kennard Rand.* Harvard University Press.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR. By *Sidney B. Fay.* Macmullan. 2 vols.

International

THE DRAGON AWAKES. By A. KRARUP-NIELSEN. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $4.

This account of the recent struggle between the Nationalists and the Northern Militarists for the control of Peking, by a trained newspaper man is most refreshingly accurate and forms a great contrast to the pro-Chinese propaganda which spoils so many books about the events which are remaking China. His adventures with both the armies give a vivid picture of the disorganization which causes the astonishing collapses of victorious armies and of the effects of civil war on the life of the people. The interviews with the leaders of all parties are valuable in forming an estimate of the characters of the men who rule China, and the sketch of the Russian Bolshevik, Borodin, the "brains behind the revolution," shows sympathetic insight and is a distinct contribution to an understanding of the astonishing progress made by the Nationalists. Everyone really interested in China should read Borodin's replies to the questions put to him. We wonder with the author "was it a dreamer and madman speaking, or a world-wise politician, knowing the art of always touching the right string on his instruments."

In a few sentences, he makes clear one dominant element in the complex Chinese character which colors the conduct of all classes. "One of the officers, who spoke fluent English, explained to me in a callous way" the neglect of the wounded. "It did not pay the State to patch up a fatally wounded soldier. Human material was so cheap in over-populated China that it paid much better to get hold of another coolie and turn him into a soldier and put him into the place of the wounded man. As to the question of humane feelings towards suffering fellow creatures, the Chinese do not understand such considerations."

The style is simple and direct, and stirring incidents and amusing anecdotes crowd the pages.

LIVING INDIA. By SAVEL ZIMAND. Longmans, Green. 1928. $3.

With a series of most skilful, short sketches, we see "The Background of India," people, religions, British and Indian rulers, history, the caste system, sacred cows, child brides, stifling cities, modern industries, and, perhaps most important of all, Mahatma Gandhi, colorful, passionate, and as living and true as moving pictures. The chapter on the religions of the Brahmins and Jains shows keen insight and sympathetic understanding. The style is always absorbing, often thrilling, and shows accurate observation and careful research, unfortunately so often lacking in other volumes on this subject.

The account of the struggle for self-government between the British Government and the Indian Nationalists is one of the best in print, clearly based upon acquaintance with many prominent men of both parties, and bringing the conflict down to the first half of 1928. While the author does not attempt propaganda, his sympathies are evidently with the Indians, who insist upon their right to manage their own affairs, and he fails to explain the motives of the British, or to present adequately the difficulties with which they have to contend, especially the corruption and inefficiency of the Indian officials and politicians. The last chapter is especially valuable, as it states the issues and the possible decisions. The final question is "to find a solution for the most serious imperial problem yet encountered, that of making the teeming millions of India political equals of the white dominions." The alternative is that India will be a "lost dominion."

THE NATIONALIST CRUSADE IN SYRIA. By *Elizabeth P. MacCallum.* Foreign Policy Association. $2.50.

WHO WILL BE MASTER? EUROPE OR AMERICA? By *Lucien Romier.* Translated by *Matthew Josephson.* Macaulay. $2.50.

THE LAND PIRATES OF INDIA. By *W. J. Hatch.* Lippincott.

RECENT GAINS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. Edited by *Kirby Page.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE MODERN WORLD. By *Arthur Bullard.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $1.50.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By *Oswald Spengler.* Vol. II. Knopf. $7.50.

TRISTRAN LLOYD. By *Canon Sheehan.* Longmans, Green. $2.50.

AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS. By *John Mabry Mathews.* Century. $4.

THE BRITISH EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE. By *John Barton Seymour.* Coward-McCann. $3.

UNDERSTANDING INDIA. By *Gertrude Marvin Williams.* Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THE HAMMER AND THE SCYTHE. By *Anne O'Hare McCormick.* Knopf.

THE NEW MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA. By *Herbert Adams Gibbons.* Century. $3.

THE LAST OF FREE AFRICA. By *Gordon MacCreagh.* Century. $4.

Juvenile

(*For Children's Bookshop see page 482*)

THE KING OF MELIDO. By WINIFRED PECK. Harpers. 1928. $1.60.

It is nice to find a story for children with so much integrity as this one has. Winifred Peck sets out to tell us that even a child, if we have enough imagination and will power, can make his dreams come true. And behold! there is Robin to show us how it is done. He is a dreamy, whimsical little boy, with so much personality that the winning over of an aged and crochetty old hermit of an uncle seems highly natural. This is the real adventure of the book, though it is kept dutifully in the background as Robin of course would not regard it as such. The inspiration and working out of the incidental adventure really show the beginnings of an imaginative man of action. One would not be surprised to hear of Robin growing up to build great bridges.

He is surrounded by real people living credible lives of their own in the romantic county of Galloway. There is a stir and humor about the book that will appeal to young readers. In short, this story has and keeps an individuality.

Miscellaneous

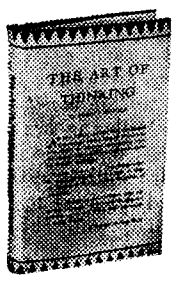
THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC. By GRACE GRIDLEY WILM. Macmillan. 1928. $1.75.

Here is a dictionarylike answer to a layman's questions about musical form. It is not a study. In the introduction to her book Miss Wilm announces the purpose of form in music and its importance to listeners. This is the most valuable part of the volume, the rest of which briefly describes the musical forms which one finds mentioned on a concert program and gives some features whereby music is recognizable as romantic or modern. Miss Wilm offers compact information in a style which is economical of words except for the occasional use of two adjectives to do the work of one. Her brief essays cater to readers who wish to be supplied with facts but have not time to comprehend the ideas which the facts express.

(*Continued on next page*)

"O Beata Solitudo, O Sola Beatitudo!"

HE fears not solitude who knows the Art of Thinking. Loneliness does not assail him, for he can travel inward ho. . . There is no ennui for the adventurer of thought. . . Thoreau by Walden Pond. . . Dickens prowling the midnight streets of darkest London. . . . Rousseau in his forest. . . Meredith in his garden cottage. . . Madame de Sevigne forsaking the Court of Paris for the sanctuary of a Breton manor . . . Melville surveying the watery world from the lofty crow's nest. . . What worlding does not know moments when the surfeit of sameness sets him hungering for such enchanted solitude? . . Mark well the man who deliberately develops his powers of thought. . . His life has meaning, direction, purpose, zest. . . To him is given in abundance that noblest pleasure, the joy of understanding. . . He grows always and never ceases to learn. . . Order and foresight are his habits, mere tidiness and worry his aversions, integrity his bulwark. . . He has time for everything, but never wants to "kill" it. . . He can go "in" as well as "out". . . Gayety and friendship do not pass him by, beauty and achievement are passions that cannot be gainsaid. . . Thought for him is not a cold abstraction but an exciting and engrossing effort, a warm reality in daily life... He may lack a spark of genius or even extraordinary talent, but the disciplined delights of conscious reflection are within his grasp. Seek out such a man among his fellows. The chances are that he has read, is now reading, or is about to read the new book by Abbé Ernest Dimnet, which is predicated on these principles and which, through kindly wisdom and witty scholarship, through the unblurred inspiration of a noble personality, promotes the good life, the life of reason:



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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MUSIC. By URSULA CREIGHTON. Dutton. 1928. $3.

This book contains much information about different kinds of music and about famous composers and is full of enthusiasm for the fact that music enhances the joy of life. However, it is an addition to scores of unsuccessful attempts that have been made to offer a bird's-eye view of the entire field of music without demanding study. The reader is forced to swallow without chewing. Repetition and undefined abstractions such as statements that Bach and Palestrina and many others wrote "perfect" music produce a loquacious style confusing to amateurs and boring to students.

FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS. By J. STANLEY REEVE. Lippincott. 1928. $5.

This is Mr. Reeve's second contribution to the literature of foxhunting in this country and more especially to the history of the Radnor Hunt Club of Philadelphia. The Radnor occupies a unique and enviable position among the hunt clubs of this country, having been maintained for a great many years upon a high standard of sportsmanship. Mr. Reeve's book is compiled from a hunting diary which covers some seven seasons of sport, and the author's chatty and intimate style is admirably adapted to the recording of unusual runs and other events which go to make foxhunting history. His descriptions are graphic and full of humor, his story of a run with the famous Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds of England being especially rich in this element.

"Foxhunting Recollections" is furnished with an admirable introduction written by Henry G. Vaughan, Master of the Norfolk Hunt, and an authority upon the sport. There are numerous illustrations from photographs, original drawings, etc., and notably a charming frontispiece in colors, reproducing a painting by Charles Morris Young, who has been so successful in depicting the Radnor country.

AN ALPHABET OF AVIATION. By PAUL JONES and EDWARD SHENTON. McCrae, Smith. 1928. $2.

In these months of ever-increasing interest in aviation it is a necessity, if only to follow the news, to acquire some of the jargon of the air. Paul Jones and Edward Shenton have admirably combined word and line to assist us. "An Alphabet of Aviation" is a handy book for boy and girl and equally so for their parents who in this age of speed find trouble in keeping ahead of their children. Mr. Jones has done his job well: his selection of terms and accurate, simple definitions of them are so clear that they hardly need his collaborator's excellent and unusual illustrations. There is a text illustration and full-page colored plate for each page of printed matter.

A CENTURY OF FASHION. By JEAN PHILIPPE WORTH. Little, Brown. 1928. $7.50.

Here is a history of the establishment of one who has ranked as the greatest *couturier* in the world, with courteous anecdotes of the many famous customers who came to its doors. The book is sumptously published and will doubtless prove an ornament to many a smart drawing-room. It should appeal to all women interested in clothes, and what woman is not. The author, says Ruth Scott-Miller in her foreword, "was a man of great dignity, an artist and a connoisseur of rare and beautiful things." As a youth he had intended to be a painter. He died in 1926, while his book was still being translated.

The original Charles Frederick Worth, father of the author, came from Lincolnshire. He had to go to work at the age of eleven, and at the age of thirteen he was, startlingly, cashier of Allenby's in London. Meanwhile he studied great paintings in the museums and art galleries. He was not twenty when he left London for Paris. He possessed "a hundred and seventeen francs and not one word of French!" From work at first in a small dry-goods store, where he toiled a twelve-hour day, he went to the house of Gagelin (famous then). The future Mrs. Worth was a beautiful *demoiselle de magasin* at that establishment. It was after their marriage that, in tribute to her beauty, the first original Worth began designing special costumes for her. Customers saw her wearing them about the shop, and Worth's reputation was begun. His first models for the firm were so successful that he received permission to instal a large dressmaking department. Gagelin lost Worth through stupidity a little later, and he opened the first shop in the Rue de la Paix.

This book is a history of materials and styles, as well as a biography. From the crinolines of the sixties to the *môdes* of the latest years there is most interesting running comment on changing fashion. As to personalities, the late Empress Eugénie is made a living and vivid figure, and there are countless other distinguished ladies mentioned, among them, Duchesse de Morny, Comtesse de Pourtales, the present Countess of Oxford; Lady Paget, Lady Randolph Churchill, Queen Alexandra, Lily Langtry, Emma Eames, Melba, Lady Curzon, Duse, Lady Wyndham, and so on. There are a great many most interesting photographic illustrations to the volume.

MORROW'S ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1929. Edited by BURTON RASCOE. Morrow. 1928. $2.50.

Morrow's Almanack is now an established institution. It is a medley, a kaleidoscope, a crazy-quilt, a goulash of wisdom, nonsense, and poetry, with trimmings from the quaintest old books and apothegms from the greatest minds of the past. It also furnishes zodiacal figures, general almanac information, horoscopes under each sign, blurbs-of-the-month, prophecies, and a complete Almanack Calendar with comments. It is stuffed with contributions from wits, poets, illustrators, and various other sparklers of the period. Here you will find poems by Padraic Colum, Dorothy Parker, Alfred Kreymborg, William Rose Benét, Samuel Hoffenstein, Edmund Wilson and the "Abalone Song" of George Sterling, now first properly given to the world by Witter Bynner. John Macy chooses for you, throughout, the books you should read. Joseph Cummings Chase, Percy L. Crosby, and others contribute drawings. There is prose by Louis Golding, Lewis Galantière, Christopher Morley, Edward Hope, Rupert Hughes, Elliott White Springs, Thyra Samter Winslow, Jacques Le Clercq, George M. Cohan, Will Cuppy, and many, many others. There is even the poetry of Georges Hugnet, a young French poet and novelist whose work has Gertrude Stein's highly discriminating approval. The whole thing is like a tray of hors-d'œuvres. You can pick and choose the tidbits you like, but there is something for everybody. We endorse the idea and the execution of Morrow's Almanack,—and by the latter term we mean nothing invidious in regard to Mr. Rascoe. He has assembled a mélange that has provided us considerable pleasure.

THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION, or HOW TO MIX DRINKS. By PROFESSOR JERRY THOMAS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by HERBERT ASBURY. Knopf. 1928.

A writer who, having been descended from a long line of Methodist clergymen, had already given us "The Gangs of New York," his former books being pendant to this history of Methodism in the United States, now furnishes the Volstead Era with a reprint of the most famous recipes of that most famous of bartenders of New York and St. Louis, Professor Jerry Thomas. "Jerry Thomas," says Mr. Asbury, "was the greatest drink mixer of his age; his praises were sung by enlightened and Christian men from the Gulf of Mexico to the barren coast of Maine, and from the Golden Gate to Broadway. Aye, even in Europe he was recognized as a master-craftsman." These be not the days of fizzes, juleps, cobblers, slings, and sangarees, but Jerry Thomas's famous Guide, now reincarnated, brings them back to us for a fleeting hour. He invented the Blue Blazer and the Tom and Jerry. He once held forth at the old Metropolitan Hotel at Prince Street and Broadway. Mr. Asbury knows as much concerning the old bartenders of New York as he proved he knew about the old gangs. His introduction concerning Thomas, introducing him as a classicist among drink-concocters and a figure of great port and dignity, is a fine tribute. And the illustrations he has chosen for the volumes, from among old prints and illustrations, are gorgeous and delicious. They remind us of all the old charm of the days when bartending was really bartending. As for the recipes, they move one in a degenerate age to experiment surreptitiously, could one only procure the proper ingredients. The names alone are so splendid: St. Charles Punch, Spread Eagle Punch, Morning Glory Cocktail (cocktails

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in the old days were really pick-me-ups for the morning), Balaklava Nectar, White Tiger's Milk, English Bishop, Port Wine Negus, Catawba Cobbler, Sherry Sangaree, and so on and so on! Prohibition has enforced upon us an almost complete loss of the proper palate, but for those who retain any real standards concerning drinks, the famous Jerry Thomas's Guide so excellently refurbished by Herbert Asbury will prove, at the very least, a book of great and rich memories. It is dedicated to Herbert Gorman, the poet, novelist, and biographer, and to his wife, Jean.

BEGINNING TO FLY. By MERRILL HAMBURG. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.50.

MODEL AIRPLANES, HOW TO BUILD AND FLY THEM. By ELMER L. ALLEN. Stokes. 1928. $3.50.

Two more books have recently been added to the growing list for the model airplane builder. Each is devoted primarily to a different field of the sport and both are worth having. Merrill Hamburg, secretary of the Airplane Model League of America, has set forth in "Beginning to Fly" a group of excellently designed and well-tested models for the builder interested in racing his ships. Mr. Hamburg has devoted an opening chapter to a brief, easily read and understood discussion of wing structure, a principle heretofore often neglected by model makers and one of great importance to the designer of man-carrying machines. It is indeed gratifying to find this principle catching the attention of those building miniature air racers. Much of what we now know of flying has been given us by boys who were model makers, and there is every reason to believe that our future developments depend upon to-day's and to-morrow's model makers. It is in careful wing structure and design that one of the great steps in making flying safe is to be found.

The second volume, "Model Airplanes, How to Build and Fly Them," centers about another phase of the hobby, the building of models more closely resembling scale models of standard types of planes. It, too, fills its purpose admirably and is minute in its detail. A model-builder, with care in following the instructions and very numerous full-scale patterns for templates, should produce flying models with all of the beauty and grace of their larger counterparts. Each book, while primarily devoted to one type of model airplane, devotes many pages to the other type; so each is complete in itself and at the same time each supplements the other.

SLAVERY IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By R. H. BARROW. Dial. 1928.

The history of Roman slavery is so full of interesting economic and social problems that this book—reasonably complete, quite reliable, and not too technical—will certainly meet with favor here as it has in England. Before the Punic War, when slaves were few at Rome and always of Italic stock, they were generally treated as members of the household—often sitting at the family table and sharing with the master in religious service. When manumitted, as many of them were, the slaves became citizens of Rome. During the later Republic, when a plantation economy transformed Italy into a land of slave barracks exploited for absentee landlords, all the injustices inherent in the institution became apparent. However, it was soon noticed that slaves driven by force for the benefit of absent owners made unprofitable workmen, and many owners accordingly manumitted their slaves and employed them as free renters. Thus the number of slaves began to decrease, and as the Roman peace cut down the supply of foreign slaves, the remnant won a scarcity value and were accorded better treatment. Economic considerations were as potent as humanitarian doctrines in winning for them recognition in the law courts during the second century. This in briefest form is the story of the increase and decrease of the Roman slave hordes.

The consequences of a slave-economy like Rome's spread very far. The system determined the limits of capitalism and therefore of production and of commerce. It checked the growth of a normal citizen body in displacing the natives by cheaper laborers from abroad. Since it provided for an increment of citizens from a body of men who must by force of circumstances be disaffected misanthropes instead of from youth raised in normal homes, it lowered the spiritual tone of Rome. It created in the center of the empire a racial amalgamation that apparently never had time to fuse into a consistent mass. And it gradually invaded every craft and art, carrying into them an implication of taint, until there were very few normal occupations in which a free citizen was at liberty to exercise his body or brain; all the arts and most of the professions were thus stigmatized before the day of Augustus.

These evils were by no means compensated for by the advantages of the system; the rapidity with which labor could be moved to the point of greatest need, the release of intelligence for political service, the ease with which loyal service could be rewarded by manumission, economic opportunity, and responsible office. Mr. Barrow has discussed all of these questions in a spirit of fairness and with a good command of the sources of knowledge, and he has added a useful chapter at the end in which he compares Roman slavery with the modern institution as it existed in the southern states of America.

SOLITAIRE BRIDGE. By *Samuel Mitchell*. Sears. $1.50.

THE PROTECTION OF CITIZENS ABROAD BY THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Milton Offutt*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

HOW TO BEHAVE THOUGH A DEBUTANTE. By *Emily Post*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

OUR FEDERAL LANDS. By *Robert Sterling Yard*. Scribners. $5.

THE BOOK OF INDIAN CRAFTS AND INDIAN LORE. By *Julian Harris Salomon*. Harpers. $3.50.

THE ELECTRIC WORD. The Rise of the Radio. By *Paul Schubert*. Macmillan. $3.

CHINA IN SIGN AND SYMBOL. By *Louise Crane*. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh. $12.50.

Philosophy

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY. By L. ADAMS BECK. Cosmopolitan. 1928. $5.

"The Story of Oriental Philosophy" in the first place is not a story and in the second place is least of all a story of philosophy. A story, to be a story, must have consecutive chronological character. L. Adams Beck has produced a volume which of course has an order—since any narrative must have some order—but it is one which scorns the thought of time or historical sequence. She treats in turn the Upanishads (1000-600 B.C.), Shankara (1200 A.D.), Patanjali (200 A.D.), the Bhagavat Gita (200 A.D.), Buddha (600 B.C.), the Sufis of Persia (1000-1200 A.D.), Confucius, Lao-Tsu, Chuang Tsu, and Mencius (600-300 B.C.), Bodhidharma (500 A.D.). More important than the lack of any sense of historical development is the lack of any sense of philosophy in the usual meaning of the word. The point may be emphasized by reference to Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy." Mr. Durant, it will be recalled, was reproached by his severer critics with tending to substitute biographical interest for interest in strictly philosophical problems. But in comparison with "The Story of Oriental Philosophy" Mr. Durant's book was a work of rigorous dialectic, closely reasoned, difficult, and profound.

L. Adams Beck has evidently had in mind a class of readers a cut below those of Mr. Durant in intelligence. There is nothing in her work to suggest that India has produced philosophers, in the technical sense, worthy of alignment with those of the West. To the famous six Hindu philosophical systems she barely refers in passing. To Shankara, the Hegel of the East, she devotes a short chapter concerned solely with the semi-mythical biography of his life. The Chinese philosophers Chu Hsi and Wang Yang-Ming are not even mentioned. Her emphasis on biography, far greater than Mr. Durant's, is also far more unfortunate, since she has usually only legendary material instead of historical fact to go upon. Thus she gravely recounts the traditional life of Lao-Tsu without the faintest suggestion that the very existence of the sage is doubtful. A more uncritical work in every way it would be hard to imagine. And yet the book has its value. The author's enthusiasm for her subject—which is really Oriental religion, not philosophy—is genuinely contagious. If there is little in her book to stimulate the mind, there is much to touch the heart. The many limpid translations from Hindu and Chinese classics in themselves make the volume worth possessing. And readers who might be initially repelled by the far better but severer works of Max Müller, Paul Deussen, Radhakrishnan, Dasgupta, and Herbert Giles may be led to them by the facile path of this "Story of Oriental Philosophy."

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

CHRIST AND SOCIETY. By CHARLES GORE. Scribners. 1928. $2.

Bishop Gore is the modern equivalent of F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley. This is not to say that his religio-social message is conditioned, as theirs was, by a poorly understood sociological knowledge, but is to say rather that, in terms of now and of modern social theory, he utters that same prophetic call to make the world, industrially and socially, Christ's world.

To those who are familiar with Dr. Gore's career and former utterances there will be nothing new in this volume. It is, rather, a mature restatement of a vast amount of thoughtful social utterance in former years. It is forceful, sensible, informed. It goes to the heart of matters with no delays, and in good English. The treatment is historical: social attitudes and convictions in the gospels, in the early church, in the mediæval church, during the renaissance and the reformation, and now. It would be hard to find a better book for beginners in the study of the Church and Society.

CHINESE MISSIONS. By *Joseph Judson Taylor*. Neale. $2.

THE DRIFT OF THE DAY. By *Burris Jenkins*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.

RELIGION COMING OF AGE. By *Roy Wood Sellars*. Macmillan. $2.50.

JESUS, THE SON OF MAN. By *Kahlil Gibran*. Knopf.

AND WAS MADE MAN. By *Leonard Hodgson*. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

FORTHRIGHT OPINIONS WITHIN THE CHURCH. By *Charles Lewis Slattery*. Scribners. $2.50.

THE PARABLES OF JESUS. By *Willard H. Robinson, Jr.* University of Chicago Press. $2.

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY. By *H. J. Rose*. Dutton. $4.50.

ZOROASTRIAN STUDIES. By *A. V. Williams Jackson*. Columbia University Press.

AFFIRMATIVE RELIGION. By *Winfred Ernest Garrison*. Harpers. $2.

THE CHILD'S RELIGION. By *Pierre Bovet*. Dutton. $2.

THE MAN OF GALILEE. Pictured by *Dean Cornwell* and described by *Bruce Barton*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

THE PASSION FOR LIFE. By *John Lewis*. Yale University Press. $2.

THE HUMANITY OF GOD. By *John Wright Buckham*. Harpers. $2.50.

Sociology

THE MAORI PAST AND PRESENT. By T. E. DONNE. Lippincott. 1928.

This account of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand adds very little to the literature about them. Somewhat overloaded with native words and involved description, it will be heavy going for the casual reader. The student will find more systematic accounts of Maori culture in Tregear's "Maori Race" and Eldson Best's "The Maori." The book will probably prove of most interest to those searching for records of contact between complex and simpler civilizations and the administrative and social difficulties which result.

Through many years of association with the half-civilized Maori, Mr. Donne has collected a mass of anecdotal material, much of it amusing, some of it very illuminating as to the efforts of the untutored mind to deal with unfamiliar subjects. And there are tales of the adroit white men who rid themselves of ubiquitous Maori visitors by hanging hams from the ceiling, thus playing upon the Maori fear of food suspended above the head. There is the story of the vicissitudes of the white collector who brought a sacred house carving through a near shipwreck, a train derailment to a mysterious fire—all prophesied bv the Maori medicine man. The author tells the tale of the mysterious fire which destroyed Sir Edwin Gray's house and with it his priceless collection of Maori lore, and many anecdotes of the gruesome traffic in tattooed human heads, ordered when alive and delivered to the purchaser a few days later, smoked and hollowed. All of these make rather amusing reading, and the reader who will plough through the rather pedantic, intermittently moralizing discussion, may be comforted by knowing that the dull sections are sound enough, although lacking in the vigor and vividness which was so characteristic of the ancient Maori.

THE CHILD IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By *Nathan Miller*. Brentanos. $3.

URBAN SOCIOLOGY. By *Nels Anderson* and *Eduard C. Lindeman*. Knopf.

CULTURAL CHANGE. By *F. Stuart Chapin*. Century. $3.50.

THE OLD SAVAGE IN THE NEW CIVILIZATION. By *Raymond B. Fosdick*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. By *Rudolph M. Binder*. Prentice-Hall. $5.

CHINESE SOCIAL ORIGINS. By *Herbert F. Rudd*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Science

THE BIOLOGY OF INSECTS. By GEORGE H. CARPENTER. Macmillan. 1928. $6.50.

With two volumes previously published by the author, this volume completes a most satisfactory monograph of the insects. Structure and classification are discussed only in so far as they are necessary for a proper understanding of the habits and physiological activities of the insects.

The volume is a perfect mine of information regarding not only the simpler physiological activities, such as feeding, breathing, moving, sensation, behavior, growth, and reproduction, but also the more complex biological relations, such as social organization, adaptation, family life, evolution, and the relation of the insects biologically to other organisms including man. The insects present such a multitude of forms that the general reader may come to think that their study is hopeless simply because of the vastness of the field. The entomologist, in reading the volume, may feel that many important and interesting facts have been ruthlessly omitted, but the general biologist will find much material of the utmost interest on every page.

Special attention perhaps should be called to the chapter discussing social life, which is exhibited in literally scores of different ways, especially by the termites and the hymenoptera. So varied are the methods of social organization already described by the patient and enthusiastic students of insects that it is hard to conceive of a different scheme of organization.

Other chapters which are especially interesting are those on the biological relations of insects and other organisms. At this time mention can be made only of the important rôle which insects play in the dissemination of various diseases and of their destruction of economically important products.

The book is very fully illustrated with line drawings of great clearness and is provided with a fairly complete bibliography covering some sixteen pages, which will prove of great value to the serious student who wishes to get at details which would be quite out of place in a work of this size.

THE PUZZLING PLANET. The Earth's Unfinished Story. By E. T. BREWSTER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928.

Both the author and the reading public are to be congratulated upon the appearance of this work. Within the space of nineteen chapters the author gives a succinct history of the present status of the science of geology and its development from the time of the cosmogonists. Each important phase of the subject is touched upon and incidental mention made of the men most prominently engaged in its development. The method of treatment is clear and unencumbered by unnecessary details. Mr. Brewster is well read in his subject and has the faculty of expressing himself clearly without too great an attempt at profundity. He treats of the earthquake; the formation of mountains; the faulting and folding of the earth's crust; where the fossils come in; continents adrift (of which more anon); the ice age, and with the exception of petrology seemingly has touched upon all phases of his subject with equal partiality. The book is well printed with good type and paper; the illustrations excellent. What more need be asked?

By way of criticism one might remark that the Wegeman Hypothesis, so delightfully explained, is altogether too fanciful to be accepted as a matter of fact. The supposed connection between the two continents is perhaps exaggerated, and incidentally, it is a very singular fact that the upholders of the hypothesis—it has not yet reached the dignity of a theory—overlook the fact that the present eastern outline of the North American continent which is made to fit so nicely its eastern neighbor is not at all what it must have been when the supposed rupturing took place. This, however, is no fault of the author and the chapter gives a very clear resumé of the hypothesis which is doubtless all that Mr. Brewster intended. The existence of a solid, uncrystallized basaltic glass described on page 164, is another of those speculative ideas for which the author may well be thankful he is not responsible, though it certainly gives us something to think about.

Possibly the untrained reader might find a contradiction in the statement that faults are produced in ice through shrinkage and on page 185 overthrusts produced through expansion of the same media. But never mind that. It is an admirable book.

But—is the earth not a *problem*, rather than a puzzle?

Travel

LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT. By SIR WILFRED T. GRENFELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

This log of a vacation trip around the world by the famous missionary doctor is vibrant with his charming personality and replete with acute and humorous observations, anecdotes, and information of the type found in guide books, but so transformed as to be attractive instead of repellant. His encounters with people of all classes, including missionaries and high government officials, gave him unusual opportunities to gratify his lively curiosity on all subjects, and the benefit is reaped by the reader. The book can be recommended to those who wish to learn about the Orient, not only painlessly, but with distinct pleasure.

The serious student, however, will be irritated by the author's cheerful irresponsibility about facts which can be secured from any standard book of reference and by his tendency to accept without investigation many statements made by persons who were serving their own ends. We are astonished, for instance, to hear that the population of Palestine has nearly doubled under the British mandate and even Feng yu-hsiang would be amused to hear himself called "an honest, unselfish, Christian leader." Dr. Grenfell seems to have some misgivings himself and says, "Personally, I have been altogether too prone, living among the poor on our coast, to listen to all that the underdog says, and often to believe too readily allegations and misrepresentations against the ruling classes and the merchants." The descriptions of Egypt, Palestine and Irak are better than those of India, Malaya, China, Korea, and Japan. As is natural, his beliefs and prejudices color his views on the rule of the backward races by Europeans, and sometimes he is conscious of a difficulty in reconciling them with facts. He makes a valiant attempt to be just to the Japanese in Korea.

ROADS TO THE NORTH. By CHARLES S. BROOKS. Illustrated by JULIA MCCUNE FLORY. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $3.

Mr. Brooks is a pleasant and humorous traveller, with a substantial knowledge of English history and literature. He travelled by bicycle from Southampton to this side the Scottish border, and is able to correct a number of tourist and Baedeker obsessions; for instance, Savernake forest is better worth seeing than the New Forest, Arebury than Stonehenge, and Tamworth Castle than Kenilworth. One of his companions collected samplers, marvels of juvenile piety, all the way from the Channel to Scotland. What a happy idea! In fact, Mr. Brook's moral with respect to travel is the old and sound one, namely, that if you go about England afoot or by bicycle, avoiding trains and automobiles, avoiding crowds and too noted places, and making

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your own discoveries—the chances are that, even from a short trip, your results will be better. The illustrations by Julia McCune Flory are delightful.

THE SPANISH PAGEANT. By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $5.

The baffling and elusive riddle that is Spain is discussed with discrimination and intelligence by Mr. Riggs, who first visited the country seventeen years ago and who has made many trips there since. With a good command of the language and a very real appreciation of the land and its people, which he sums up in the single word heroic, he writes about many cities, and is able to understand the contrasting charm of Andalusia and the lure of somber Toledo, to revive the ancient glories of that most glorious of cities, Cordoba, and to discuss briefly, but penetratingly, the probable origins of the people whose blood, now blended with the blood of Visigoth, Roman, and Moor, has given so distinct a character to the Peninsular.

There is the widest of wide gaps between such a book, which, without being in the least presumptuous, does reveal a thorough acquaintance with the country about which it is written, and the run of travel books turned out by speeding tourists, who, with one eye upon an antiquated Baedeker —there are no recent ones—and the other upon the more obvious features of the landscape, set down their "impressions," to which they usually add bits gleaned from other volumes as hastily and carelessly written as their own. Americans have been grave offenders in this respect; the Englishmen who write about Spain usually show more respect for their subject.

Mr. Riggs's book is an account of a recent automobile tour, and therefore of particular value to others who can afford this method of transportation. Spanish roads are not yet perfect, but there are many miles of fine highways, and there is always the delight of the little villages away from the railway.

"The Spanish Pageant" is distinguished, too, by the number and excellence of its illustrations, many of them taken by the author. There are many pictures of castles, such as the great old ruin at Coca, which give the proper romantic touch, although in his text Mr. Riggs is careful to point out that Spanish life is not altogether made up of *corridas*, *jotas*, and *churros*, which might be loosely translated as beer and skittles. His is an excellent book to read before visiting the most unspoiled country left in Europe.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY, TIBET, AND CHINA. By EVARISTE REGIS HUC. Edited by H. D'AARDENNE DE TIZAE. Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. Knopf. 1928. $3.

Father Huc compiled in Macao this classic account of his wanderings. It was first published in French in 1850, and since then there have been many editions both in French and in English. It has now been brought out by Harper & Brothers in their "Broadway Travellers" series. They have made use of the translation by William Hazlitt, to which the eminent French Orientalist, Professor Paul Pelliot, has supplied an exceedingly valuable introductory chapter. It would have been impossible to have selected a man better qualified from every viewpoint to write this introduction.

Father Huc was a Lazarist and was originally sent out from France to the missions which the Lazarist Fathers maintained in Mongolia. With his fellow missionary, Joseph Gabet, he set out in the summer of 1844 and eventually reached Lhasa, whence he made his way to Macao, where he arrived in October, 1846.

It is very doubtful if the two Lazarists had Lhasa definitely in mind as their goal when they set out; indeed, it seems probable that Father Huc had no idea of the importance of his journey until he found the enthusiasm with which his exploit was received upon his arrival in the Portuguese Colony. Throughout the centuries, and even to a certain extent up to the present time, Tibet has maintained a shroud of mystery. As long ago as 1661 two Jesuits travelled from Peking to India by way of Lhasa, but to all intents and purposes they went straight through the country looking neither to left nor right, and the same may be said of the Dutchman, Van de Putte, who made the same journey in the opposite direction during the early years of the eighteenth century. During the latter part of that century, and the early years of the nineteenth century, Bogle and Manning and Turner each made expeditions into Tibet, but it was not until Sir Francis Younghusband's military expedition in 1902 that the veil of mystery became to any great extent dissipated.

Explorers, whether clerical or lay, are unfortunately only too often inclined to be jealous of each other, and Abbé Huc's achievement has been frequently and unjustly attacked. It is true that certain inaccuracies may be found in his narrative, and that it is not in the least a scientific account, but there can be no denying that he made a most remarkable journey, and has written about it in a manner that will make it live in the popular mind when the achievements of many of his critics and detractors have long been committed to oblivion. Indeed, that distinguished explorer, Przewalski, who has given his name to the Asiatic wild horse, and who was bitter in his denunciation of Huc, has left no account behind him to compare in any way with that of the Lazarist Father.

We first read Father Huc's voyage in the original French edition many years ago, and since then have frequently reread it. It is the delightful personal touches abounding in it that endear it to the average reader. Too often explorers leave us only barren accounts of stages and days' marches and bleak topographical notes. These may be interesting to the scientist and student, but the general reader will turn from them, thereby limiting their usefulness to a very small group. Father Huc makes us live with him the every-day life of camp and march. We become his intimates and enjoy with him his successes, and suffer with him in his trials and fatigues.

These volumes of the "Broadway Travellers" series are furnished with an excellent map that permits the general reader to follow the missionary's route with sufficient detail to be intelligent, but not enough to become a burden. The only criticism we would have, and it is a small one, is the custom employed of joining the s's and t's and the c's and t's together. We suppose that this was done in the endeavor to add a touch of "*temps jadis*," but personally we find it fatiguing to the unaccustomed eye, just as we have where the old form of the double "s" has been employed, in the endeavor to maintain a flavor of age.

WINDOWS OF ASIA. By *A. P. Richardson*. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Press.

THINGS SEEN IN THE DOLOMITES. By *L. M. Davidson*. Dutton. $1.50.

Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 488)

CONCETTA THE CORAL GIRL. By VIRGINIA OLCOTT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by LEONILDA I. SANSONE

Land of apricot and olive,
Girded by an azure sea
Graced with golden lemon orchards,
Is the Island Sicily—

NOT often does it fall to our lot to read such a charming and delightful book as Miss Olcott's latest. From the first stanza of the poem "Sicily" to the last "Addio," the author saturates her book with the beauty and the fascination of Taormina-on-the-Hills. From the baby Concetta, named Coralina by her elder brother, and the old, old Nonna, whose face is wrinkled, to every character in the book, she makes us feel that we are in Italy among a warm-hearted people, generous and kind. The only incongruous person is Ann, the English girl . . . surely little English girls are not as wicked and stiff as this "cattiva"!

Especially pleasing is the serene atmosphere of the whole book. Not a word about the much-discussed Fascismo (for which we are grateful), not a disturbing note in the whole calm, quiet life led by these simple village people, who have such a mixture of blood running in their veins. It is a pleasure to have described in so quiet and picturesque a style, such a common every-day scene as going to the fountain for water.

The plot of the story is simple, but such beautiful description needs no plot. Concetta is about to have a birthday, and the fine lacy earrings that her brother had made especially for her, all in gold and coral, were lost! Dramatic and moving is the scene when Ann bursts in upon the birthday party.

The book is well put together. Miss Charlotte Smith is to be congratulated upon her appropriate illustrations. She has caught the color and life of Taormina and has added a great deal of charm to an already charming book.

THE FOSSIL FOUNTAIN. By ARTHUR MASON and MARY FRANK. Illustrated by JAY VAN EVEREN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed By KATHERINE SEITZ

THIS quiet and convincing little story combines a realistic method, and an imaginative theme. Willa, the child of a western forest-ranger, has been given the gift of understanding the language of the animal world. Her special friend is the Trade Rat, who never steals as some rats do, but merely abstracts what he wants, leaving in exchange what he considers the just equivalent. On one occasion he takes Willa's silver mug, because, as he explains to Willa, he needs it to fetch water from the magic Fossil Fountain to cure an old friend of his, the lonely miner, Jerry Sloane. The idea of the magic fountain arouses all of Willa's curiosity, as it will that of the child reader.

It comes as a somewhat trivial ending to a story with a good deal of quiet charm that the Trade Rat's final present to Willa should prove to be a gold nugget. Immediately the grown-ups are on the trail of more nuggets, and we are left with the prospect of riches for Willa and Jerry Sloane. But in spite of this commonplace ending; in spite, too, of the sense one has that the book does not quite live up to its possibilities, "The Fossil Fountain" stands out from the rank and file in several respects. It is no small achievement to make the talk of animals as casual and convincing as that of human beings, yet one reads through "The Fossil Fountain" without the slightest sense of unreality or absurdity. Jay Van Everen's pictures are definite in line and color, and in one case at least, in his illustration of the tortoise's dream, really excellent in conception and execution. And the child of the eastern states will make several new animal-friends among the characters, and find much fresh material in the background. As a whole, "The Fossil Fountain" has much to recommend it to the attention of those making lists for seven- to ten-year-old children.

"Now 'The Night Before Christmas,' says Angelo Patri,
"Arrives with new pictures by
Miss E. Mackinstry.
You'll chuckle and gurgle, you'll laugh and you'll grin,
When you see good Saint Nick there'll be clatter and din.
All the joy and rhythm, the prance and the fun,
Are here in the book that Elizabeth's done.
With his nose in the pillow, the sleepiest mouse
Lies snug in his bed in a quaint little house.
The reindeer are there in a big double spread.
The ark and the soldiers—lots of toys and a sled.
For Christmas, I hope, they'll give me that book
For I've laughed and I've laughed 'til my sides fairly shook."
Angelo Patri.
3.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.
2.00

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Bibliopsyching

(*Continued from page* 489)

Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" (Harcourt, Brace), one of the most interesting novels of the season, in our list. Your literary friend will particularly enjoy it.

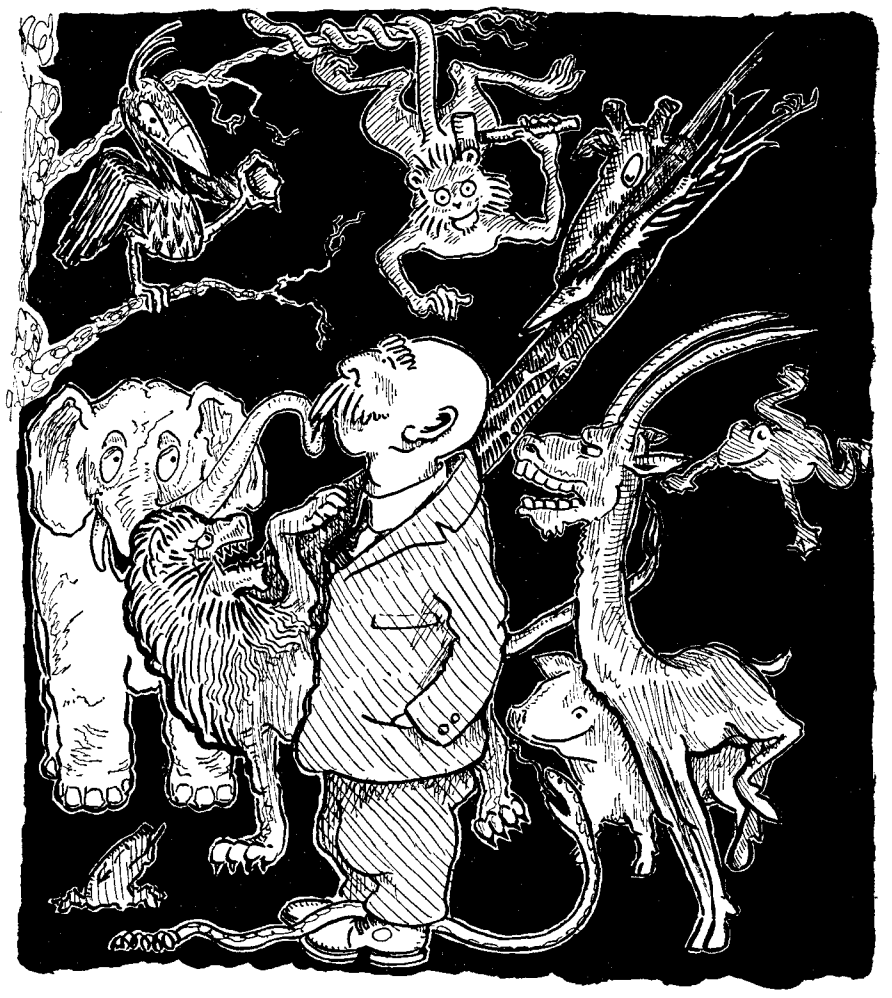
Here come the poets: Robert Frost with "West Running Brook" (Holt), Edna St. Vincent Millay with "The Buck in the Snow" (Harpers); Lee Wilson Dodd, with "The Great Enlightenment" (Harpers); Robinson Jeffers with "Cawdor" (Liveright); Elinor Wylie with "Trivial Breath" (Knopf); Archibald McLeish with his curious and interesting "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" (Houghton Mifflin). There's an "Anthology of World Poetry" (Boni), edited by Mark Van Doren, that your friends would probably welcome, and there's a new volume of Hardy poems, "Winter Words" (Macmillan).

And now for the grand finale, those biographies we think your artistic and literary friends will like: "Francois Villon" (Coward-McCann), by D. B. Wyndham Lewis; "Zola and His Time" (Macaulay), by Joseph Mathewson; "Leonardo the Florentine" (Harpers), by Rachel Annand Taylor; "Goethe" (Putnams), by Emil Ludwig; "Early Life of Thomas Hardy" (Macmillan), by his wife; "Susan B. Anthony" (Stokes), by Rheta Childe Dorr; "Keeping off the Shelf" (Dutton), by Mrs. Whiffen; "Backtrailers from the Middle Border" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland; "Eroica" (Simon & Schuster), by Samuel Chotzinoff, a life of Beethoven; and "On My Way" (Liveright), by Art Young. It isn't a biography but we must mention here George C. D. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage" (Columbia University Press), volumes III and IV of which have just appeared. And that book we were to have slipped in surreptitiously? We didn't. It is "Hows and Whys of Cooking" (University of Chicago Press), by Evelyn G. Halliday and Isabel T. Noble. And so we've brought you from Wanamaker's to cooking by way of history, fiction, and poetry. And now we bid you a fearful farewell. We may lose our head tomorrow.

P. S.—Our worst fears are realized. We have written too much for one possible combination of columns and too little by this paragraph we are adding for another. But we are not yet at the end of our rope, largely because our printers are kinder than they know in not having gone to press according to schedule. We still have time to write a filler, and we've hit upon the happy expendient of furbishing up our pages with drawings and verses we extracted from one of our associates the other day, and have been storing up against a rainy day. To be perfectly honest we did intend them for this number. We're merely talking about them now because we have to fill this space. But then we're glad we have a chance to call attention to their presence. Observe their humor and their profound tragedy. Ah, poor men and beasts! Blessings on you.

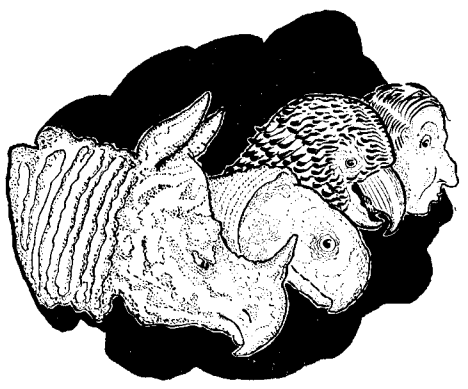
Nonsense Verses and Drawings

By William Rose Benét



Affinity

WHAT easy likenesses one traces
'Twixt beast and bird and human faces.
The parrot, tortoise, and the rhino
Have not my lineaments—Oh my no!—
And yet, regard them from the neck up,
And on how many points we check up.



Academic Dilemma

HERE is Professor Zachary Shad
Surrounded by the pets he had.
He loved all Nature's various forms
From elephants to angleworms.
Yet often, in a reverie dim,
I wonder if his pets loved *him?*

Irish Plays

THREE LAST PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Shaemas O'Sheel

GRAMMAR is a subject in which our footing is none too sure. If this book were entitled Last Three Plays, we would feel a conviction of finality. But if there can be as many as three last plays, surely there can be still more than three last plays. And so we cherish a hope that the good Lady Augusta has left the door ajar, despite the note in which she says,

> My decision that these three plays . . . must be my last has been made without advice save from the almanac, and rather from pride than modesty—for I do not think I have yet become, and would not willingly become, the counterpart of:—
>
> *some poor guest*
> *Who may not rudely be dismissed*
> *But has outstayed his welcome while*
> *And brings the jest without the smile!*

a fear that seems groundless, for if these are not the best of her abundant dramatic output, they hold well to her high level; there is the same deft craftsmanship, and the fine sense that in reading or seeing her work you are in the presence of literature, and the unfailing sheer delight. On the printed page, they read well; and they have already passed the highest test of presentation at the Abbey Theatre.

Ever since she began writing plays, Lady Gregory tells us, she "had a desire to write one on Cervantes's great theme." The result is all the better, doubtless, for the long brooding. Something, surely, of the tolerance, the mellow understanding, the philosophical acceptance of the world's buffets, which the author has had to cultivate during her often stormy career, have gone into the shaping of her Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, a figure who moves through scenes of sheer farce not only vestured in unsullied dignity, but touched by a fine compassion, in the three-act play obliquely entitled "Sancho's Master." Quixote it is about whom the action centers, though Sancho is also much to the fore—a lively Sancho, not so much a fool as a naive and blustery schemer. Lady Gregory's gently deflating art brings everything to the level of lovable humanity. Sparingly, but effectively, she uses those twists of Irish idiom with which she has made us familiar. They are like a check-rein, so that no matter how far the steed may prance into ancient times and Spanish scenes, he is ever and again brought deftly back into a universal focus. These twists of Irish idiom are particularly helpful, too, in those inevitable passages—those "butler and chamber-maid passages"—between minor characters, which are the playwright's immemorial device for letting the reader or the audience in on the situation. Take the following exchange, for instance:

> Housekeeper: He will be coming in here in a few minutes. He is putting on the frilled shirt I had aired for him. But his strength is greatly reduced. Though as to all the eggs I spent getting it up a little, God and the world is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie!
>
> Carasco: That fever should have left him very weak in the limbs.
>
> Housekeeper: It did so.
>
> Carasco: More than that maybe?
>
> Housekeeper: Ah, he'll be all right now he is leaving the bed.
>
> Carasco: You can speak out to me, I being his close friend and his adviser. You did not take notice of there being any queer way in his mind?
>
> Housekeeper: Ah, what would ail his mind, and he so full of learning?
>
> Carasco: Tush—with all his learning a child might nearly persuade him it was night at noonday. . . .

As a reading play, "Sancho's Master" has the fault that the playwright's devices by which Lady Gregory crowds into the second and third acts so many of the noble and pathetic Don's adventures, make for a disjointed effect and a bit of a strain upon credulity.

The second play, "Dave," is typically Gregorian. The absurd intoxication of family pride is held up to laughter and riddled with an irony which the noble author has never surpassed. Nor has she ever done much better than in her unmasking, in the person of Timothy, of the eternal cringing hypocrite who flatters the great while despising them. But the major theme is again compassion—a cry against that kind of cruelty which tells the friendless waifs of the world that they are bad and despicable until in fact they become so.

Without the text of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentihomme" before us, it is nevertheless evident that "The Would-be Gentleman" is a rendering so literal that it leaves little to say in praise of the self-effacing translator, but makes it possible to say that this particular masterpiece of the great Frenchman is still as actable and delightful and as true in its farcical irony as it was in the days when the elegant court of France laughed at it.

If our count is correct, Augusta, Lady Gregory, with this collection brings the number of her plays to twenty-eight. A wide field they cover: historical tragedy made real in "Dervorgila"; patriotism made glamorous in "The Rising of the Moon"; ancient legend made human in "Grania"; folkways hit off with love, with irony, with a bit of a sting, in "The Workhouse Ward" and "Spreading the News" and "Hyacinth Halvey"—and nothing in the long list not touched with distinction. May it be true that she has left the door a little ajar, and that despite the almanac and grammar, there may be more "last plays."

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

"Will you be so kind," gasps the Westborough, Mass., Public Library, "as to tell me if there is truth in the story told to a large class at Boston University lately by a woman reading to the class from 'The House at Pooh Corner,' that the reason Mr. Milne was to write no more books about Christopher Robin is because little Christopher died last summer? I am positive she was mistaken, but seek your statement as authoritative."

THE real Christopher Robin, "Billy Moon," is the livest small boy I know. You may get an idea of how alive he is by sending to E. P. Dutton for a broadside, with an account by the conductor of this department of a boxing-match between "Moon" and "Blue" Milne, and a picture of the father, drawn by the son. Also it makes clear why there are to be no more Pooh books—though that should be clear to anyone reading the last chapter of "The House at Pooh Corner."

NO sooner had the list of novels about middle age gone to press than the prize one appeared. This is the latest work of the specialist on this time of life, W. B. Maxwell, who in "We Forget Because We Must" (Doubleday, Doran) has produced a novel that youth or maturity could read to advantage. For it is devoted to making it clear that people keep sane and sound by not being able to live always on the keen edge of ecstasy, whether of joy or pain, and it does this by going through the highly varied experiences of a married pair whose story begins in 1895. In some ways it reminds me of the best (and most popular) play on the London stage this autumn, Monckton Hoffe's "Many Waters," which also goes through an "ordinary couple's" long married life scene by scene—and gets from seven to ten rousing curtain calls on most of its performances.

Another book that would have been added to a list had it appeared in time is Fülöp-Miller's "Rasputin: the Holy Devil" (Viking), which gives more space to Rasputin's activities and his influence on the Russian royal family than any of the books I mentioned, though as literature it is nothing much. I think this must be the book my correspondent had in mind though perhaps it was Prince Youssupoff's "Rasputin" (McVeagh). Also I would have added to the books on Catharine the Great, Vladimir Poliakoff's "When Lovers Ruled Russia" (Appleton); it is admirable not only for a well-balanced summing-up of her career and a vivid presentation of her character, but, as it takes in the time from Peter the Great through that of Great Catherine, her reign is shown in relation to those of other sovereigns—a valuable feature of the work, which combines erudition with an ingratiating style.

N. S. R., Hawkeye, Iowa, asks what is the most authoritative, complete edition of the Memoirs of Casanova obtainable today in the United States by one of slender means.

IN Stefan Zweig's "Adepts in Self-Portraiture" (Viking), a critical analysis of the autobiographies of Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy, the author is "compelled to point out that we still lack the original text of Casanova's memoirs, in default of which we have no right to pass a final judgment upon his capacity as a prose writer. The text we know is only a Bowdlerized version made by a French teacher of languages a century ago to the order of F. A. Brockhaus, the owner of the original manuscript. . . The owner of the manuscript, an obdurate autocrat, keeps the precious document locked up in the firm's safe, and thanks to this arbitrary determination of an individual, one of the most interesting works in the literature of the whole world can only be read and appraised in a grossly distorted form. Hitherto, the firm of Brockhaus has not even vouchsafed any adequate reason for this obstinate refusal." Possibly the reader of Zweig's piquant review of the work in this book may be able to think up a few reasons here and there, that whether adequate or not might keep it out of Boston.

The same reader asks if the "Life of Julie de Lespinasse," by the late Marquis de Ségur (whose life of Marie Antoinette has just appeared in English), has ever been translated. It appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1905; in 1907 it was published in English here by Holt and is now out of print. There is a biographical study of Mlle. de Lespinasse in "The Women of the Salons" (Putnam), by "S. G. Tallentyre," whose real name is Evelyn Beatrice Hall. The "Letters of Julie de Lespinasse," for which this reader also asks, were published in English in a limited edition of 200 copies (Hardy, Pratt) in 1901, translated by K. P. Wormley and with Sainte Beuve's introduction.

"Can you suggest two or three good tales," cries O. R. C., Boston, Mass. "My brother likes good literature, but he fairly froths at the mouth over a certain type of modern novel like, say, 'The Closed Garden.' 'Gad, haven't any of these modern fellows a tale to tell?' he roars, and turns back to such robust narratives as Gil Blas, or to his Cellini. It keeps me busy trying to find the sort of thing he likes, for he will have none of such writers as Jeffery Farnol, etc. He did like 'Spinster of this Parish' and 'Spanish Gold.' I am at the end of my string, but you are never at the end of yours: if you know of any well written books that tell a spirited yarn, do write me."

AS Lothario said to Mignon, "Too well I know thy anguish." How familiar this roar to the ear of anyone in the book-business! Let publishers lend one of theirs to the letter quoted above. Houghton Mifflin is one of those who have, for this house publishes a regular series of stories with something doing, R. Pertwee's "Gentlemen March" being a recent one. John Buchan's "Witch Wood" is another, but this runs away with any series; not often can you find a thumping good story that is also a subtle study of witchcraft and a historical novel of high rank; not often can you watch from the top of a tree a coven of Scotch deacons in the time of Montrose dancing at the wild rites of the Sabbat.

"Here Comes an Old Sailor (Doubleday, Doran), by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (an author whose name even a typewriter can scarce be induced not to misspell), held me for two days oblivious to the dirtiest weather of this September's mid-Atlantic, and this tale is historical too. So is George Preedy's "General Crack" (Dodd, Mead), a widespread picaresque romance very popular abroad earlier in the year. J. C. Snaith's "Surrender" (Appleton) is a Foreign Legion and desert story that keeps the nose to the page. "The Island of Captain Sparrow," by Sydney Fowler Wright (Cosmopolitan), is ghastly, romantic, incredible, and convincing, not to be laid down till done. I have taken it for granted that this reader knows the novels of Sabatini; if he will take W. B. Maxwell in a somewhat less adventurous mood than the "Spinster," there is a new one by this author, called "We Forget Because We Must" (Doubleday, Doran) that I am heartily glad I own, and that I heartily wish everyone with a heart would read. The tale is really in the title; at least it is as good as the title promises.

D. N. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., has been long looking for a cheap, unabridged, unexpurgated, aptly translated edition of the essays of Montaigne. He admits the charm of Florio's, but wishes one more accurate. He has heard that the Oxford University Press has a new one.

THE "Essays" translated by G. B. Ives (Harvard University Press) are certainly not cheap, either in appearance—four beautifully printed volumes designed, I believe, by Bruce Rogers,—nor in price ($25), but it is a faithful interpretation of high thought, the result of almost a lifetime of devotion. Why a few passages in a work so scholarly should have remained chastely shrouded in French, I cannot imagine. The new edition published by the Oxford University Press in 1927 is edited by E. J. Trechmann, and is complete. It is in two volumes; it is claimed as fairly literal and true to the spirit of the original.

A new biography is just coming from Holt that will interest this reader. This is André Lamande's "Montaigne, Grave and Gay," a translation from the French at once attractive and authentic. We have not had much about him in English for the general reader: Edward Dowden's "Michel de Montaigne" (Lippincott) is a biography largely made of quotations, intended for those who do not know the essays.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

HERE are several calls for help that cannot be longer held off: *P. H. B. Cragmoor, Colorado*, asks if there are any books that tell how to write out the scenario or pantomime for a ballet. He has the ideas all bubbling for a ballet group but does not know what the printed directions would look like. I would like to know myself: I have often wondered. *A. B., Harrisonburg, Va.*, needs to find again a short story about a negro conjurer "Uncle Reliable" and three boys who played a prank on him on Christmas Eve. *F. B., New York*, is "too loyal a Washingtonian to refrain from calling your attention "to the statement in the praise of Glenn Hughes's 'Story of the Theatre' that he is of the University of Wisconsin." "The error," says he, "is of little importance, but I dislike to see Wisconsin credited with Mr. Hughes, when he has for the past several years been affiliated with the University of Washington at Seattle, and is an outstanding literary figure on the Pacific Coast." This is the sort of blunder I usually make when I take my eye for an instant off the page from which I am quoting: the accuracy of this department, such as it is, is ensured by the fact that I have a very poor verbal memory. So I do not depend upon it at all. But when the Director of the British Library of Information, 5 East 45th Street, N. Y., points out that I told a reading club about two histories of Scotland, one by "P. H. Terry" and the other by "C. S. Broun," and that the historians in question are presumably the well-known authorities Peter Hume Brown and Charles Sanford Terry, "in which case there is a double mistake"; I can but shiver and declare that the appearance of these authorities under these aliases was as much of a surprise to me as it could have been to him. *M. A. J., Washington, D. C.*, asks where she can get a copy of "Mary's Meadow," by Juliana H. Ewing. Brentano says it is out of print, and she could use several copies, as "I want the rising generation to enjoy my privileges." Perhaps some reader of this may know of a hidden store of lovely Ewings here in America. One way of sharing the enjoyment of early privileges is to bring about the reprinting of some dear lost book. Thus we have just been blest by "The Bastable Children" (Coward-McCann), E. Nesbit's records of a large family of affable children whose doings used to enliven the back pages of the *Strand Magazine* in the days when it was still publishing "portraits of celebrities at various ages," and might at any moment slip in a story in which a surprising new detective, Sherlock Holmes, would manage some masterpiece of deduction. Four of these Bastable stories are now in one fine big book: there will have to be another, for this one does not include the one about the Peasmead or sand-fairy that the children dug up on the beach. Another lovely one thus rescued by Helen Fish of Stokes, is Frank Stockton's "The Poor Count's Christmas," a gem of ray so serene that no child who read it in *St. Nicholas* but will insist on giving it to his grandchildren. Why, the pictures of that tale formed part of the charming crazy-quilt of past illustrations that was for years the end-papers of the bound volumes of that magazine—and if you do not recall those end-papers you simply are too young for me to bother with. Helen Fish brought back Julian Hawthorne's "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower" (Stokes), in like manner, and Louise Seaman of Macmillan has enriched contemporary childhood with several minor classics now safe in "The Little Library": the most charming of these is "The Memoirs of a London Doll," but "Susanna's Auction" is another favorite.

T. J. K., Cleveland, O., asks "can you tell me if any of Baron Corvo's works, particularly one on the Borgias, is in print? Perhaps that is a pseudonym?"

THE title of Baron Corvo was given out by its wearer, Frederick William Rolfe, to be the gift of an Italian duchess, who upon adopting him as grandson endowed him with lands carrying the name. But it is more likely a sardonic reference to the shape of his own nose. It was not his last liberty with his own name; if in his later years he so abbreviated Frederick as to make it look like Frater, it was less with intent to deceive than as part of his habit of mystification. He was never a priest, though after his conversion he so far coquetted with a vocation as to register at Oscott and at the Scots College at Rome, where he was "an astonishing romancer," says his biographer, "who told tales as tall as Mark Twain's, borrowed monev from all who would lend, and spent his time in writing triolets and prose articles, taking posed photographs, singing, improvising pianoforte accompaniments, and painting pictures. On everything he did was the touch of eccentricity." You will find this and much more in "Frederick Baron Corvo," by A. J. A. Symons, the leading article in the July number of Desmond MacCarthy's brilliant review, *Life and Letters*. Here one learn of the words with which he aimed to enrich the English language—*persequent*, for one, *hybrist*, and the excellent *turpiludricrous* of his "Chronicles of the House of Borgia" published in 1901, in which his respect for the family leads him to give Cæsar always his full title of Duke Cesare de Valentinois della Romagna, and call Lucrezia "a pearl among women." One sees a page of the exquisite clerkly hand in which he wrote endless quarrelling letters, and reads of the open boat in which he spent the winter of 1909, sleeping in it in dry weather and walking the street in wet. For Baron Corvo was living even later than that: it took more than fifty years for the hardships of his poverty to carry him off; he lived, says Symons, "in an age of telephones as if in an age of rapiers." He was that recurrent phenomenon of London life, "the last of the great eccentrics," who appears in the obituaries every year or so—as if, thank heaven, there would be ever an end of the great tradition of British eccentricity. He was born in 1860, the son of a Cheapside piano-maker, and for fifty years was quite different from anyone else. All this and more I learned last summer, when I read the book about him that A. J. A. Symons (not Arthur) wrote for the Sette of Odd Volumes, an old and exclusive society in London whose *opuscula* (if you can ever get hold of them) are well worth collecting; they deal with many out of the way subjects, beckoning back-alleys of literature like this.

Evidently a revival of the Baron is impending. John Lane recently published a new edition of his "In His Own Image" with an introduction by Shane Leslie, (who put Baron Corvo in his suppressed novel, "The Cantab,") and a few copies of his translation from the French of Nicolas's version of the "Rubaiyat of Umer Khaiyam" are still available, illustrations in color by Hemzeh Carr. The new review from which so much of the above has been lifted, *Life and Letters*, costs a shilling a copy, three dollars and a half a year, and the print is the easiest on the eyes to be found in any magazine I have met.

IN the interval between sending the answer to the question about Duncan Aikman's "Hallelujah" to press, and its appearance in print, word reached me from Holt that the publication of the book had been deferred until early in the year: it is evidently to be a thorough going-over of the field. Word has just arrived from the hospital at Roswell, New Mexico, to which you have been sending books for T. B. patients, that the response from readers of this column has been so splendid that the lady to whom they were addressed has not the heart to keep on taking more books, knowing how many other such institutions need good books. The first volume that came in was an autographed copy of "Genevieve Gertrude" (Appleton), from the author, Mariel Brady: the complete list is really a credit to the tastes of the readers of this department. Best of all, a steady source of supply has been opened for this poor little hospital, from the town itself: a resident of Roswell who had made a brief stay there, as often residents do in emergencies, called to say that though she had had to send outside for all she read then, it had not occurred to her to leave her books and magazines in the hospital then or since, until she read this call in the Reader's Guide. It quickened her sense of responsibility, and the rest is easy. Now, in case you have more books—good ones—that need homes, another poor little battle-ground for T. B., the National M. E. Sanatorium, Colorado Springs, can put books for old or young to good use, and the librarian, Miss Mabel Brooks, temporarily exiled from New York, will take charge of them.

B. M. A., Santiago de Cuba, sends me a clipping concerning a book called "The English School Days of a French Boy," by Maurice de Pange, with quotations so refreshing that she wished to know the publisher, who, she inferred from the review, must be British.

I WROTE to André Maurois, who wrote the introduction to this book, and he not only sent me a copy of it, "The English School Days of a French Boy," by Maurice de Pange, (John Lane), but the further information that these touching letters-home were written by a child of fourteen "qui déscend de cette grande famille des Broglie, et, par conséquent, de Mme. de Staël." They were scarce completed when the charming boy was stricken with meningitis and died, but in his brief life he had in a measure fulfilled his desire to be a true ambassador of understanding between the two countries. He was a pupil at the famous Westminster School, and his instant response to the sights and sounds of London make this a sparkling book to anyone who recalls them.

F. G., Boston, Mass., asks me what edition of the "Canterbury Tales" I carried on the walking trip along the Pilgrim's Way described in "Adventures in Reading."

I THOUGHT I had named it in the book —"Adventures in Reading" (Stokes)— but I find it put down only as "another pocket edition." It was one of the volumes of the nugget-like series known as World's Classics, published by the Oxford University Press, and on sale, I found, in almost any small shop in England that sells books even as a side-line. However, I have since received a copy of the "Canterbury Tales," too fat comfortably to carry, but so beautiful that I cannot come so near to the subject without speaking of it. This is Hale, Cushman and Flint's "Canterbury Tales," the first appearance in one volume of the well-known Riccardi Press Edition, containing reproductions in full color of twenty-four water-color paintings by W. Russell Flint. Beautiful as these are, I am quite as happy over the countenances of the fair printed pages on which there are no pictures at all. The original Riccardi Press "Tales" was in three crown-quarto volumes.

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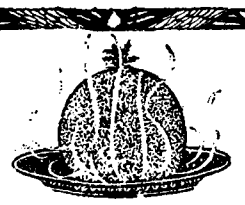

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A Good Time Had by All

THIS BOOK-COLLECTING GAME. By A. EDWARD NEWTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928.

IT is notorious that collectors as a class have a good time in the world. If they have their worries (and for pretty nearly every successful bidder at Sotheby's or Anderson there is a "runner-up" who must nurse his anguish in private!) one knows little about them. Like children they find instant relief in their play, and prattle innocently of their cherished possessions! The pleasures of book collecting are reserved for the collector: those who study books, the bibliographers, are, at least so far as they trust themselves in print, solemn and serious and turgid, like all necessary things; while the librarians, those at least who have got beyond sheer fright at the idea of their books being *used*, are still too frequently like jailers, afraid to let their charges into contact with the outside public.

No solemnity or exclusiveness hedges about the writer of this book. From the very first page—the frontispiece "sporting print of a book-hobby-horse, with Mr. Newton up"—the reader finds himself in Mr. Newton's confidence. In fact it is sometimes almost embarrassing; one hesitates to turn the leaf for fear of the disclosures to come. But there are none to offend either reader or victim. Mr. Newton so thoroughly enjoys his little intimacies with big and little collectors, book sellers, and auctioneers, he brings such gusto to his *rencontres*, that what sometimes seems like boasting, appears after all as but part of the extremely good time which Mr. Newton is having in life.

The joy of the collector is a contagious thing. Envy and malice even, in the book collector turn to "gentle arts." I once asked a collector of Americana if I was correct in thinking that he had a Button Gwinnet signature. The ineffable joy with which he told me that he not only had one, but *two*, of those extremely rare items would have disarmed Satan himself. So Mr. Newton spreads before his reader, proudly but ingenuously, the treasures of "Oak Knoll." Mr. Newton has few reticences. What he possesses, he, like a true collector, shares with his friends. His likes and his dislikes are worn on his sleeve where all can see.

And with some of his likes and dislikes, frankly expressed, an equally frank reviewer may take issue as in the comparison of Morris and Mosher, to which he devotes some attention, giving to the former rather less than his due, and to the latter giving praise in the wrong place. Mosher was a publisher of rare parts: as a printer his work does not rank high. No books of his which I know show any originality. He borrowed freely from the Chiswick Press in matters of style, and like all borrowers he took over the worse as well as the better elements. His type was too small (Newton himself complains of the small type in Dibdin) and the resulting impressions were too gray. He was a *careful* printer but that is all, as a printer. And to suggest that the "best-printed books are all Mosher" is a loose statement not warranted by the facts!

If Mr. Newton's judgment may be questioned, the unflagging zest with which he writes may not. Here are four hundred pages of—"old stuff," shall we say? Well, if you will it is mostly such, but all told entertainingly, intimately, humorously. The contents cover the entire field of book collecting as a pastime. There is some technical matter on book building and binding, and advice on "What to collect and why." There are some sensible remarks—though not expressed as strongly as I would do—on the insufferable arrogance of those who destroy—as Hogarth's minor drawings were destroyed, or as Lady Burton "saved" Sir Richard's "reputation." There is of course much about Dickens and Johnson, much about auctions and prices, always with the personal, gossipy touch which is what makes memoirs, whether political or literary or bookish. And finally Mr. Newton cannot resist the temptation to make a list of one hundred good English novels! Here of course criticism can rise to titanic fury or smile in superior disenchantment. But it is a pretty game, this of making lists of "best" books, and no one would grudge Mr. Newton the fun he undoubtedly got out of it!

"This Book-Collecting Game" is well printed, with innumerable pictures in the text. It is, moveover, a handy "twelvemo."—if, after his sensible remarks on book-sizes, Mr. Newton will permit me to attach a somewhat meaningless name to the format—a book verging on the chunky format which is probably the most intimate way in which to present the printed page. I would have liked larger margins, a little less of the "modern novel" treatment typographically, a little smaller type and less white between the words. But it is a fairly satisfactory presentation of a book which will give a lot of good reading to its possessors. R.

At the Anderson Galleries on November 13-15, and 20-23, the entire library of Mr. Norman James of Baltimore was sold. This library in its particular fields of Sport and Natural History is without question one of the most important that has been broken up in several years, as it contains many exceedingly rare books. The books include: Ackermann's "Repository of Arts," 1809-1828, and a large-paper copy, in the original parts, of his "History of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster"; Henry Alken's "National Sports of Great Britain," 1821, "The Sporting Repository," 1822, and other works containing his colored plates; C. J. Apperley; twenty autograph letters from Audubon to Robert Havell, Jr., the engraver of the plates for the "Birds of America"; Bryce's "American Commonwealth," London, 1888; Sir Richard Burton; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," New York, 1840, first issue in the original white cloth; Daniel Giraud Elliot's "Monograph of the Phasianidæ," 1872, together with his "Monograph of the Felidæ or Family of Cats," 1883; Estwick Evans's "Pedestrious Tour," Concord, N.H., 1819; John Gould; Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"); W. H. Hudson's "Purple Land that England Lost," 1885, original cloth, uncut; Herman Melville; Edward Orme's "Collection of British Field Sports," 1807, the rare first issue; Francis Parkman; Dean Sage's "The Ristigouche," Edinburgh, 1888; James Edward Smith's "Natural History of the rarer Lepidopterous Insects of Georgia," 1797, presentation copy from the publisher, with the original water-color drawings instead of the plates; a complete file of "The Sporting Magazine" from 1792 to 1870, with all its subsidiaries, forming a collection of 282 volumes; the nine sporting novels of Robert Smith Surtees in their original bindings; the first edition of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," 1789; and Alexander Wilson's "Illustrations of the American Ornithology," 1835. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of the first week, Mr. James's collection of prints, which includes the rarest of the Currier and Ives lithographs, will be sold.

At the Anderson Galleries also, there were sold on November 26-27, English and French first editions; books designed by Bruce Rogers; publications of the Grolier and other book clubs; a fine collection of various translations of "The Rubaiyat," including the first Indian, second English, and first American editions. With the possible exception of several issues of Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," including the second issue of the first spurious edition, the remainder of the sale was undistinguished.

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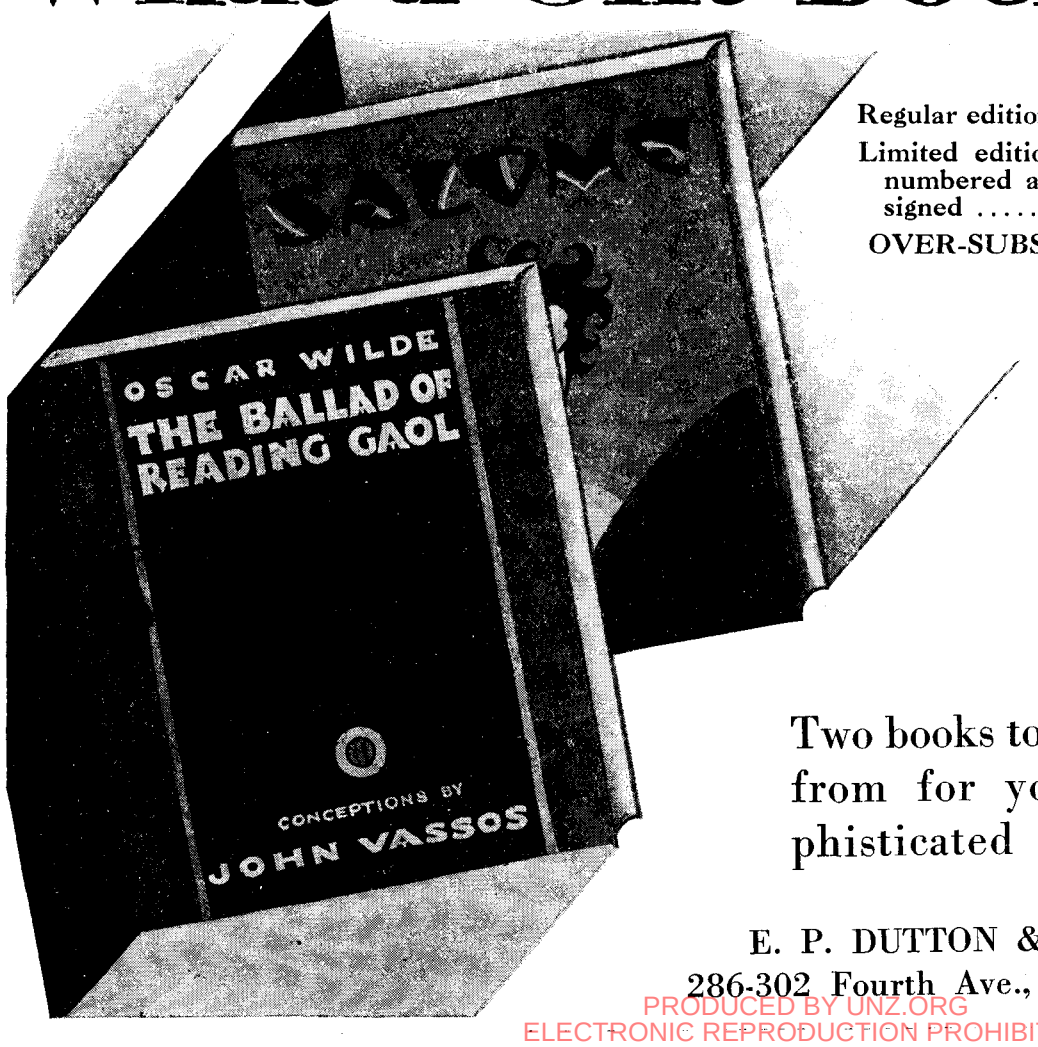

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One of the GREAT MOMENTS in *The Inner Sanctum's* checquered career was the arrival of PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY's famous endorsement of *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT. That was in 1926.

Another GREAT MOMENT came this week when advance proof of *The Saturday Review of Literature* fluttered into the advertising department, containing Professor Dewey's review of *The Art of Thinking* by ABBE ERNEST DIMNET:

"Before a work of art," writes America's great teacher of teachers, *"one is likely to be dumb or to indulge only in the ejaculations; and when asked why one likes it, to reply 'Go and see for yourself.' That is the way I feel about this genial and witty book* [THE ART OF THINKING by ABBE ERNEST DIMNET] *. . . If there are those fortunate enough not to need any of the counsels that the author gives, I shall urge them to read the book if only to make the acquaintance of an experienced and deeply wise personality.*

The Inner Sanctum has received other impressive praise for *The Art of Thinking* from literally scores of University Presidents, publicists, men of affairs, and captains of industry [NOTE: *watch the advertising pages of the literary reviews for details*] but equally significant is the fact that ABBE DIMNET's book stimulates unsolicited letters like this from lay readers:

THE ART OF THINKING *has penetrated into some of my most secret secrets. That book was like a mental confessional. With* ABBE DIMNET *I dashed from solitude to education, from journalism to Spinoza's sixty volume library—over his voluble kaleidoscope of ideas. It made me bubble over—a treasure-house of a book!*

Readers of *The Inner Sanctum* have perhaps observed that this department is a tireless collector of "perfect tributes"—deeds or gestures or laudatory raptures which deserve to be perpetuated in the annals of the word racket. The latest book to prompt such a dance on the battlements is *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan* OR *The Complete Savoyard*, by ISAAC GOLDBERG, of which America's most famous dramatic critic [CRIES OF *"Name him!"*] bought and paid for one dozen copies. [ANSWER: GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.]

Few phenomena delight *The Inner Sanctum* more than the crashing and crumbling of hoary old shibboleths of the book-trade. Consider then the current best-seller list for general literature, just unveiled by The Baker and Taylor Company, America's largest wholesalers of books: NUMBER ONE is *The House at Pooh Corner* by A. A. MILNE (published by DUTTON) . . . a volume of verse, which is a violation of Publisher's Credo Number X-4983 . . . NUMBER TWO is *The Buck in the Snow* by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (published by HARPER'S), another violation of that credo . . . NUMBER THREE is *John Brown's Body* by STEPHEN V. BENET (published by DOUBLEDAY DORAN) . . . a third violation of the same rule . . . and NUMBER FOUR is the *Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series Eleven* published by

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THE PHOENIX NEST

TWO books composed of material penned by prisoners before death have recently appeared, each with its interest. "Doomed Ship" by *Judd Grey*, written in prison before his execution and collated and edited by his sister, is a document of a certain pathos, showing weak human nature fundamentally amiable and harmless sucked into a maelstrom of emotionalism culminating in murder, and a particularly cowardly and brutal murder at that, as it happened. Left to himself it is hard to believe that the person who scrawled the original manuscript before it was prepared for the press would have wittingly committed any crime of violence. It was in the nature of the man simply to be led into a terrifying and tragic haze by his emotions, out of which he was unable even to grope. We do not consider ourselves entirely irreligious, nor do we hold in contempt anyone's resort to religious faith in the imminent presence of death; and yet, if Grey could have got along, at the end, without a staff upon which he had never relied when life began to revolve enclouded by a rather nightmarish glamour, well, somehow—and call it strange if you like—we should have more respect for him. Discovery and trial shocked him, of course, into a sudden white light of consciousness concerning all he had been doing, out of an inebriate fog. Responsibility came home to him with crushing force. To do him justice, he tried to pull himself together,—though at first both defendants seemed only too anxious to shift the blame on each other. But his recourse to religion was the same spectacle that is presented by the very ordinary citizen in a thunderstorm, if he is afraid of lightning. And that particular manner of fearing God is not, we contend, the beginning of wisdom, however lugubriously natural it may be. We are not speaking of repentance. Sincere repentance lends strength to the soul. But one may sincerely repent without entering into the revival spirit. To say exactly what we think, our own private opinion is that Judd Grey was, always had been, and remained to the end "a good little boy," with vanity, with easily tapped emotions, with a very weak will. Mentally he never progressed from adolescence. He was easily dominated. That does not alter the fact that he committed a murder. . . .

Of course we are opposed to capital punishment. No matter what additional responsibility and expense devolved upon the state if it were renounced, we are still opposed to it. It also is murder, even though official. The case of *Sacco* and *Vanzetti*, naturally, falls into an entirely different category from the case of a Judd Grey. And in this case the subsequent literature concerning it tends, all along the line, to waken—at the very least—an extremely uneasy doubt of their actual guilt. That is to state things in their lowest terms. "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti," just published by the Viking Press and sponsored by a notable committee, constitute a case in point. . . .

We are glad to see that the flyleaf of these letters bears those sentences from Vanzetti's reported statement after receiving sentence on April 9th, 1927, that will, we are confident, endure like bronze in the historic roll of famous last words. "Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph;" and again, "That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph." Braver, more resounding words were never spoken. For take it any way you like, it must be extremely difficult to summon such words as the condemned in the presence of authority,—far harder than to summon them on the side of authority in the presence of death. . . .

If anyone can read this book of letters and other comment without believing absolutely in the complete innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti—well, we give it up. . . .

In the poems of *Charles Fletcher Lummis*, just issued by Houghton Mifflin and entitled "A Bronco Pegasus," an old journalist and trailer who has written many flavorous books, built museums, saved old Missions, fought for the rights of the Indians, made New Mexico and the Southwest vivid to us in myth and song, has gathered together his best verses. He is at times a fine and sturdy balladist as *Henry Herbert Knibbs* points out in his introduction. He is a thoroughly American bard. He is a graceful versifier. He has lived a full life, explored native matters with zest, trenched his indelible mark in the adobe. We salute the volume. It belongs on the shelf of characteristically native annals. . .

The first number of *The American Sketch*, edited by *Beverley Nichols*, is before us. The character of the new magazine seems to insert itself somewhere between *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker*, without, at first blushing entrance, proving as good as either. But *Samuel Hoffenstein's* letters to Mr. Nichols anent the reviewing of books furnish, to our mind, the *pièce de résistance*. We didn't resist them. . . .

We understand that this summer *Alfred Kreymborg* was writing a history of poetry, while that he sojourned at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs. The title of the volume is taken from a line of *Robert Frost's*. It is "Our Singing Strength." Alfred ought to be able to get together a darn good anthology and we hope he hasn't as much trouble with it as we have had in our several attempts as an anthologist. . . .

At this point we find it six o'clock and we have to hurry home to go out for dinner. And then tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. We hope you all get lots of turkey. And then the next day is Friday. We shall have to rise betimes on Friday in order to finish this Nest and get it along to the printer. Oh, dear, how dilatory we are! We're been spending most of the day actually reading the books we've been speaking of. And where does that get you! . . .

Yes, and now it's two days later, and we rose so betimes on Friday, having slept most of Thanksgiving Day, that we hardly know what to do with this long morning ahead of us. We arrived at the office while dawn was in the sky, or so it appeared to us. . . .

On our desk to greet us was a Doubleday, Doran "List of the Year's Publications" with a note from *Anice Page Cooper* saying, "Don't you think this is a nice bit of color printing?" Sure we do. It is. . . .

An excellent novel to appear on January fourth is "Transport" by *Isa Glenn*. It is the story of a group of people who for three weeks are cooped up on the small deck of an army transport, and of what it does to them. We were a great rooter for Miss Glenn's third novel, "Southern Charm" (Knopf). "Transport" is her fourth. Her work has steadily progressed in power and subtlety. In private life Isa Glenn is *Mrs. Bayard Schindel*. Her son, *Bayard Schindel*, completed his first novel awhile ago. It is called "Arms and the Boys," is the story of a youngster's reaction to life in the United States Army, and will be brought out later by Doubleday, Doran. The author's father was *Colonel S. J. Bayard Schindel* who died in 1921. Mrs. Schindel is a Southerner, coming originally from Atlanta, Georgia. . . .

Sigrid Undset has announced that she intends to devote the entire Nobel prize, recently won by her, to charity. She has already given part of it to provide financial assistance to parents who are obliged to maintain mentally deficient children in their homes. Mrs. Undset lives in Lillehammer Valley in Norway, far up in the mountains. Her days are spent taking care of her house and garden and her five children. She writes at night. She lives in an old timber house which was built in 1590. On the fourth of January Alfred A. Knopf will issue her "The Snake Pit," the second volume of a four-volume work entitled "The Master of Hestviken." . . .

We thank *J. M. C.* of Boston for the following letter:

> I think it very fine of you, as a person who commands attention in quite a wide circle, to speak as you do regarding *Radcliffe Hall's* recent book. I have read the book myself with no lack of sympathy.
>
> This seems to me to be a case where the fine temper of the author compels respect for the subject matter. As to the wisdom of the performance, one does not wholly endorse it. I think the issues are blurred to the critics, and probably to the writer herself. It is not the subjest *per se* that has called up a storm, as witness the immunity of Compton Mackenzie's undistinguished effort, but the poignancy and the un-English candor of this particular book.

Well, *sapere aude*, old dears,—*sapere aude!*

THE PHOENICIAN

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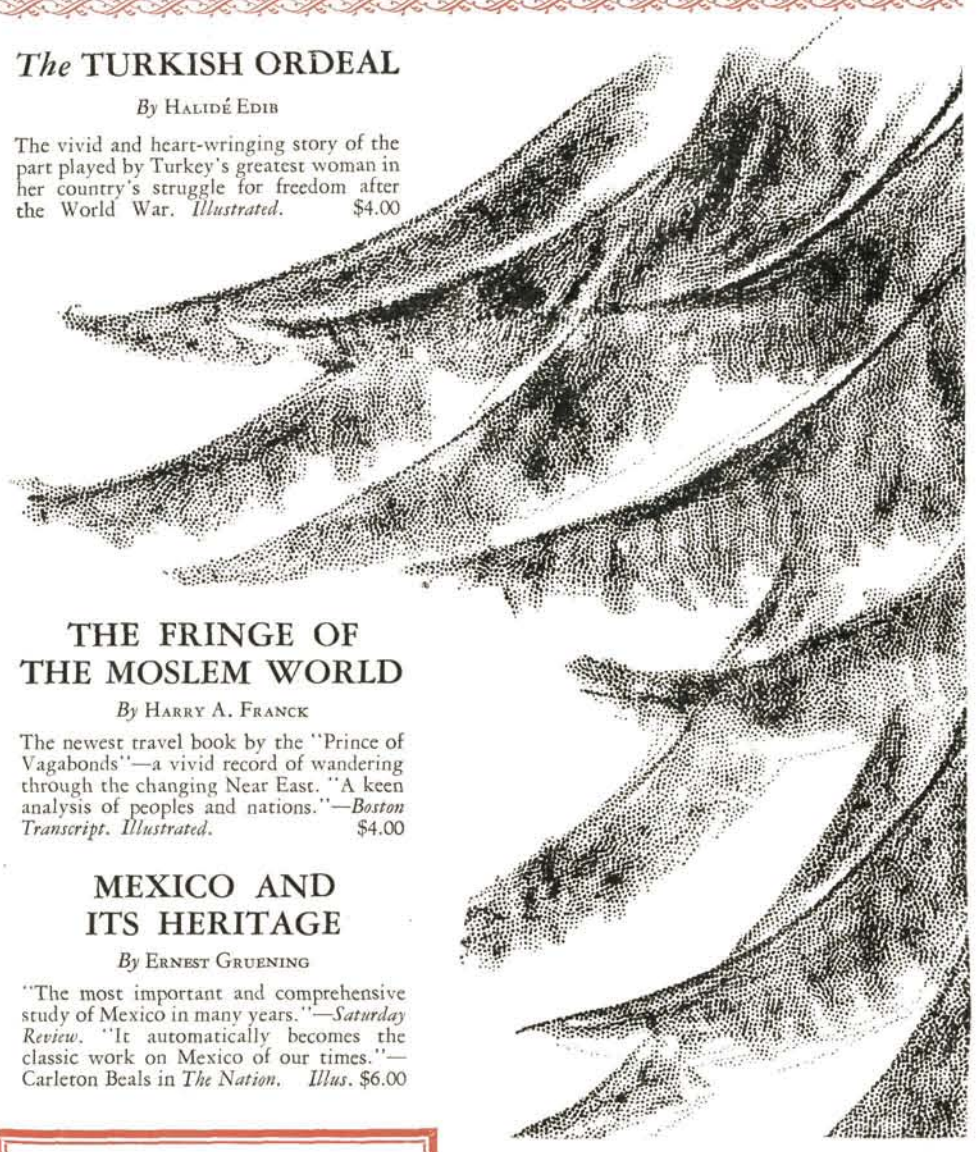

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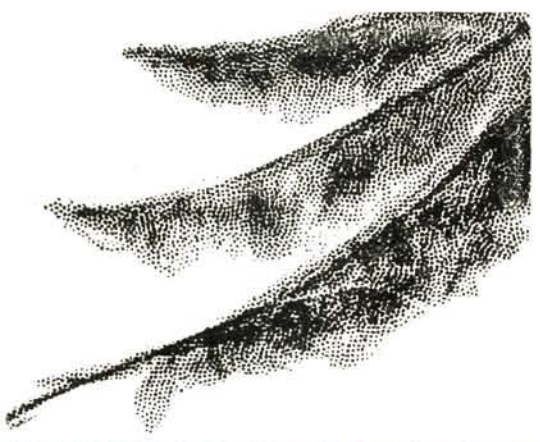

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